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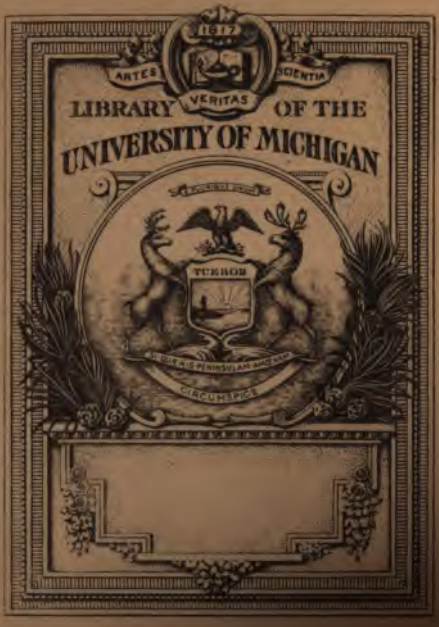
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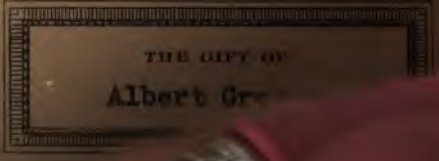
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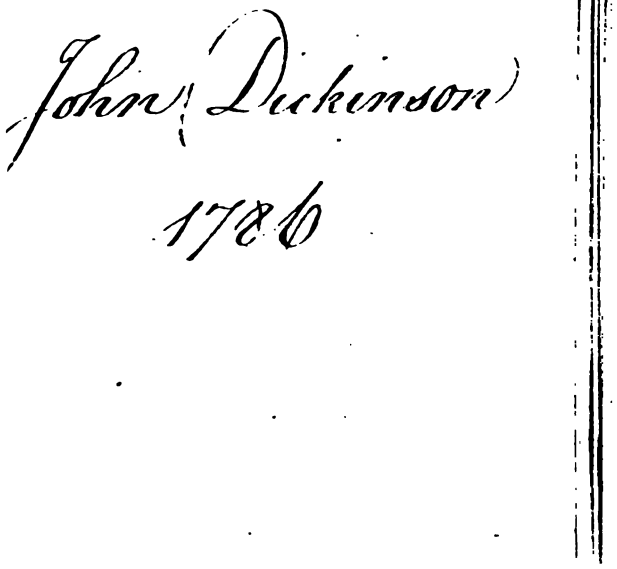
John Dickinson
1786

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

LONDON:

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R Y D E N'S

I R G I L.

VOLUME I.

THE

WORKS

OF

IRGIL:

TRANSLATED INTO

NGLISH VERSE,

BY MR. DRYDEN.

To Mr. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

EXCELLENT TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

WHENE'ER great Virgil's lofty verſe I ſee,
The pompous ſcene charms my admiring eye:
There different beauties in perfection meet;
The thoughts as proper, as the numbers ſweet:
And when wild Fancy mounts a daring height,
Judgment ſteps in, and moderates her flight.
Wiſely he manages his wealthy ſtore,
Still ſays enough, and yet implies ſtill more:
For though the weighty ſenſe be cloſely wrought,
The reader's left t'improve the pleaſing thought.
Hence we deſpair to ſee an Engliſh dreſs
Should e'er his nervous energy expreſs;
For who could that in fetter'd rhyme incloſe,
Which without loſs can ſcarce be told in proſe!
But you, great Sir, his manly genius raiſe;
And make your copy ſhare an equal praiſe.
Oh how I ſee thee in ſoft ſcenes of love,
Renew thoſe paſſions he alone could move!
Here Cupid's charms are with new art expreſt,
And pale Eliza leaves her peaceful reſt:

Leaves her Elyſium, as if glad to live,
To love, and wiſh, to ſigh, deſpair, and grieve,
And die again for him that would again deceive.
Nor does the mighty Trojan leſs appear
Than Mars himſelf amidſt the ſtorms of war.
Now his fierce eyes with double fury glow,
And a new dread attends th' impending blow:
The Daunian chiefs their eager rage abate,
And, though unwounded, ſeem to feel their fate.
Long the rude fury of an ignorant age,
With barbarous ſpite, prophan'd his ſacred page.
The heavy Dutchmen, with laborious toil,
Wreſted his ſenſe, and cramp'd his vigorous ſtyle;
No time, no pains, the drudging pedants ſpare;
But ſtill his ſhoulders muſt the burden bear.
While through the mazes of their comments led,
We learn not what he writes, but what they read.
Yet, through theſe ſhades of undiſtinguiſh'd night
Appear'd ſome glimmering intervals of light;
Till mangled by a vile tranſlating ſect,
Like babes by witches in effigy rackt;
Till Ogleby, mature in dulneſs, roſe,
And Holborn doggrel, and low chiming proſe,
His ſtrength and beauty did at once depoſe.
But now the magic ſpell is at an end,
Since ev'n the dead in you hath found a friend;
You free the Bard from rude oppreſſors' power,
And grace his verſe with charms unknown before:
He, doubly thus oblig'd, muſt doubting ſtand,
Which chiefly ſhould his gratitude command;

Whether

Whether ſhould claim the tribute of his heart,
The Patron's bounty, or the Poet's art.
Alike with wonder and delight we view'd
The Roman genius in thy verſe renew'd:
We ſaw thee raiſe ſoft Ovid's amorous fire,
And fit the tuneful Horace to thy lyre:
We ſaw new gall imbitter Juvenal's pen,
And crabbed Perſeus made politely plain:
Virgil alone was thought too great a taſk;
What you could ſcarce perform, or we durſt aſk:
A taſk! which Waller's Muſe could ne'er engage;
A taſk! too hard for Denham's ſtronger rage:
Sure of ſucceſs they ſome ſlight ſallies try'd,
But the fenc'd coaſt their bold attempts defy'd.
With fear their o'er-match'd forces back they drew,
Quitted the province Fate reſerv'd for you.
In vain thus Philip did the Perſians ſtorm;
A work his ſon was deſtin'd to perform.
" O had Roſcommon liv'd to hail the day,
" And ſing loud Pæans through the crowded way;
" When you in Roman majeſty appear,
" Which none know better, and none come ſo near:"
The happy author would with wonder ſee,
His rules were only prophecies of thee:
And were he now to give tranſlators light,
He'd bid them only read thy work, and write.
For this great taſk our loud applauſe is due;
We own old favours, but muſt preſs for new:
Th' expecting world demands one labour more;
And thy lov'd Homer does thy aid implore,

To right his injur'd works, and ſet them free
From the lewd rhymes of groveling Ogleby.
Then ſhall his verſe in grateful pomp appear,
Nor will his birth renew the ancient jar;
On thoſe Greek cities we ſhall look with ſcorn,
And in our Britain think the Poet born.

To Mr. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

I.

WE read, how dreams and viſions heretofore
The Prophet and the Poet could inſpire;
And make them in unuſual rapture ſoar,
With rage divine, and with poetic fire.

II.

O could I find it now;---Would Virgil's ſhade
But for a while vouchſafe to bear the light;
To grace my numbers, and that Muſe to aid,
Who ſings the Poet that has done him right.

III.

It long has been this ſacred Author's fate,
To lie at every dull Tranſlator's will;
Long, long his Muſe has groan'd beneath the weight
Of mangling Ogleby's preſumptuous quill.

IV.

IV.

Dryden, at laſt, in his defence aroſe;
The father now is righted by the ſon:
And while his Muſe endeavours to diſcloſe
That Poet's beauties, ſhe declares her own.

V.

In your ſmooth, pompous numbers dreſt, each line,
Each thought, betrays ſuch a majeſtic touch;
He could not, had he finiſh'd his deſign,
Have wiſh'd it better, or have done ſo much.

VI.

You, like his Hero, though yourſelf were free;
And diſentangled from the war of wit;
You, who ſecure might other dangers ſee,
And ſafe from all malicious cenſures ſit.

VII.

Yet becauſe ſacred Virgil's noble Muſe,
O'erlay'd by fools, was ready to expire:
To riſk your fame again, you boldly chuſe,
Or to redeem, or periſh with your fire.

VIII.

Ev'n firſt and laſt, we owe him half to you,
For that his Æneids miſs'd their threatned fate,
Was---that his friends by ſome prediction knew,
Hereafter, who correcting ſhould tranſlate.

IX.

But hold, my Muſe, thy needleſs flight reſtrain,
Unleſs, like him, thou couldſt a verſe indite:
To think his fancy to deſcribe is vain,
Since nothing can diſcover light, but light.

X.

'Tis want of genius that does more deny:
'Tis fear my praiſe ſhould make your glory leſs.
And therefore, like the modeſt Painter, I
Muſt draw the veil, where I cannot expreſs.

HENRY GRAHME.

To Mr. DRYDEN.

NO undiſputed Monarch govern'd yet
With univerſal ſway the realms of wit;
Nature could never ſuch expence afford;
Each ſeveral province own'd a ſeveral lord.
A Poet then had his poetic wife,
One Muſe embrac'd, and married for his life.
By the ſtale thing his appetite was cloy'd,
His fancy leſſen'd, and his fire deſtroy'd.
But nature grown extravagantly kind,
With all her treaſures did adorn your mind.
The different powers were then united found,
And you Wit's univerſal monarch crown'd.

Your

Your mighty ſway your great deſert ſecures,
And every Muſe and every Grace is yours,
To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy,
Sated with this, you to another fly.
So Sultan-like in your ſeraglio ſtand,
While wiſhing Muſes wait for your command.
Thus no decay, no want of vigour find,
Sublime your fancy, boundleſs is your mind.
Not all the blaſts of time can do you wrong;
Young, ſpite of age; in ſpite of weakneſs, ſtrong.
Time, like Alcides, ſtrikes you to the ground:
You, like Antæus, from each fall rebound.

H. ST. JOHN.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

VIRGIL.

'TIS ſaid that Phidias gave ſuch living grace
To the carv'd image of a beauteous face,
That the cold marble might even ſeem to be
The life; and the true life, the imagery.

You paſs'd that artiſt, Sir, and all his powers,
Making the beſt of Roman Poets ours;
With ſuch effect, we know not which to call
The imitation, which th' original.

What

What Virgil lent, you pay in equal weight,
The charming beauty of the coin no leſs;
And ſuch the majeſty of your impreſs,
You ſeem the very author you tranſlate.

'Tis certain, were he now alive with us,
And did revolving deſtiny conſtrain,
To dreſs his thoughts in Engliſh o'er again,
Himſelf could write no otherwiſe than thus.

His old encomium never did appear
So true as now; Romans and Greeks, ſubmit.
Something of late is in our language writ,
More nobly great than the fam'd Iliads were.

JA. WRIGHT.

VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL'S

PASTORALS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

UGH LORD CLIFFORD,

BARON OF CHUDLEIGH

MY LORD,

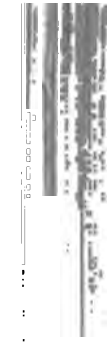
HAVE found it not more difficult to tranſlate Virgil, than to find ſuch Patrons as I deſire for my ſlation. For though England is not wanting in rned nobility, yet ſuch are my unhappy circumces, that they have confined me to a narrow choice. the greater part, I have not the honour to be wn; and to ſome of them I cannot ſhew at preſent, ny public act, that grateful reſpect which I ſhall bear them in my heart. Yet I have no reaſon to plain of fortune, ſince in the midſt of that abunce I could not poſſibly have choſen better, than the thy ſon of ſo illuſtrious a father. He was the pa- of my manhood, when I flouriſhed in the opinion he world; though with ſmall advantage to my une, till he awakened the remembrance of my l maſter. He was that Pollio, or that Varus, who introduced

introduced me to Auguſtus: and though he ſoon diſmiſſed himſelf from ſtate-affairs, yet in the ſhort time of his adminiſtration he ſhone ſo powerfully upon me, that, like the heat of a Ruſſian ſummer, he ripened the fruits of poetry in a cold climate; and gave me wherewithal to ſubſiſt at leaſt, in the long winter which ſucceeded. What I now offer to your lordſhip is the wretched remainder of a ſickly age, worn out with ſtudy, and oppreſſed by fortune: without other ſupport than the conſtancy and patience of a Chriſtian. You, my lord, are yet in the flower of your youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the peace which is promiſed Europe. I can only hear of that bleſſing: for years, and, above all things, want of health, have ſhut me out from ſharing in the happineſs. The poets, who condemn their Tantalus to hell, had added to his torments, if they had placed him in Elyſium, which is the proper emblem of my condition. The fruit and the water may reach my lips, but cannot enter: and if they could, yet I want a palate as well as a digeſtion. But it is ſome kind of pleaſure to me, to pleaſe thoſe whom I reſpect. And I am not altogether out of hope, that theſe Paſtorals of Virgil may give your lordſhip ſome delight, though made Engliſh by one, who ſcarce remembers that paſſion which inſpired my author when he wrote them. Theſe were his firſt eſſay in poetry, (if the Ceiras was not his:) and it was more excuſable in him to deſcribe love when he was young, then for me to tranſlate him when I am old. He died at the age of fifty-two, and I begin this work

in

in my great climacteric. But having perhaps a better conſtitution than my author, I have wronged him leſs, conſidering my circumſtances, than thoſe who have attempted him before, either in our own, or any modern language. And though this verſion is not void of errors, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither groſs nor frequent, in thoſe Eclogues, wherein my maſter has raiſed himſelf above that humble ſtyle in which Paſtoral delights, and which I muſt confeſs is proper to the education and converſe of Shepherds: for he found the ſtrength of his genius betimes, and was even in his youth preluding to his Georgics, and his Æneis. He could not forbear to try his wings, though his pinions were not hardened to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet ſometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty, as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admoniſhed by his ſubject to deſcend, he came down gently circling in the air, and ſinging to the ground. Like a lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her ſong till ſhe alights: ſtill preparing for a higher flight at her next ſally, and tuning her voice to better muſic. The fourth, the ſixth, and the eighth Paſtorals, are clear evidences of this truth. In the three firſt he contains himſelf within his bounds; but addreſſing to Pollio, his great Patron, and himſelf no vulgar Poet, he no longer could reſtrain the freedom of his ſpirit, but began to aſſert his native character, which is ſublimity. Putting himſelf under the conduct of the ſame Cumæan Sibyl, whom afterwards he

d not inſert into any of his former Eclogues, was unwilling they ſhould be loſt. In reſt he is equal to his Sicilian maſter, and like him a juſt decorum, both of the ſub- the perſons. As particularly in the third where one of his ſhepherds deſcribes a bowl, , curiouſly carved.



redio duo ſigna : Conon, et quis fuit alter ripſit radio totum qui gentibus orbem."

ibers only the name of Conon, and forgets on ſet purpoſe (whether he means Anixi- r Eudoxus I diſpute not) ; but he was cer- gotten, to ſhew his country ſwain was no lar.

ll, I muſt confeſs that the booriſh dialect of s has a ſecret charm in it, which the Roman :annot imitate, though Virgil has drawn it ow as poſſibly he could : as in the Cujum d ſome other words, for which he was ſo lamed by the bad critics of his age, who ſee the beauties of that Merum Rus, which deſcribed in thoſe expreſſions. But Theo-

gave for a guide to his Æneas. It is true he was ſenſible of his own boldneſs; and we know it by the Paulo Majora, which begins his fourth Eclogue. He remembered, like young Manlius, that he was forbidden to engage; but what avails an expreſs command to a youthful courage which preſages victory in the attempt? Encouraged with ſucceſs, he proceeds farther in the ſixth, and invades the province of Philoſophy. And notwithſtanding that Phœbus had forewarned him of ſinging wars, as he there confeſſes, yet he preſumed that the ſearch of nature was as free to him as to Lucretius, who at his age explained it according to the principles of Epicurus. In his eighth Eclogue, he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the complaint and deſpair of a forſaken lover: the latter a charm of an enchantreſs, to renew a loſt affection. But the complaint perhaps contains ſome topics which are above the condition of his perſons; and our author ſeems to have made his herdſmen ſomewhat too learned for their profeſſion: the charms are alſo of the ſame nature; but both were copied from Theocritus, and had received the applauſe of former ages in their original. There is a kind of ruſticity in all thoſe pompous verſes; ſomewhat of a holiday ſhepherd ſtrutting in his country buſkins. The like may be obſerved, both in the Pollio, and the Silenus; where the ſimilitudes are drawn from the woods and meadows. They ſeem to me to repreſent our poet betwixt a farmer and a courtier, when he left Mantua for Rome, and dreſſed himſelf in his beſt habit to appear before his Patron:

Patron: ſomewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its ſimplicity. In the ninth Paſtoral he collects ſome beautiful paſſages, which were ſcattered in Theocritus, which he could not inſert into any of his former Eclogues, and yet was unwilling they ſhould be loſt. In all the reſt he is equal to his Sicilian maſter, and obſerves like him a juſt decorum, both of the ſubject and the perſons. As particularly in the third Paſtoral, where one of his ſhepherds deſcribes a bowl, or mazer, curiouſly carved.

"In medio duo ſigna: Conon, et quis fuit alter
"Deſcripſit radio totum qui gentibus orbem."

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on ſet purpoſe (whether he means Anximander or Eudoxus I diſpute not); but he was certainly forgotten, to ſhew his country ſwain was no great ſcholar.

After all, I muſt confeſs that the booriſh dialect of Theocritus has a ſecret charm in it, which the Roman language cannot imitate, though Virgil has drawn it down as low as poſſibly he could: as in the Cujum Pecus, and ſome other words, for which he was ſo unjuſtly blamed by the bad critics of his age, who could not ſee the beauties of that Merum Rus, which the poet deſcribed in thoſe expreſſions. But Theocritus may juſtly be preferred as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modeſtly contents himſelf with the ſecond place, and glories only in being the firſt who tranſplanted Paſtoral into his own country; and

brought it there to bear as happily as the cherry-trees which Lucullus brought from Pontus.

Our own nation has produced a third Poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former. For the Shepherd's Calendar of Spenſer is not to be matched in any modern language. Not even by Taſſo's Amyntas, which infinitely tranſcends Guarini's Paſtor Fido, as having more of nature in it, and being almoſt wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning. I will ſay nothing of the Piſcatory Eclogues, becauſe no modern Latin can bear criticiſm. It is no wonder that rolling down through ſo many barbarous ages, from the ſpring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordure of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monſieur Fontenelle, the living glory of the French. It is enough for him to have excelled his maſter Lucian, without attempting to compare our miſerable age with that of Virgil, or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation,

" ———Si Pergama dextrâ
" Defendi poſſent, etiam hâc defenſa fuiſſent."

But Spenſer being maſter of our northern dialect, and ſkilled in Chaucer's Engliſh, has ſo exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that paſſion which God infuſed into both ſexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners.

My lord, I know to whom I dedicate: and could not have been induced by any motive to put this part of

of Virgil, or any other into unlearned hands. You have read him with pleaſure, and I dare ſay, with admiration, in the Latin, of which you are a maſter. You have added to your natural endowments, which, without flattery, are eminent, the ſuperſtructures of ſtudy, and the knowledge of good authors. Courage, probity, and humanity are inherent in you. Theſe virtues have ever been habitual to the ancient houſe of Cumberland, from whence you are deſcended, and of which our chronicles make ſo honourable mention in the long wars betwixt the rival families of York and Lancaſter. Your forefathers have aſſerted the party which they choſe till death, and died for its defence in the fields of battle. You have beſides the freſh remembrance of your noble father; from whom you never can degenerate.

" ———Nec imbellem feroces
" Progenerant Aquilæ Columbam."

It being almoſt morally impoſſible for you to be other than you are by kind; I need neither praiſe nor incite your virtue. You are acquainted with the Roman hiſtory, and know without my information that patronage and clientſhip always deſcended from the fathers to the ſons, and that the ſame plebeian houſes had recourſe to the ſame patrician line, which had formerly protected them; and followed their principles and fortunes to the laſt. So that I am your lordſhip's by deſcent, and part of your inheritance. And the natural inclination which I have to ſerve you, adds to your paternal right, for I was

Round the wide world in baniſhment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleaſing fields and native home:
While ſtretch'd at eaſe you ſing your happy loves;
And Amarillis fills the ſhady groves.

TIT. Theſe bleſſings, friend, a Deity beſtow'd:
For never can I deem him leſs than God.
The tender firſtlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain;
And to my pipe renew'd the rural ſtrain.

MEL. I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That while the raging ſword and waſteful fire
Deſtroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hoſtile arms approach your happy ground.
Far different is my fate: my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forſaken cotes:
And this you ſee I ſcarcely drag along,
Who yeaning on the rocks has left her young;
(The hope and promiſe of my failing fold.)
My loſs by dire portents the gods foretold:
For had I not been blind, I might have ſeen
Yon riven oak, the faireſt of the green,
And the hoarſe raven, on the blaſted bough,
By croaking from the left preſag'd the coming blow.
But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly power
Preſerv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

TIT. Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market-days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.

So

So kids and whelps their ſires and dams expreſs;
And ſo the great I meaſur'd by the leſs.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like ſhrubs when lofty cypreſſes are near.

MEL. What great occaſion call'd you hence to Rome!

TIT. Freedom, which came at length, though ſlow to come:
Nor did my ſearch of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.
Nor Amarillis would vouchſafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpleſs, hopeleſs, homely ſwain,
I ſought not freedom, nor aſpir'd to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheeſe to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I ſpent,
And ſtill return'd as empty as I went.

MEL. We ſtood amaz'd to ſee your miſtreſs mourn;
Unknowing that ſhe pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why ſhe kept her fruit ſo long,
For whom ſo late th' ungather'd apples hung;
But now the wonder ceaſes, ſince I ſee
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.
For thee the bubbling ſprings appear'd to mourn,
And whiſpering pines made vows for thy return.

TIT. What ſhould I do, while here I was enchain'd,
No glimpſe of god-like liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope in any place but there,
To find a god ſo preſent to my prayer.

There firſt the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciouſly decreed
My grounds to be reſtor'd, my former flocks to feed.
MEL. O fortunate old man! whoſe farm remains
For you ſufficient, and requites your pains:
Though ruſhes overſpread the neighbouring plains.
Though here the marſhy grounds approach your fields,
And there the ſoil a ſtony harveſt yields,
Your teeming ewes ſhall no ſtrange meadows try,
Nor fear a rott from tainted company.
Behold yon bordering fence of ſallow trees
Is fraught with flowers, the flowers are fraught with bees;
The buſy bees with a ſoft murmuring ſtrain
Invite to gentle ſleep the labouring ſwain.
While from the neighbouring rock, with rural ſongs
The pruner's voice the pleaſing dream prolongs;
Stock-doves and turtles tell their amorous pain,
And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.
TIT. Th' inhabitants of ſeas and ſkies ſhall change,
And fiſh on ſhore, and ſtags in air ſhall range,
The baniſh'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German ſhall the Tigris drink:
Ere I, forſaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.
MEL. But we muſt beg our bread in clime s unknown,
Beneath the ſcorching or the freezing zone.
And ſome to far Oaxis ſhall be ſold;
Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold.

The

The reſt among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
O muſt the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor after length of rolling years return?
Are we condemn'd by fate's unjuſt decree,
No more our houſes and our homes to ſee?
Or ſhall we mount again the rural throne,
And rule the country kingdoms, once our own?
Did we for theſe barbarians plant and ſow,
On theſe, on theſe, our happy fields beſtow?
Good heaven, what dire effects from civil diſcord flow!
Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
Farewel my paſtures, my paternal ſtock;
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!
No more, my goats, ſhall I behold you climb
The ſteepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme!
No more extended in the grot below,
Shall ſee you browſing on the mountain's brow.
The prickly ſhrubs; and after on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyſs, and hang in air.
No more my ſheep ſhall ſip the morning dew;
No more my ſong ſhall pleaſe the rural crew:
Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world adieu!

TIT. This night, at leaſt, with me forget your care;
Cheſnuts and curds and cream ſhall be your fare:
The carpet-ground ſhall be with leaves o'erſpread;
And boughs ſhall weave a covering for your head.
For ſee yon ſunny hill the ſhade extends:
And curling ſmoke from cottages aſcends.

THE

THE SECOND PASTORAL.

OR,

ALEXIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The commentators can by no means agree on the perſon of Alexis, but are all of opinion that ſome beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love in Corydon's language and ſimplicity. His way of courtſhip is wholly paſtoral: he complains of the boy's coyneſs; recommends himſelf for his beauty and ſkill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promiſes him the diverſions of the place, with a ſuitable preſent of nuts and apples: but when he finds nothing will prevail, he reſolves to quit his troubleſome amour, and betake himſelf again to his former buſineſs.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy ſhepherd ſwain,
The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
And underneath the beechen ſhade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.

Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward,
And muſt I die unpitied, and unheard?
Now the green lizard in the grove is laid,
The ſheep enjoy the coolneſs of the ſhade;
And Theſtylis wild thyme and garlick beats
For harveſt hinds, o'erſpent with toil and heats:
While in the ſcorching ſun I trace in vain
Thy flying footſteps o'er the burning plain,
The creaking locuſts with my voice conſpire,
They fry with heat, and I with fierce deſire.
How much more eaſy was it to ſuſtain
Proud Amarillis and her haughty reign,
The ſcorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
Though he was black, and thou art heavenly fair.
Truſt not too much to that enchanting face;
Beauty's a charm, but ſoon the charm will paſs:
White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While duſky hyacinths for uſe remain.
My paſſion is thy ſcorn: nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can beſtow:
What ſtores my dairies and my folds contain;
A thouſand lambs that wander on the plain:
New milk that all the winter never fails,
And all the ſummer overflows the pails:
Amphion ſung not ſweeter to his herd,
When ſummon'd ſtones the Theban turrets rear'd.
Nor am I ſo deform'd; for late I ſtood
Upon the margin of the briny flood:
The winds were ſtill, and if the glaſs be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, though judg'd by you.

O leave

O leave the noiſy town, O come and ſee
Our country cotts, and live content with me!
To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
With me to drive a-field the browzing goats:
To pipe and ſing, and in our country ſtrain
To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan.
Pan taught to join with wax, unequal reeds,
Pan loves the ſhepherds, and their flocks he feeds:
Nor ſcorn the pipe; Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kiſſes would my ſkill have bought.
Of ſeven ſmooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damætas gave:
And ſaid, This, Corydon, I leave to thee;
For only thou deſerv'ſt it after me.
His eyes Amyntas durſt not upward lift,
For much he grudg'd the praiſe, but more the gift.
Beſides two kids that in the valley ſtray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd.
They drain two bagging udders every day;
And theſe ſhall be companions of thy play.
Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian ſtrain,
Which Theſtylis had often begg'd in vain:
And ſhe ſhall have them, if again ſhe ſues,
Since you the giver and the gift refuſe.
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care,
And take the preſents which the nymphs prepare.
White lilies in full caniſters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple ſpring.
The daughters of the flood have ſearch'd the mead.
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppies head;

The

The ſhort narciſſus, and fair daffodil,
Panſies to pleaſe the ſight, and caſſia ſweet to ſmell;
And ſet ſoft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To ſhade marſh marigolds of ſhining hue.
Some bound in order, others looſely ſtrow'd,
To dreſs thy bower, and trim thy new abode.
Myſelf will ſearch our planted grounds at home,
For downy peaches and the gloſſy plumb:
And thraſh the cheſnuts in the neighbouring grove,
Such as my Amarillis us'd to love.
The laurel and the myrtle ſweets agree;
And both in noſegays ſhall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon, ah poor unhappy ſwain,
Alexis will thy homely gifts diſdain:
Nor, ſhould'ſt thou offer all thy little ſtore,
Will rich Iolus yield, but offer more.
What have I done to name that wealthy ſwain,
So powerful are his preſents, mine ſo mean!
The boar amidſt my cryſtal ſtreams I bring;
And ſouthern winds to blaſt my flowery ſpring.
Ah cruel creature, whom doſt thou deſpiſe?
The gods to live in woods have left the ſkies.
And godlike Paris in th' Idean grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd Oenone's love.
In cities which ſhe built, let Pallas reign;
Towers are for gods, but foreſts for the ſwain.
The greedy lioneſs the wolf purſues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browſe:
Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon;
All follow ſeveral games, and each his own.

Of graſs and fodder thou defraud'ſt the dams;
And of their mother's dugs, the ſtarving lambs.
DAM. Good words, young Catamite, at leaſt to men:
We know who did your buſineſs, how, and when.
And in what chapel too you plaid your prize;
And what the goats obſerv'd with leering eyes:
The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd, and there your ſafety lies.
MEN. Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the Leis;
Cut Micon's tender vines, and ſtole the ſtays.
DAM. Or rather, when beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis, and the ſhafts you broke:
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
And, but for miſchief, you had dy'd for ſpite.
MEN. What nonſenſe would the fool thy maſter prate,
When thou, his knave, canſt talk at ſuch a rate!
Did I not ſee you, raſcal, did I not?
When you lay ſnug to ſnap young Damon's goat?
His mungrel bark'd, I ran to his relief,
And cry'd, There, there he goes; ſtop, ſtop the thief!
Diſcover'd, and defeated of your prey,
You ſkulk'd behind the fence, and ſneak'd away.
DAM. An honeſt man may freely take his own;
The goat was mine, by ſinging fairly won.
A ſolemn match was made; he loſt the prize.
Aſk Damon, aſk if he the debt denies;
I think he dares not; if he does, he lyes.

MEN.

MEN. Thou ſing with him, thou booby! never pipe
Was ſo prophan'd to touch that blubber'd lip:
Dunce at the beſt; in ſtreets but ſcarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy ſtraw, the ſtupid crowd.
DAM. To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our ſkill, our voices, to compare?
My brinded heifer to the ſtake I lay;
Two thriving calves ſhe ſuckles twice a day:
And twice beſides her beaſtings never fail
To ſtore the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your ſinging with an equal ſtake.
MEN. That ſhould be ſeen, if I had one to make.
You know too well I feed my father's flock:
What can I wager from the common ſtock?
A ſtepdame too I have, a curſed ſhe,
Who rules my hen-peck'd ſire, and orders me.
Both number twice a-day the milky dams;
At once ſhe takes the tale of all the lambs.
But ſince you will be mad, and ſince you may
Suſpect my courage, if I ſhould not lay,
The pawn I proffer ſhall be full as good:
Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen wood;
Both by divine Alcimedon were made;
To neither of them yet the lip is laid;
The ivy's ſtem, its fruit, its foliage, lurk
n various ſhapes around the curious work.
'wo figures on the ſides embоſs'd appear;
onon, and, what's his name who made the ſphere,
nd ſhew'd the ſeaſons of the ſliding year,

Inſtructed in his trade the labouring ſwain,
And when to reap, and when to ſow the grain?
DAM. And I have two, to match your pair, at home;
The wood the ſame, from the ſame hand they come:
The kimbo handles ſeem with bears-foot carv'd;
And never yet to table have been ſerv'd:
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beaſts encompaſs'd, and a dancing grove:
But theſe, nor all the proffers you can make,
Are worth the heifer which I ſet to ſtake.
MEN. No more delays, vain boaſter, but begin:
I propheſy before-hand I ſhall win.
Palæmon ſhall be judge how ill you rhime:
I'll teach you how to brag another time.
DAM. Rhymer, come on, and do the worſt you can:
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
With ſilence, neighbour, and attention wait:
For 'tis a buſineſs of a high debate.
PAL. Sing then; the ſhade affords a proper place;
The trees are cloath'd with leaves, the fields with graſs;
The bloſſoms blow; the birds on buſhes ſing;
And nature has accompliſh'd all the ſpring.
The challenge to Damætas ſhall belong,
Mænalcas ſhall ſuſtain his under-ſong:
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
By turns the tuneful Muſes love to ſing.
DAM. From the great Father of the gods above
My Muſe begins; for all is full of Jove;

To Jove the care of heaven and earth belongs;
My flocks he bleſſes, and he loves my ſongs.

MEN. Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muſe inſpires;
And in her ſongs, the warmth he gave, requires.
For him the god of ſhepherds and their ſheep,
My bluſhing hyacinths and my bays I keep.

DAM. My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies,
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies:
And wiſhes to be ſeen, [illegible] he flies.

MEN. But fair Am[illegible] comes unaſk'd to me,
And offers love; and ſ[illegible]on my knee:
Not Delia to my dogs i[illegible]wn ſo well as he.

DAM. To the dear [illegible]eſs of my love-ſick mind,
Her ſwain a pretty preſent has deſign'd:
I ſaw two ſtock-doves billing, and ere long
Will take the neſt, and hers ſhall be the young.

MEN. Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And ſtood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground;
I ſent Amyntas all my preſent ſtore;
And will, to-morrow, ſend as many more.

DAM. The lovely maid lay panting in my arms;
And all ſhe ſaid and did was full of charms.
Winds, on your wings to heaven her accents bear!
Such words as heaven alone is fit to hear.

MEN. Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight,
To call you mine, when abſent from my ſight!
I hold the nets, while you purſue the prey;
And muſt not ſhare the dangers of the day.

DAM. I keep my birth-day: ſend my Phyllis home;
At ſhearing-time, Iolas, you may come.
MEN. With Phyllis I am more in grace than you:
Her ſorrow did my parting ſteps purſue:
Adieu, my dear, ſhe ſaid, a long adieu!
DAM. The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But from my frowning fair, more ills I find
Than from the wolves, and ſtorms, and winter-wind.
MEN. The kids with pleaſure browſe the buſhy plain,
The ſhowers are grateful to the ſwelling grain:
To teeming ewes the ſallow's tender tree;
But more than all the world my love to me.
DAM. Pollio my rural verſe vouchſafes to read:
A heifer, Muſes, for your patron breed.
MEN. My Pollio writes himſelf; a bull be bred
With ſpurning heels, and with a butting head.
DAM. Who Pollio loves, and who his Muſe admires,
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full deſires.
Let myrrh inſtead of thorn his fences fill;
And ſhowers of honey from his oaks diſtil.
MEN. Who hates not living Bavius, let him be
(Dead Mævius) damn'd to love thy works and thee:
The ſame ill taſte of ſenſe would ſerve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, and ſhear the ſwine.
DAM. Ye boys who pluck the flowers, and ſpoil the ſpring,
Beware the ſecret ſnake that ſhoots a ſting.
MEN. Graze not too near the banks, my jolly ſheep,
The ground is falſe, the running ſtreams are deep:

See,

See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighbouring rock.

DAM. From rivers drive the kids, and fling your hook;
Anon I'll waſh them in the ſhallow brook.

MEN. To fold, my flock; when milk is dry'd with heat,
In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat.

DAM. How lank my bulls from plenteous paſture come!
But love, that drains the herd, deſtroys the groom.

MEN. My flocks are free from love; yet look ſo thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their ſkin.
What magic has bewitch'd the wooly dams,
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs?

DAM. Say, where the round of heaven which all contains,
To three ſhort ells on earth our ſight reſtrains:
Tell that, and riſe a Phœbus for thy pains.

MEN. Nay, tell me firſt, in what new region ſprings
A flower that bears inſcrib'd the names of kings:
And thou ſhalt gain a preſent as divine
As Phœbus' ſelf; for Phyllis ſhall be thine.

PAL. So nice a difference in your ſinging lies,
That both have won, or both deſerv'd, the prize.

Reſt equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter ſweets and pleaſing pains of love.
Now dam the ditches, and the floods reſtrain:
Their moiſture has already drench'd the plain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

OR,

POLLIO.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet celebrates the birth-day of Salonius, the ſon of Pollio, born in the conſulſhip of his father, after the taking of Solonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verſes are tranſlated from one of the Sibyls, who prophefied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muſe, begin a loftier ſtrain!
Though lowly ſhrubs and trees that ſhade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muſe, prepare
To make the vocal woods deſerve a conſul's care.
The laſt great age, foretold by ſacred rhymes,
Renews its finiſh'd courſe; Saturnian times
Roll round again, and mighty years, begun
From their firſt orb, in radiant circles run.
The baſe degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven deſcends:

O chaſte Lucina, ſpeed the mother's pains;
And haſte the glorious birth; thy own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auſpicious face!
Shall Pollio's conſulſhip and triumph grace;
Majeſtic months ſet out with him to their appointed race.
The father baniſh'd virtue ſhall reſtore,
And crimes ſhall threat the guilty world no more.
The ſon ſhall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes ſeen, and gods and heroes ſee.
The jarring nations he in peace ſhall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth ſhall wreathing ivy bring
And fragrant herbs (the promiſes of ſpring),
As her firſt offerings to her infant king.
The goats, with ſtrutting dugs, ſhall homeward ſpeed,
And lowing herds ſecure from lions feed.
His cradle ſhall with riſing flowers be crown'd;
The ſerpent's brood ſhall die: the ſacred ground
Shall weeds and poiſonous plants refuſe to bear,
Each common buſh ſhall Syrian roſes wear.
But when heroic verſe his youth ſhall raiſe,
And form it to hereditary praiſe,
Unlabour'd harveſts ſhall the fields adorn,
And cluſter'd grapes ſhall bluſh on every thorn.
The knotted oaks ſhall ſhowers of honey weep,
And through the matted graſs the liquid gold ſhall creep.

Yet,

Yet, of old fraud ſome footſteps ſhall remain,
The merchant ſtill ſhall plough the deep for gain:
Great cities ſhall with walls be compaſs'd round;
And ſharpen'd ſhares ſhall vex the fruitful ground,
Another Typhis ſhall new ſeas explore,
Another Argos land the chiefs upon th' Iberian ſhore.
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripen'd manhood he ſhall grow,
The greedy ſailor ſhall the ſeas forego;
No keel ſhall cut the waves for foreign ware;
For every ſoil ſhall every product bear.
The labouring hind his oxen ſhall disjoin,
No plough ſhall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine,
Nor wool ſhall in diſſembled colours ſhine;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece ſhall proudly ſweat;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb ſhall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have ſpun,
Shall bleſs the ſacred clue, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready honours move,
O of celeſtial ſeed! O foſter ſon of Jove!
See, labouring Nature calls thee to ſuſtain
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main;
See, to their baſe reſtor'd, earth, ſeas, and air,
And joyful ages from behind, in crowding ranks appear,

To

To ſing thy praiſe, would heaven my breath prolong,
Infuſing ſpirits worthy ſuch a ſong;
Not Thracian Orpheus ſhould tranſcend my lays,
Nor Linus, crown'd with never-fading bays;
Though each his heavenly parent ſhould inſpire;
The Muſe inſtruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
Should Pan contend in verſe, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges ſhould their God condemn.
Begin, auſpicious boy, to caſt about
Thy infant eyes, and, with a ſmile, thy mother ſingle out;
Thy mother well deſerves that ſhort delight,
The nauſeous qualms of ten long months and travel to requite.
Then ſmile; the frowning infant's doom is read,
No god ſhall crown the board, nor goddeſs bleſs the bed.

THE

THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

OR,

DAPHNIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopſus and Menalcas, two very expert ſhepherds at a ſong, begin one by conſent to the memory of Daphnis; who is ſuppoſed, by the beſt critics, to repreſent Julius Cæſar. Mopſus laments his death, Menalcas proclaims his divinity: the whole Eclogue conſiſting of an elegy and an apotheoſis.

MENALCAS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
And ſince my voice can match your tuneful reed;
Why ſit we not beneath the grateful ſhade,
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?

MOPS. Whether you pleaſe that ſylvan ſcene to take,
Where whiſtling winds uncertain ſhadows make:

Or

[illegible] cave [illegible] ceed.
[illegible] the [illegible] overspread.
[illegible] and your years command [illegible]
[illegible] you in voice.
[illegible] What [illegible] not that presuming [illegible]
[illegible] with Phœbus may compare:
[illegible] either Alcon's prais.
[illegible] your lay:
[illegible] you commend.
[illegible] flock shall tend.
[illegible] the sad verse repeat.
[illegible] I lately writ:
[illegible] bring the swain
[illegible] and let him try the strain.
MEN. [illegible] the shrub to the tall olive shows,
Or the pale sallow to the blushing rose;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.
MORE. No more, but sit and hear the promis'd lay,
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.
The nymphs about the breathless body wait
Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.
The trees and floods were witness to their tears:
At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.
The wretched parent, with a pious haste,
Came running, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd.

She

She ſigh'd, ſhe ſobb'd, and, furious with deſpair,
She rent her garments, and ſhe tore her hair:
Accuſing all the gods, and every ſtar.
The ſwains forgot their ſheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
The thirſty cattle, of themſelves, abſtain'd
From water, and their graſſy fare diſdain'd.
The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore,
They caſt the ſound to Libya's deſert ſhore;
The Libyan lyons hear, and hearing roar.
Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear;
And firſt with curling ivy dreſs'd the ſpear;
Daphnis did rites to Bacchus firſt ordain;
And holy revels for his reeling train.
As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn:
So bright a ſplendor, ſo divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis caſt on his illuſtrious race.
When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,
Our guardian Gods the fields and plains forſook:
Pales no longer ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain;
No fruitful crop the ſickly fields return;
But oats and darnel choke the riſing corn.
And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
Now knotty burrs and thorns diſgrace the ground.
Come, ſhepherds, come, and ſtrow with leaves the plain;
Such funeral rites your Daphnis did ordain.
With cypreſs boughs the cryſtal fountains hide,
And ſoftly let the running waters glide,

A laſting

A laſting monument to Daphnis raiſe,
With this inſcription to record his praiſe:
Daphnis, the field's delight, the ſhepherd's love,
Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above,
Whoſe flock excell'd the faireſt on the plains,
But leſs than he himſelf ſurpaſs'd the ſwains.

MEN. O heavenly poet! ſuch thy verſe appears,
So ſweet, ſo charming to my raviſh'd ears,
As to the weary ſwain, with cares oppreſt,
Beneath the ſylvan ſhade, refreſhing reſt:
As to the feveriſh traveller, when firſt
He finds a cryſtal ſtream to quench his thirſt.
In ſinging, as in piping, you excel;
And ſcarce your maſter could perform ſo well.
O fortunate young man! at leaſt your lays
Are next to his, and claim the ſecond praiſe.
Such as they are, my rural ſongs I join,
To raiſe our Daphnis to the powers divine;
For Daphnis was ſo good, to love whate'er was mine.

MOPS. How is my ſoul with ſuch a promiſe rais'd!
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And Stimichon has often made me long
To hear like him, ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet a ſong.

MEN. Daphnis, the gueſt of heaven, with wondering eyes
Views in the milky way the ſtarry ſkies.
And far beneath him, from the ſhining ſphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.

For

For this, with chearful cries the woods reſound;
The purple ſpring arrays the various ground;
The nymphs and ſhepherds dance; and Pan himſelf is crown'd.
The wolf no longer prowls for nightly ſpoils,
Nor birds the ſpringes fear, nor ſtags the toils:
For Daphnis reigns above; and deals from thence
His mother's milder beams and peaceful influence.
The mountain-tops unſhorn, the rocks rejoice;
The lowly ſhrubs partake of human voice.
Aſſenting nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and ſalutes the new-admitted God.
Be ſtill propitious, ever good to thine;
Behold four hallow'd altars we deſign;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus riſe;
On both are offer'd annual ſacrifice.
The holy prieſts, at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk and two of oil ſhall bear;
And I myſelf the gueſts with friendly bowls will cheer.
Two goblets will I crown with ſparkling wine,
The generous vintage of the Chian vine;
Theſe will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine.
In winter ſhall the genial feaſt be made
Before the fire; by ſummer in the ſhade.
Damætas ſhall perform the rites divine:
And Lictian Ægon in the ſong ſhall join.
Alpheſibeus, tripping, ſhall advance;
And mimic ſatyrs in his antic dance.

When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
And when our fields with victims we ſurvey:
While ſavage boars delight in ſhady woods,
And finny fiſh inhabit in the floods;
While bees on thyme, and locuſts feed on dew,
Thy grateful ſwains theſe honours ſhall renew.
Such honours as we pay to powers divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, ſhall be thine.
Such annual honours ſhall be giv'n, and thou
Shalt hear, and ſhalt condemn thy ſuppliants to their vow.

MOPS. What preſent worth thy verſe can Mopſus find!
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the ſouthern wind,
That play through trembling trees, delight me more;
Nor murmuring billows on the ſounding ſhore;
Nor winding ſtreams that through the valley glide;
And the ſcarce-cover'd pebbles gently chide.

MEN. Receive you firſt this tuneful pipe; the ſame
That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame.
The ſame that ſung Neæra's conquering eyes;
And, had the judge been juſt, had won the prize.

MOPS. Accept from me this ſheephook, in exchange,
The handle braſs; the knobs in equal range;
Antigenes, with kiſſes, often try'd
To beg this preſent, in his beauty's pride;
When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.
But what I could refuſe to his requeſt,
Is yours unaſk'd, for you deſerve it beſt.

THE

THE SIXTH PASTORAL.

OR,

SILENUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young ſhepherds, Chromis and Mnaſylus, having been often promiſed a ſong by Silenus, chance to catch him aſleep in this Paſtoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promiſe. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his ſong, in which he deſcribes the formation of the univerſe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philoſophy; and then runs through the moſt ſurprizing transformations which have happened in nature ſince her birth. This Paſtoral was deſigned as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who inſtructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philoſophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnaſylus as the two pupils.

FIRST transferr'd to Rome Sicilian ſtrains:
Nor bluſh'd the Doric Muſe to dwell on Mantuan plains.

But when I try'd her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings, and bloody battles ſung;
Apollo check'd my pride: and bade me feed
My fattening flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
Admoniſh'd thus, while every pen prepares
To write thy praiſes, Varus, and thy wars,
My Paſtoral Muſe her humble tribute brings;
And yet not wholly uninſpir'd ſhe ſings.
For all who read, and, reading, not diſdain
Theſe rural poems, and their lowly ſtrain,
The name of Varus, oft inſcrib'd ſhall ſee,
In every grove, and every vocal tree;
And all the ſylvan reign ſhall ſing of thee.
Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muſes known,
Shall in the front of every page be ſhown;
For he who ſings thy praiſe, ſecures his own.
Proceed, my Muſe: Two Satyrs, on the ground,
Stretch'd at his eaſe, their ſire Silenus found.
Dos'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him ſnoring in his dark abode;
And ſeiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
His roſy wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
His empty cann, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boaſt the triumph of the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unſtring, and bind his hands:
For, by the fraudful god deluded long,
They now reſolve to have their promis'd ſong.

Ægle came in, to make their party good;
The faireſt Naïs of the neighbouring flood,
And, while he ſtares around, with ſtupid eyes,
His brows with berries, and his temples dyes.
He finds the fraud, and, with a ſmile, demands
On what deſign the boys had bound his hands.
" Looſe me," he cry'd, " 'twas impudence to find
" A ſleeping god, 'tis ſacrilege to bind.
" To you the promis'd poem I will pay;
" The nymph ſhall be rewarded in her way."
He rais'd his voice; and ſoon a numerous throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the ſong;
And ſylvan Fauns, and ſavage beaſts advanced,
And nodding foreſts to the numbers danced.
Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard,
With deeper ſilence, or with more regard.
He ſung the ſecret ſeeds of Nature's frame;
How ſeas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender ſoil then ſtiffening by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth, the bounding ſeas.
Then earth and ocean various forms diſcloſe;
And a new ſun to the new world aroſe.
And miſts condens'd to clouds obſcure the ſky;
And clouds diſſolv'd, the thirſty ground ſupply.
The riſing trees the lofty mountains grace:
The lofty mountains feed the ſavage race,
Yet few, and ſtrangers, in th' unpeopled place.

From thence the birth of man the ſong purſued,
And how the world was loſt, and how renew'd.
The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage.
The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd;
With whoſe repeated name the ſhores reſound.
Then mourns the madneſs of the Cretan queen:
Happy for her if herds had never been.
What fury, wretched woman, ſeiz'd thy breaſt?
The maids of Argos (though, with rage poſſeſs'd,
Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
Yet ſhunn'd the guilt of thy prepoſterous love.
Nor ſought the youthful huſband of the herd,
Though labouring yokes on their own necks they fear'd;
And felt for budding horns on their ſmooth foreheads rear'd.
Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathleſs wood;
While on a flowery bank he chews the cud:
Or ſleeps in ſhades, or through the foreſt roves;
And roars with anguiſh for his abſent loves.
Ye nymphs, with toils his foreſt-walk ſurround,
And trace his wandering footſteps on the ground.
But, ah! perhaps my paſſion he diſdains,
And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
We ſearch th' ungrateful fugitive abroad;
While they at home ſuſtain his happy load.
He ſung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
With golden fruit, like all the ſex, betray'd:

The

The ſiſter's mourning for the brother's loſs;
Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moſs.
How each a riſing alder now appears:
And o'er the Po diſtils her gummy tears.
Then ſung, how Gallus by a Muſe's hand
Was led and welcom'd to the ſacred ſtrand.
The ſenate riſing to ſalute their gueſt;
And Linus thus their gratitude expreſs'd,
Receive this preſent, by the Muſes made;
The pipe on which th' Aſcræan paſtor play'd;
With which of old he charm'd the ſavage train,
And call'd the mountain aſhes to the plain.
Sing thou on this, thy Phœbus; and the wood
Where once his fane of Parian marble ſtood.
On this his ancient oracles rehearſe,
And with new numbers grace the God of verſe.
Why ſhould I ſing the double Scylla's fate,
The firſt by love transform'd, the laſt by hate.
A beauteous maid above, but magic arts
With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts:
What vengeance on the paſſing fleet ſhe pour'd,
The maſter frighted, and the mates devour'd.
Then raviſh'd Philomel the ſong expreſt;
The crime reveal'd; the ſiſters cruel feaſt:
And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns;
The warbling nightingale in woods complains.
While Progne makes on chimney-tops her moan;
And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
Whatever ſongs beſides, the Delphian God
Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan flood,

Silenus ſung: the vales his voice rebound,
And carry to the ſkies the ſacred ſound.
And now the ſetting ſun had warn'd the ſwain
To call his counted cattle from the plain:
Yet ſtill th' unweary'd ſire purſues the tuneful ſtrain.
Till unperceiv'd the heavens with ſtars were hung:
And ſudden night ſurpriz'd the yet unfiniſh'd ſong.

THE

THE SEVENTH PASTORAL.

OR,

MELIBŒUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Melibœus here gives us the relation of a ſharp poetical conteſt between Thyrſis and Corydon; at which he himſelf and Daphnis were preſent; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm, repair'd two jolly ſwains;
Their ſheep and goats together graz'd the plains:
Both young Arcadians, both alike inſpir'd
To ſing, and anſwer as the ſong requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle ſeat;
And fortune thither led my weary feet.
For while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
Of Daphnis I enquir'd; he, ſmiling, ſaid,
Diſmiſs your fear, and pointed where he fed.
And, if no greater cares diſturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.

first essay of arms untry'd before,

Young

Mycon offers, Delia, to thy ſhrine;
peed his hunting with thy power divine.
ſtatue then of Parian ſtone ſhall ſtand;
legs in buſkins with a purple band.
YR. This bowl of milk, theſe cakes, (our
country fare,)
hee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
uſe a little garden is thy care.
f the falling lambs increaſe my fold,
marble ſtatue ſhall be turn'd to gold.
R. Fair Galatea, with thy ſilver feet,
hiter than the ſwan, and more than Hybla ſweet;
as a poplar, taper as the bole,
charm thy ſhepherd, and reſtore my ſoul
when my lated ſheep at night return;
crown the ſilent hours, and ſtop the roſy morn.
YR. May I become as abject in thy ſight,
a-weed on the ſhore, and black as night:
h as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws
tian herbage to contract his jaws;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

THYR.

Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At watering time will ſeek the neighbouring ford.
Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And ſhades his happy banks with bending reeds:
And ſee from yon old oak, that mates the ſkies,
How black the clouds of ſwarming bees ariſe.
What ſhould I do! nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor abſent Phyllis could my care ſupply,
To houſe, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the ſtrutting udders of their dams?
Great was the ſtrife betwixt the ſinging ſwains:
And I preferr'd my pleaſure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions choſe:
Theſe Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrſis thoſe.

COR. Ye Muſes, ever fair, and ever young,
Aſſiſt my numbers, and inſpire my ſong.
With all my Codrus O inſpire my breaſt,
For Codrus, after Phœbus, ſings the beſt.
Or if my wiſhes have preſum'd too high,
And ſtretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
The praiſe of artful numbers I reſign:
And hang my pipe upon the ſacred pine.

THYR. Arcadian ſwains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy wreaths; though ſurly Codrus frown.
Or if he blaſt my Muſe with envious praiſe,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays;
Leſt his ill arts or his malicious tongue
Should poiſon or bewitch my growing ſong.

COR. Theſe branches of a ſtag, this tuſky boar
(The firſt eſſay of arms untry'd before)

Young

Young Mycon offers, Delia, to thy ſhrine;
But ſpeed his hunting with thy power divine.
Thy ſtatue then of Parian ſtone ſhall ſtand;
Thy legs in buſkins with a purple band.
THYR. This bowl of milk, theſe cakes, (our country fare,)
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Becauſe a little garden is thy care.
But if the falling lambs increaſe my fold,
Thy marble ſtatue ſhall be turn'd to gold.
COR. Fair Galatea, with thy ſilver feet,
O, whiter than the ſwan, and more than Hybla ſweet;
Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come charm thy ſhepherd, and reſtore my ſoul.
Come when my lated ſheep at night return;
And crown the ſilent hours, and ſtop the roſy morn.
THYR. May I become as abject in thy ſight,
As ſea-weed on the ſhore, and black as night:
Rough as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and ſo monſtrous let thy ſwain appear,
If one day's abſence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field for ſhame: the flock deſerves
No better feeding, while the ſhepherd ſtarves.
COR. Ye moſſy ſprings, inviting eaſy ſleep,
Ye trees, whoſe leafy ſhades thoſe moſſy fountains keep,
Defend my flock; the ſummer heats are near,
And bloſſoms on the ſwelling vines appear.

THYR.

THYR. With heapy fires our chearful hearth is crown'd;
And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds, and wintry cold,
Than ſtreams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.
COR. Our woods with juniper and cheſnuts crown'd,
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And laviſh Nature laughs, and ſtrows her ſtores around.
But if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Ev'n running rivers leave their channels dry.
THYR. Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield.
But if returning Phyllis bleſs the plain,
The graſs revives; the woods are green again;
And Jove deſcends in ſhowers of kindly rain.
COR. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves.
With hazle Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;
And while ſhe loves that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle ſhall compare.
THYR. The towering aſh is faireſt in the woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:
But if my Lycidas will eaſe my pains,
And often viſit our forſaken plains,

To

To him the towering aſh ſhall yield in woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

MEL. Theſe rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquiſh'd Thyrſis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the ſwains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

THE

Relentleſs love the cruel mother led,
The blood of her unhappy babes to ſhed:
Love lent the ſword; the mother ſtruck the blow;
Inhuman ſhe; but more unhappy thou.
Alien of birth, uſurper of the plains:
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrains.
Old doting Nature, change thy courſe anew:
And let the trembling lamb the wolf purſue:
Let oaks now glitter with Heſperian fruit,
And purple daffodils from alder ſhoot.
Fat amber let the tamariſk diſtil:
And hooting owls contend with ſwans in ſkill.
Hoarſe Tityrus ſtrive with Orpheus in the woods;
And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.
Or, oh! let nature, ceaſe, and chaos reign:
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
Let earth be ſea; and let the whelming tide
The lifeleſs limbs of luckleſs Damon hide:
Farewell, ye ſecret woods and ſhady groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conſcious of my loves!
From yon high cliff I plunge into the main;
Take the laſt preſent of thy dying ſwain:
And ceaſe, my ſilent flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
Now take your turns, ye Muſes, to rehearſe
His friend's complaints; and mighty magic verſe.
Bring running water; bind thoſe altars round
With fillets; and with vervain ſtrow the ground:
Make fat with frankincenſe the ſacred fires,
To re-inflame my Daphnis with deſires.

'Tis

'Tis done, we want but verſe. Reſtore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Pale Phœbe, drawn by verſe from heaven deſcends;
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulyſſes' friends.
Verſe breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
And in the winding cavern ſplits the ſnake.
Verſe fires the frozen veins: reſtore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Around his waxen image firſt I wind
Three woollen fillets, of three colours join'd:
Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
Which round the ſacred altar thrice is led.
Unequal numbers pleaſe the gods: my charms,
Reſtore my Daphnis to my longing arms.
Knit with three knots the fillets, knit them ſtraight;
Then ſay, Theſe knots to love I conſecrate.
Haſte, Amaryllis, haſte; reſtore my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
As fire this figure hardens, made of clay;
And this of wax with fire conſumes away;
Such let the ſoul of cruel Daphnis be;
Hard to the reſt of women; ſoft to me.
Crumble the ſacred mole of ſalt and corn,
Next in the fire the bays with brimſtone burn.
And while it crackles in the ſulphur, ſay,
This, I for Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis burn away.
This laurel is his fate: reſtore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with deſire, purſues her wandering love;

Faint

Faint at the laſt, ſhe ſeeks the weedy pools
To quench her thirſt, and on the ruſhes rolls:
Careleſs of night, unmindful to return;
Such fruitleſs fires perfidious Daphnis burn.
While I ſo ſcorn his love; reſtore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

Theſe garments once were his; and left to me;
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty:
Which underneath my threſhold I beſtow;
Theſe pawns, O ſacred earth! to me my Daphnis owe.
As theſe were his, ſo mine is he: my charms,
Reſtore their lingering lord to my deluded arms.

Theſe poiſonous plants, for magic uſe deſign'd,
(The nobleſt and the beſt of all the baneful kind,)
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic ſtrand,
And cull'd the miſchief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with theſe powerful juices, on the plain
He howls a wolf among the hungry train:
And oft the mighty necromancer boaſts,
With theſe, to call from tombs the ſtalking ghoſts;
And from the roots to tear the ſtanding corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to diſtant fields is borne.
Such is the ſtrength of ſpells: reſtore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

Bear out theſe aſhes; caſt them in the brook;
Caſt backwards o'er your head, nor turn your look:
Since neither gods, nor godlike verſe can move,
Break out, ye ſmother'd fires, and kindle ſmother'd love.

Exert your utmoſt power, my lingering charms,
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.
  See, while my laſt endeavours I delay,
The waking aſhes riſe, and round our altars play!
Run to the threſhold, Amaryllis; hark,
Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark.
Good heaven! may lovers what they wiſh believe;
Or dream their wiſhes, and thoſe dreams deceive!
No more, my Daphnis comes; no more, my charms;
He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my deſiring arms.

THE

THE NINTH PASTORAL,

OR,

LYCIDAS AND MŒRIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

When Virgil, by the favour of Auguſtus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take poſſeſſion, he was in danger to be ſlain by Arius the Centurion, to whom thoſe lands were aſſigned by the Emperor, in reward of his ſervice againſt Brutus and Caſſius. This Paſtoral therefore is filled with complaints of his hard uſage; and the perſons introduced, are the Bailiff of Virgil, Mœris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

HO, Mœris! whither on thy way ſo faſt?
This leads to town.

MOER. O Lycidas, at laſt
The time is come I never thought to ſee,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me)

When the grim captain, in a ſurly tone,
Cries out, Pack up, ye raſcals! and be gone.
Kick'd out, we ſet the beſt face on't we cou'd,
And theſe two kids t'appeaſe his angry mood
I bear, of which the Furies give him good!

LYC. Your country friends were told another tale;
That from the ſloping mountain to the vale,
And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas ſav'd his fortune with a ſong.

MOER. Such was the news, indeed; but ſongs and rhymes
Prevail as much in theſe hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that riſe
Againſt an eagle ſouſing from the ſkies.
And had not Phœbus warn'd me by the croak,
Of an old raven, from a hollow oak,
To ſhun debate, Menalcas had been ſlain,
And Mœris not ſurviv'd him, to complain.

LYC. Now heaven defend! could barbarous rage induce
The brutal ſon of Mars t' inſult the ſacred Muſe!
Who then ſhould ſing the nymphs, or who rehearſe
The waters gliding in a ſmoother verſe!
Or Amaryllis praiſe, that heavenly lay,
That ſhorten'd, as we went, our tedious way.
O Tityrus, tend my herd, and ſee them fed;
To morning paſtures, evening waters, led:
And 'ware the Libyan ridgel's butting head.

MOER. Or what unfiniſh'd he to Varus read;

Thy name, O Varus (if the kinder Powers
Preſerve our plains, and ſhield the Mantuan towers,
Obnoxious by Cremona's neighbouring crime,)
The wings of ſwans, and ſtronger pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raiſe aloft, and ſoaring bear above
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove.

LYC. Sing on, ſing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
So may thy ſwarms the baleful eugh avoid:
So may thy cows their burden'd bags diſtend,
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.
Mean as I am, yet have the Muſes made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade:
At leaſt, the ſhepherds ſeem to like my lays,
But I diſcern their flattery from their praiſe:
I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus' dare aſpire;
But gabble like a gooſe, amidſt the ſwan-like quire.

MOER. 'Tis what I have been conning in my mind:
Nor are the verſes of a vulgar kind.
Come, Galatea, come, the ſeas forſake;
What pleaſures can the tides with their hoarſe murmurs make?
See, on the ſhore inhabits purple ſpring,
Where nightingales their love-ſick ditty ſing;
See, meads with purling ſtreams, with flowers the ground,
The grottoes cool, with ſhady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbours weav'd around.
Come then, and leave the waves' tumultuous roar,
Let the wild ſurges vainly beat the ſhore.

LYC. Or that ſweet ſong I heard with ſuch delight;
The ſame you ſung alone one ſtarry night;
The tune I ſtill retain, but not the words.

MOER. Why, Daphnis, doſt thou ſearch in old records,
To know the ſeaſons when the ſtars ariſe?
See Cæſar's lamp is lighted in the ſkies:
The ſtar, whoſe rays the bluſhing grapes adorn,
And ſwell the kindly ripening ears of corn.
Under this influence graft the tender ſhoot;
Thy childrens children ſhall enjoy the fruit.
The reſt I have forgot, for cares and time
Change all things, and untune my ſoul to rhyme:
I could have once ſung down a ſummer's ſun,
But now the chime of poetry is done.
My voice grows hoarſe; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had ſeen me firſt to-day.
But theſe, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to ſing.

LYC. Thy faint excuſes but inflame me more;
And now the waves roll ſilent to the ſhore.
Huſht winds the topmoſt branches ſcarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful ſong they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can diſcern Bianor's tomb;
Here, where the labourer's hands have form'd a bow'r
Of wreathing trees, in ſinging waſte an hour.
Reſt here thy weary limbs, thy kids lay down,
We've day before us yet, to reach the town:

Or

Or if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,
A ſong will help the beating ſtorm to bear.
And that thou may'ſt not be too late abroad,
Singing, I'll eaſe thy ſhoulders of thy load.

MOER. Ceaſe to requeſt me; let us mind our way;
Another ſong requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

THE TENTH PASTORAL.

OR,

GALLUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Gallus, a great Patron of Virgil, and an excellent Poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycorus; and who had forſaken him for the company of a ſoldier. The poet therefore ſuppoſes his friend Gallus retired in his height of melancholy into the ſolitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated ſcene of Paſtorals); where he repreſents him in a very languiſhing condition, with all the rural Deities about him, pitying his hard uſage, and condoling his misfortune.

THY ſacred ſuccour, Arethuſa, bring,
To crown my labour: 'tis the laſt I ſing.
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view;
The Muſe is mournful, though the numbers few.
Refuſe me not a verſe, to grief and Gallus due.

So

So may thy ſilver ſtreams beneath the tide,
Unmix'd with briny ſeas, ſecurely glide.
Sing then, my Gallus, and his hopeleſs vows;
Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browſe.
The vocal grove ſhall anſwer to the ſound,
And echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.
What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid,
Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd;
To love, unpity'd by the cruel maid?
Nor ſheepy Pindus cou'd retard your courſe,
Nor cleft Parnaſſus, nor th' Aonian ſource:
Nothing that owns the Muſes cou'd ſuſpend
Your aid to Gallus, Gallus is their friend.
For him the lofty laurel ſtands in tears,
And hung with humid pearls the lowly ſhrub appears.
Mænalian pines the godlike ſwain bemoan;
When ſpread beneath a rock he ſigh'd alone;
And cold Lycæus wept from every dropping ſtone.
The ſheep ſurround their ſhepherd, as he lies:
Bluſh not, ſweet poet, nor the name deſpiſe:
Along the ſtreams his flock Adonis fed;
And yet the queen of beauty bleſt his bed.
The ſwains and tardy neat-herds came, and laſt
Menalcas, wet with beating winter maſt.
Wondering they aſk'd from whence aroſe thy flame;
Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
Fluſh'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes:
Is ſhe thy care? is ſhe thy care? he cries.

Thy

Thy falſe Lycoris flies thy love and thee:
And for thy rival tempts the raging ſea,
The forms of horrid war, and heaven's inclemency.
Sylvanus came: his brows a country crown
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, drown.
Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too.
His cheeks and temples of vermillion hue.
Why, Gallus, this immoderate grief, he cry'd:
Think'ſt thou that love with tears is ſatisfy'd?
The meads are ſooner drunk with morning dews;
The bees with flowery ſhrubs, the goats with browſe.
Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes he mourn'd:
He paus'd, and then theſe broken words return'd.
'Tis paſt; and pity gives me no relief:
But you, Arcadian ſwains, ſhall ſing my grief:
And on your hills my laſt complaints renew;
So ſad a ſong is only worthy you.
How light would lie the turf upon my breaſt,
If you my ſufferings in your ſongs expreſt?
Ah! that your birth and buſineſs had been mine;
To penn the ſheep, and preſs the ſwelling vine!
Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus'd my pain,
Or any nymph, or any ſhepherd on the plain,
Though Phyllis brown, though black Amyntas were,
Are violets not ſweet, becauſe not fair?
Beneath the ſallows, and the ſhady vine,
My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine;
Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
And ſoft Amyntas ſung away my care.

Come,

Come, ſee what pleaſures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flowery ground.
As you are beauteous, were you half ſo true,
Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.
Now I to fighting fields am ſent afar,
And ſtrive in winter camps with toils of war;
While you, (alas, that I ſhould find it ſo!)
To ſhun my ſight, your native ſoil forego,
And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal ſnow.
Ye froſts and ſnows, her tender body ſpare;
Thoſe are not limbs for icicles to tear.
For me, the wilds and deſerts are my choice;
The Muſes, once my care; my once harmonious voice.
There will I ſing, forſaken and alone,
The rocks and hollow caves ſhall echo to my moan.
The rind of every plant her name ſhall know;
And as the rind extends, the love ſhall grow.
Then on Arcadian mountains will I chace
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the ſavage race.
Nor cold ſhall hinder me, with horns and hounds
To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
And now methinks o'er ſteepy rocks I go,
And ruſh through ſounding woods, and bend the Parthian bow:
As if with ſports my ſufferings I could eaſe,
Or by my pains the God of love appeaſe.
My frenzy changes, I delight no more
On mountain tops to chace the tuſky boar;

No

No game but hopeleſs love my thoughts purſue:
Once more, ye nymphs, and ſongs, and ſounding woods, adieu.
Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath the Thracian clime we freeze;
Or Italy's indulgent heaven forego;
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian ſnow.
Or when the barks of elms are ſcorch'd, we keep
On Meroe's burning plains the Libyan ſheep.
In hell, and earth, and ſeas, and heav'n above,
Love conquers all; and we muſt yield to love.
My Muſes, here your ſacred raptures end:
The verſe was what I ow'd my ſuffering friend.
This while I ſung, my ſorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending oſiers into baſkets weav'd.
The ſong, becauſe inſpir'd by you, ſhall ſhine:
And Gallus will approve, becauſe 'tis mine.
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew
Each hour, and every moment riſe in view:
As alders, in the ſpring, their boles extend;
And heave ſo fiercely, that the bark they rend.
Now let us riſe, for hoarſeneſs oft invades
The ſinger's voice who ſings beneath the ſhades.
From juniper unwholſom dews diſtil,
That blaſt the ſooty corn: the withering herbage kill;
Away, my goats, away: for you have brows'd your fill.

VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL'S

GEORGICS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

P H I L I P

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

I CANNOT begin my addreſs to your lordſhip, better than in the words of Virgil,

" ——Quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo
" Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro."

Seven years together I have concealed the longing which I had to appear before you: a time as tedious as Æneas paſſed in his wandering voyage, before he reached the promiſed Italy. But I conſidered, that nothing which my meanneſs could produce, was worthy of your patronage. At laſt this happy occaſion offered, of preſenting to you the beſt poem of the beſt poet. If I balked this opportunity, I was in deſpair of finding ſuch another; and if I took it, I was ſtill uncertain whether you would vouchſafe to accept it from my hands. It was a bold venture which I made, in deſiring your permiſſion to lay my unworthy labours at your feet. But my raſhneſs has ſucceeded beyond my hopes: and you have been pleaſed not to ſuffer an old man to go diſcontented out of the world for want of that

that protection, of which he had been ſo long ambitious. I have known a gentleman in diſgrace, and not daring to appear before king Charles the Second, though he much deſired it. At length he took the confidence to attend a fair lady to the court, and told his majeſty, that under her protection he had preſumed to wait on him. With the ſame humble confidence I preſent myſelf before your lordſhip, and attending on Virgil hope a gracious reception. The gentleman ſucceeded, becauſe the powerful lady was his friend; but I have too much injured my great author, to expect he ſhould intercede for me. I would have tranſlated him; but, according to the literal French and Italian phraſes, I fear I have traduced him. It is the fault of many a well-meaning man, to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice, where he had endeavoured to do a ſervice. Virgil wrote his Georgics in the full ſtrength and vigour of his age, when his judgment was at the height, and before his fancy was declining. He had (according to our homely ſaying) his full ſwing at this poem, beginning it at about the age of thirty-five; and ſcarce concluding it before he arrived at forty. It is obſerved both of him and Horace, and I believe it will hold in all great poets; that though they wrote before with a certain heat of genius which inſpired them, yet that heat was not perfectly digeſted. There is required a continuance of warmth to ripen the beſt and nobleſt fruits. Thus Horace, in his Firſt and Second Book of Odes, was ſtill riſing, but came not to his meridian till the Third. After which

which his judgment was an overpoiſe to his imagination: he grew too cautious to be bold enough, for he deſcended in his Fourth by ſlow degrees, and in his Satires and Epiſtles, was more a philoſopher and a critic than a poet. In the beginning of ſummer the days are almoſt at a ſtand, with little variation of length or ſhortneſs, becauſe at that time the diurnal motion of the ſun partakes more of a right line, than of a ſpiral. The ſame is the method of nature in the frame of man. He ſeems at forty to be fully in his ſummer tropic; ſomewhat before, and ſomewhat after, he finds in his ſoul but ſmall increaſes or decays. From fifty to threeſcore the balance generally holds even, in our colder climates: for he loſes not much in fancy; and judgment, which is the effect of obſervation, ſtill increaſes: his ſucceeding years afford him little more than the ſtubble of his own harveſt: yet if his conſtitution be healthful, his mind may ſtill retain a decent vigour; and the gleanings of that Ephraim, in compariſon with others, will ſurpaſs the vintage of Abiezer. I have called this ſomewhere, by a bold metaphor, a green old age, but Virgil has given me his authority for the figure.

"Jam ſenior; ſed cruda Deo, viridiſque ſenectus."

Among thoſe few who enjoy the advantage of a latter ſpring, your lordſhip is a rare example: who being now arrived at your great climacteric, yet give no proof of the leaſt decay of your excellent judgment, and comprehenſion of all things which are within the

compaſs of human underſtanding. Your converſation is as eaſy as it is inſtructive, and I could never obſerve the leaſt vanity or the leaſt aſſuming in any thing you ſaid: but a natural unaffected modeſty, full of good ſenſe, and well digeſted. A clearneſs of notion, expreſſed in ready and unſtudied words. No man has complained, or ever can, that you have diſcourſed too long on any ſubject: for you leave in us an eagerneſs of learning more; pleaſed with what we hear, but not ſatisfied, becauſe you will not ſpeak ſo much as we could wiſh. I dare not excuſe your lordſhip from this fault; for though it is none in you, it is one to all who have the happineſs of being known to you. I muſt confeſs the critics make it one of Virgil's beauties, that having ſaid what he thought convenient, he always left ſomewhat for the imagination of his readers to ſupply: that they might gratify their fancies, by finding more in what he had written, than at firſt they could, and think they had added to his thoughts when it was all there before-hand, and he only ſaved himſelf the expence of words. However it was, I never went from your lordſhip, but with a longing to return, or without a hearty curſe to him who invented ceremonies in the world, and put me on the neceſſity of withdrawing when it was my intereſt, as well as my deſire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I cannot imagine (if your lordſhip will give me leave to ſpeak my thoughts) but you have had a more than ordinary vigour in your youth. For too much of heat is required at firſt, that there may not

too

too little be left at laſt. A prodigal fire is only capable of large remains: and yours, my lord, ſtill burns the clearer in declining. The blaze is not ſo fierce as at the firſt, but the ſmoke is wholly vaniſhed; and your friends who ſtand about you are not only ſenſible of a chearful warmth, but are kept at an awful diſtance by its force. In my ſmall obſervations of mankind, I have ever found, that ſuch as are not rather too full of ſpirit when they are young, degenerate to dulneſs in their age. Sobriety in our riper years is the effect of a well-concocted warmth; but where the principles are only phlegm, what can be expected from the wateriſh matter, but an inſipid manhood, and a ſtupid old infancy; diſcretion in leading-ſtrings, and a confirmed ignorance on crutches? Virgil, in his Third Georgic, when he deſcribes a colt, who promiſes a courſer for the race, or for the field of battle, ſhews him the firſt to paſs the bridge, which trembles under him, and to ſtem the torrent of the flood. His beginnings muſt be in raſhneſs; a noble fault: but time and experience will correct that error, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weighed courage; which knows both to be cautious and to dare, as occaſion offers. Your lordſhip is a man of honour, not only ſo unſtained, but ſo unqueſtioned, that you are the living ſtandard of that heroic virtue; ſo truly ſuch, that if I would flatter you, I could not. It takes not from you, that you were born with principles of generoſity and probity; but it adds to you, that you have cultivated nature, and made thoſe principles the rule and

meaſure of all your actions. The world knows this, without my telling; yet poets have a right of recording it to all poſterity.

"Dignum laude virum, Muſa vetat mori."

Epaminondas, Lucullus, and the two firſt Cæſars, were not eſteemed the worſe commanders, for having made philoſophy and the liberal arts their ſtudy. Cicero might have been their equal, but that he wanted courage. To have both theſe virtues, and to have improved them both, with a ſoftneſs of manners, and a ſweetneſs of converſation, few of our nobility can fill that character: one there is, and ſo conſpicuous by his own light, that he needs not

"Digito monſtrari, et dicier hic eſt."

To be nobly born, and of an ancient family, is in the extremes of fortune, either good or bad; for virtue and deſcent are no inheritance. A long ſeries of anceſtors ſhews the native with great advantage at the firſt; but if he any way degenerate from his line, the leaſt ſpot is viſible on ermine. But to preſerve this whiteneſs in its original purity, you, my lord, have, like that ermine, forſaken the common track of buſineſs, which is not always clean: you have choſen for yourſelf a private greatneſs, and will not be polluted with ambition. It has been obſerved in former times, that none have been ſo greedy of employments, and of managing the public, as they who have leaſt deſerved their ſtations. But ſuch only merit to be called patriots, under whom we ſee their country flouriſh. I have laughed

laughed ſometimes (for who would always be an Heraclitus?) when I have reflected on thoſe men, who from time to time have ſhot themſelves into the world. I have ſeen many ſucceſſions of them; ſome bolting out upon the ſtage with vaſt applauſe, and others hiſſed off, and quitting it with diſgrace. But while they were in action, I have conſtantly obſerved, that they ſeemed deſirous to retreat from buſineſs: greatneſs they ſaid was nauſeous, and a crowd was troubleſome; a quiet privacy was their ambition. Some few of them I believe ſaid this in earneſt, and were making a proviſion againſt future want, that they might enjoy their age with eaſe: they ſaw the happineſs of a private life, and promiſed to themſelves a bleſſing, which every day it was in their power to poſſeſs. But they deferred it, and lingered ſtill at court, becauſe they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy; they would have more, and laid in to make their ſolitude luxurious. A wretched philoſophy, which Epicurus never taught them in his garden: they loved the proſpect of this quiet in reverſion, but were not willing to have it in poſſeſſion; they would firſt be old, and made as ſure of health and life, as if both of them were at their diſpoſe. But put them to the neceſſity of preſent choice, and they preferred continuance in power: like the wretch who called Death to his aſſiſtance, but refuſed him when he came. The great Scipio was not of their opinion, who indeed ſought honours in his youth, and indured the fatigues with which he purchaſed them. He ſerved his country

when it was in need of his courage and conduct, until he thought it was time to ſerve himſelf: but diſmounted from the ſaddle when he found the beaſt which bore him began to grow reſtiff and ungovernable. But your lordſhip has given us a better example of moderation. You ſaw betimes that ingratitude is not confined to commonwealths; and therefore though you were formed alike, for the greateſt of civil employments, and military commands, yet you puſhed not your fortune to riſe in either; but contented yourſelf with being capable, as much as any whoſoever, of defending your country with your ſword, or aſſiſting it with your counſel, when you were called. For the reſt, the reſpect and love which was paid you, not only in the province where you live, but generally by all who had the happineſs to know you, was a wiſe exchange for the honours of the court: a place of forgetfulneſs, at the beſt, for well-deſervers. It is neceſſary for the poliſhing of manners, to have breathed that air; but it is infectious even to the beſt morals to live always in it. It is a dangerous commerce, where an honeſt man is ſure at the firſt of being cheated; and he recovers not his loſſes, but by learning to cheat others. The undermining ſmile becomes at length habitual; and the drift of his plauſible converſation, is only to flatter one, that he may betray another. Yet it is good to have been a looker-on, without venturing to play; that a man may know falſe dice another time, though he never means to uſe them. I commend not him who never knew a court, but him who forſakes

it becauſe he knows it. A young man deſerves no praiſe, who out of melancholy zeal leaves the world before he has well tried it, and runs headlong into religion. He who carries a maidenhead into a cloiſter, is ſometimes apt to loſe it there, and to repent of his repentance. He only is like to endure auſterities, who has already found the inconvenience of pleaſures. For almoſt every man will be making experiments in one part or another of his life: and the danger is the leſs when we are young; for, having tried it early, we ſhall not be apt to repeat it afterwards. Your lordſhip therefore may properly be ſaid to have choſen a retreat, and not to have choſen it until you had maturely weighed the advantages of riſing higher with the hazards of the fall. "Res non parta labore, ſed relicta," was thought by a poet to be one of the requiſites to a happy life. Why ſhould a reaſonable man put it in the power of fortune to make him miſerable, when his anceſtors have taken care to releaſe him from her? let him venture, ſays Horace, "qui zonam perdidit." He who has nothing, plays ſecurely; for he may win, and cannot be poorer if he loſes. But he who is born to a plentiful eſtate, and is ambitious of offices at court, ſets a ſtake to Fortune, which ſhe can ſeldom anſwer: if he gains nothing, he loſes all, or part of what was once his own; and if he gets, he cannot be certain but he may refund.

In ſhort, however he ſucceeds, it is covetouſneſs that induced him firſt to play, and covetouſneſs is the undoubted ſign of ill ſenſe at bottom. The odds are

against him, that he loses; and one loss may be of more consequence to him than all his former winnings. It is like the present war of the Christians against the Turks; every year they gain a victory, and by that a town: but if they are once defeated, they lose a province at a blow, and endanger the safety of the whole empire. You, my lord, enjoy your quiet in a garden, where you have not only the leisure of thinking, but the pleasure to think of nothing which can discompose your mind. A good conscience is a port which is land-locked on every side, and where no winds can possibly invade, no tempests can arise. There a man may stand upon the shore, and not only see his own image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undisturbed and silent waters. Reason was intended for a blessing, and such it is to men of honour and integrity; who desire no more than what they are able to give themselves; like the happy old Coricyan, whom my author describes in his Fourth Georgic; whose fruits and sallads, on which he lived contented, were all of his own growth, and his own plantation. Virgil seems to think that the blessings of a country life are not complete, without an improvement of knowledge by contemplation and reading.

" O fortunatos nimiùm, bona si sua norint,
" Agricolas!"

It is but half possession not to understand that happiness which we possess: a foundation of good sense, and a cultivation of learning, are required to give a seasoning

ſeaſoning to retirement, and make us taſte the bleſſing. God has beſtowed on your lordſhip the firſt of theſe, and you have beſtowed on yourſelf the ſecond. Eden was not made for beaſts, though they were ſuffered to live in it, but for their maſter, who ſtudied God in the works of his creation. Neither could the devil have been happy there with all his knowledge, for he wanted innocence to make him ſo. He brought envy, malice, and ambition into paradiſe, which ſoured to him the ſweetneſs of the place. Wherever inordinate affections are, it is hell. Such only can enjoy the country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their paſſions behind them in the town. Then they are prepared for ſolitude; and in that ſolitude is prepared for them

"Et ſecura quies, et neſcia fallere vita."

As I began this dedication with a verſe of Virgil, ſo I conclude it with another. The continuance of your health, to enjoy that happineſs which you ſo well deſerve, and which you have provided for yourſelf, is the ſincere and earneſt wiſh of

Your lordſhip's

moſt devoted, and

moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet, in the beginning of this Book, propounds the general deſign of each Georgic: and, after a ſolemn invocation of all the gods who are any way related to his ſubject, he addreſſes himſelf in particular to Auguſtus, whom he compliments with divinity; and after ſtrikes into his buſineſs. He ſhews the different kinds of tillage proper to different ſoils, traces out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of the huſbandman's tools, ſpecifies the employments peculiar to each ſeaſon, deſcribes the changes of the weather, with the ſigns in heaven and earth that forebode them. Inſtances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Cæſar's death. And ſhuts up all with a ſupplication to the gods for the ſafety of Auguſtus, and the preſervation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harveſt, when to turn
The fruitful ſoil, and when to ſow the corn;

The

The care of ſheep, of oxen, and of kine;
And how to raiſe on elms the teeming vine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
I ſing, Mæcenas, and I ſing to thee.

Ye Deities! who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the ſeaſons, and the year direct;
Bacchus and foſtering Ceres, Powers divine,
Who gave us corn for maſt, for water wine:
Ye Fawns, propitious to the rural ſwains,
Ye Nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains,
Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful ſuccour, for your gifts I ſing.
And thou, whoſe trident ſtruck the teeming earth,
And made a paſſage for the courſer's birth;
And thou, for whom the Cæan ſhore ſuſtains
The milky herds, that graze the flowery plains;
And thou, the ſhepherds tutelary god,
Leave for a while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode:
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my ſong repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fattening oil,
Thou founder of the plough and plough-man's toil;
And thou, whoſe hands the ſhroud-like cypreſs rear;
Come all ye gods and goddeſſes that wear
The rural honours, and increaſe the year.
You, who ſupply the ground with ſeeds of grain;
And you, who ſwell thoſe ſeeds with kindly rain:
And chiefly thou, whoſe undetermin'd ſtate
Is yet the buſineſs of the gods debate;

Whether

Whether in after-times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
Or o'er the fruits and ſeaſons to preſide,
And the round circuit of the year to guide;
Powerful of bleſſings, which thou ſtrew'ſt around,
And with thy goddeſs mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, Cæſar, chooſe the watery reign,
To ſmooth the ſurges, and correct the main?
Then mariners, in ſtorms, to thee ſhall pray,
Ev'n utmoſt Thulè ſhall thy power obey;
And Neptune ſhall reſign the faſces of the ſea.
The watery virgins for thy bed ſhall ſtrive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
Or wilt thou bleſs our ſummers with thy rays,
And, ſeated near the Balance, poiſe the days:
Where in the void of heaven a ſpace is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee.
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.
Whatever part of heaven thou ſhalt obtain,
For let not hell preſume of ſuch a reign;
Nor let ſo dire a thirſt of empire move
Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above.
Though Greece admires Elyſium's bleſt retreat,
Though Proſerpine affects her ſilent ſeat,
And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
Prefers the fields below to thoſe above.
But thou, propitious Cæſar! guide my courſe,
And, to my bold endeavours, add thy force.

Pity

Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's cares,
Intereſt thy greatneſs in our mean affairs,
And uſe thyſelf betimes to hear and grant our prayers.

While yet the ſpring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen boſom to the weſtern winds;
While mountain-ſnows diſſolve againſt the ſun,
And ſtreams, yet new, from precipices run;
Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the ſturdy ſteer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright ſhare is bury'd in the ſoil.
That crop rewards the greedy peaſant's pains,
Which twice the ſun, and twice the cold ſuſtains,
And burſts the crowded barns, with more than promis'd gains.
But ere we ſtir the yet unbroken ground,
The various courſe of ſeaſons muſt be found;
The weather, and the ſetting of the winds,
The culture ſuiting to the ſeveral kinds
Of ſeeds and plants, and what will thrive and riſe,
And what the genius of the ſoil denies.
This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres ſuits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
A fourth with graſs, unbidden, decks the ground:
Thus Tmolus is with yellow ſaffron crown'd;
India, black ebon and white ivory bears;
And ſoft Idume weeps her odorous tears.
Thus Pontus ſends her beaver ſtones from far;
And naked Spaniards temper ſteel for war.

Epirus

Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running ſteeds.
This is th' original contract; theſe the laws
Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cauſe,
On ſundry places, when Deucalion hurl'd
His mother's entrails on the deſart world:
Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born.
Then borrow part of winter for thy corn:
And early with thy team the glebe in furrows turn.
That, while the turf lies open and unbound,
Succeeding ſuns may bake the mellow ground.
But if the ſoil be barren, only ſcar
The ſurface, and but lightly print the ſhare,
When cold Arcturus riſes with the ſun:
Leſt wicked weeds the corn ſhould over-run
In watery ſoils; or leſt the barren ſand
Should ſuck the moiſture from the thirſty land.
Both theſe unhappy ſoils the ſwain forbears,
And keeps a ſabbath of alternate years:
That the ſpent earth may gather heat again;
And, better'd by ceſſation, bear the grain.
At leaſt, where vetches, pulſe, and tares have ſtood,
And ſtalks of lupines grew (a ſtubborn wood),
Th' enſuing ſeaſon, in return, may bear
The bearded product of the golden year.
For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
And ſleepy poppies harmful harveſts yield.
But ſweet viciſſitudes of reſt and toil
Make eaſy labour, and renew the ſoil.

Yet ſprinkle ſordid aſhes all around,
And load with fattening dung thy fallow ground.
Thus change of ſeeds for meagre ſoils is beſt;
And earth manur'd, not idle, though at reſt.

Long practice has a ſure improvement found,
With kindled fires to burn the barren ground;
When the light ſtubble, to the flames reſign'd,
Is driven along, and crackles in the wind.
Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
Is warm'd with ſecret ſtrength for better birth;
Or, when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
Redundant humours through the pores expire;
Or that the warmth diſtends the chinks, and makes
New breathings, whence new nouriſhment ſhe takes;
Or that the heat the gaping ground conſtrains,
New knits the ſurface, and new ſtrings the veins,
Leſt ſoaking ſhowers ſhould pierce her ſecret ſeat,
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat;
Or ſcorching ſuns too violently beat.

Nor is the profit ſmall, the peaſant makes,
Who ſmooths with harrows, or who pounds with rakes
The crumbling clods: nor Ceres from on high
Regards his labours with a grudging eye;
Nor his, who plows acroſs the furrow'd grounds,
And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds;
For he with frequent exerciſe commands
Th' unwilling ſoil, and tames the ſtubborn lands.

Ye ſwains, invoke the Powers who rule the ſky,
For a moiſt ſummer, and a winter dry:

For

For winter drought rewards the peaſant's pain,
And broods indulgent on the bury'd grain.
Hence Myſia boaſts her harveſts, and the tops
Of Gargarus admire their happy crops.
When firſt the ſoil receives the fruitful ſeed,
Make no delay, but cover it with ſpeed:
So fenc'd from cold; the pliant furrows break,
Before the ſurly clod reſiſts the rake.
And call the floods from high, to ruſh amain
With pregnant ſtreams, to ſwell the teeming grain.
Then when the fiery ſuns too fiercely play,
And ſhrivel'd herbs on withering ſtems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his watery ſtores, huge torrents flow;
And, rattling down the rocks, large moiſture yield,
Tempering the thirſty fever of the field.
And leſt the ſtem, too feeble for the freight,
Should ſcarce ſuſtain the head's unweildy weight,
Sends in his feeding flocks betimes t' invade
The riſing bulk of the luxuriant blade;
Ere yet th' aſpiring offspring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain:
And drains the ſtanding waters, when they yield
Too large a beverage to the drunken field.
But moſt in autumn, and the ſhowery ſpring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring:
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swells haſty brooks, and pours upon the plain;
When earth with ſlime and mud is cover'd o'er,
Or hollow places ſpue their watery ſtore.

Nor yet the ploughman, nor the labouring ſteer,
Suſtain alone the hazards of the year;
But glutton geeſe, and the Strymonian crane,
With foreign troops, invade the tender grain:
And towering weeds malignant ſhadows yield;
And ſpreading ſuccory chokes the riſing field.
The fire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with eaſe:
And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
Should exerciſe, with pains, the grudging ſoil.
Himſelf invented firſt the ſhining ſhare,
And whetted human induſtry by care:
Himſelf did handy-crafts and arts ordain,
Nor ſuffer'd ſloth to ruſt his active reign.
Ere this, no peaſant vex'd the peaceful ground,
Which only turfs and greens for altars found:
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Diſtinguiſh'd acres of litigious grounds:
But all was common, and the fruitful earth
Was free to give her unexacted birth.
Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
And ſwell'd, with raging ſtorms, the peaceful flood:
Commiſſion'd hungry wolves t' infeſt the fold,
And ſhook from oaken leaves the liquid gold.
Remov'd from human reach the chearful fire,
And from the rivers bade the wine retire:
That ſtudious need might uſeful arts explore;
From furrow'd fields to reap the foodful ſtore:
And force the veins of claſhing flints t' expire
The lurking ſeeds of their celeſtial fire.

Then firſt on ſeas the hollow'd alder ſwam;
Then ſailors quarter'd heaven, and found a name
For every fix'd and every wandering ſtar:
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car.
Then toils for beaſts, and lime for birds were found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did foreſt-walks ſurround:
And caſting-nets were ſpread in ſhallow brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
Then ſaws were tooth'd, and ſounding axes made
(For wedges firſt did yielding wood invade);
And various arts in order did ſucceed.
(What cannot endleſs labour, urg'd by need?)
First Ceres taught, the ground with grain to ſow,
And arm'd with iron ſhares the crooked plough,
When now Dodonian oaks no more ſupply'd
Their maſt, and trees their foreſt-fruit deny'd.
Soon was his labour doubled to the ſwain,
And blaſting mildews blacken'd all his grain.
Tough thiſtles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,
And [illegible] unthrifty crop of weeds was borne.
[illegible] and brambles, an unbidden crew
[illegible] fruits, th' unhappy field ſubdue:
[illegible], and darnel domineers,
[illegible] head above the ſhining ears.
[illegible] which the land with daily care
[illegible] and with an iron war
[illegible] and harrow the proud foes expell'd,
[illegible] with clamours frighted from the field:
[illegible] that ſhade the plain,
[illegible] invok'd with vows for fruitful rain,

On other crops you may with envy look,
And ſhake for food the long-abandon'd oak.
Nor muſt we paſs untold what arms they wield,
Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field:
Without whoſe aid the ground her corn denies,
And nothing can be ſown, and nothing riſe.
The crooked plough, the ſhare, the towering height
Of waggons, and the cart's unweildy weight;
The ſled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail,
The fan of Bacchus, with the flying ſail.
Theſe all muſt be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
The promis'd bleſſing of a bounteous crop.
Young elms with early force in copſes bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.
Of eight foot long a faſten'd beam prepare,
On either ſide the head produce an ear,
And ſink a ſocket for the ſhining ſhare.
Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke;
Or ſofter linden harden'd in the ſmoke.
I could be long in precepts, but I fear
So mean a ſubject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your thraſhing-floor:
With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er:
And let the weighty roller run the round,
To ſmooth the ſurface of th' unequal ground;
Leſt crack'd with ſummer heats the flooring flies,
Or ſinks, and through the crannies weeds ariſe.
For ſundry foes the rural realms ſurround:
The field-mouſe builds her garner under ground,

For

For gather'd grain the blind laborious mole
In winding mazes works her hidden hole.
In hollow caverns vermin make abode,
The hiſſing ſerpent, and the ſwelling toad:
The corn-devouring weazel here abides,
And the wiſe ant her wintry ſtore provides.
Mark well the flowering almonds in the wood.
If odorous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will anſwer to the ſylvan reign.
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
But if a wood of leaves o'erſhade the tree,
Such and ſo barren will thy harveſt be:
In vain the hind ſhall vex the thraſhing-floor,
For empty chaff and ſtraw will be thy ſtore.
Some ſteep their ſeed, and ſome in cauldrons boil
With vigorous nitre, and with lees of oil,
O'er gentle fires; th' exuberant juice to drain,
And ſwell the flattering huſks with fruitful grain.
Yet is not the ſucceſs for years aſſur'd,
Though choſen is the ſeed, and fully cur'd:
Unleſs the peaſant, with his annual pain,
Renew his choice, and culls the largeſt grain.
Thus all below, whether by Nature's curſe,
Or Fate's decree, degenerate ſtill to worſe.
So the boat's brawny crew the current ſtem,
And, ſlow advancing, ſtruggle with the ſtream:
But if they ſlack their hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,
Then down the flood with headlong haſte they drive.
Nor muſt the ploughman leſs obſerve the ſkies,
When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus riſe,

Than ſailors homeward bent, who cut their way
Through Helle's ſtormy ſtraits, and oyſter-breeding ſea.
But when Aſtrea's balance, hung on high,
Betwixt the nights and days divides the ſky,
Then yoke your oxen, ſow your winter grain;
Till cold December comes with driving rain.
Linſeed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
In a dry ſeaſon, and prevent the ſtorm.
Sow beans and clover in a rotten ſoil,
And millet, riſing from your annual toil:
When with his golden horns, in full career,
The Bull beats down the barriers of the year;
And Argos and the Dog forſake the northern ſphere.
But if your care to wheat alone extend,
Let Mala with her ſiſters firſt deſcend,
And the bright Gnoſian diadem downward bend;
Before you truſt in earth your future hope:
Or elſe expect a liſtleſs lazy crop.
Some ſwains have ſown before, but moſt have found
A huſky harveſt, from the grudging ground.
Vile vetches would you ſow, or lentils lean,
The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean!
Begin when the ſlow Waggoner deſcends;
Nor ceaſe your ſowing till mid-winter ends:
For this, through twelve bright ſigns Apollo guides
The year, and earth in ſeveral climes divides.
Five girdles bind the ſkies, the torrid zone
Glows with the paſſing and repaſſing ſun.
Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heaven,
To froſts and ſnows and bitter blaſts are given.

Betwixt

Betwixt the midſt and theſe, the gods aſſign'd
Two habitable ſeats for human kind:
And croſs their limits cut a ſloping way,
Which the twelve ſigns in beauteous order ſway.
Two poles turn round the globe; one ſeen to riſe
O'er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan ſkies.
The firſt ſublime in heaven, the laſt is whirl'd
Below the regions of the nether world.
Around our pole the ſpiry Dragon glides,
And like a winding ſtream the Bears divides;
The Leſs and Greater, who by Fate's decree
Abhor to dive beneath the ſouthern ſea;
There, as they ſay, perpetual night is found
In ſilence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
Or when Aurora leaves our northern ſphere,
She lights the downward heaven, and riſes there.
And when on us ſhe breathes the living light,
Red veſper kindles there the tapers of the night.
From hence uncertain ſeaſons we may know;
And when to reap the grain, and when to ſow;
Or when to fell the furzes; when 'tis meet
To ſpread the flying canvaſs for the fleet.
Obſerve what ſtars ariſe or diſappear;
And the four quarters of the rolling year.
But when cold weather, and continued rain,
The labouring huſband in his houſe reſtrain,
Let him forecaſt his work with timely care,
Which elſe is huddled when the ſkies are fair:
Then let him mark the ſheep, or whet the ſhining ſhare,

Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His ſacks, or meaſure his increaſing ſtore;
Or ſharpen ſtakes, or head the forks, or twine
The ſallow twigs to tye the ſtraggling vine;
Or wicker baſkets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn.
No laws, divine or human, can reſtrain
From neceſſary works the labouring ſwain.
Ev'n holy-days and feaſts permiſſion yield,
To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
To fire the brambles, ſnare the birds, and ſteep
In wholſome water-falls the woolly ſheep.
And oft the drudging aſs is driven, with toil,
To neighbouring towns with apples and with oil:
Returning late, and loaden home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain.
The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
For labour chooſe: the fifth be ſure to ſhun:
That gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
And arm'd, againſt the ſkies, the ſons of earth.
With mountains piled on mountains, thrice they ſtrove
To ſcale the ſteepy battlements of Jove:
And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
And their demoliſh'd works in ruin laid.
The ſeventh is, next the tenth, the beſt to join
Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine.
Then, weavers, ſtretch your ſtays upon the weft:
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.

Some

For ſtalking cranes to ſet the guileful ſnare,
T' incloſe the ſtags in toils, and hunt the hare.
With Balearic ſlings, or Gnoſian bow,
To perſecute from far the flying doe.
Then, when the fleecy ſkies new clothe the wood,
And cakes of ruſtling ice came rolling down the flood.
Now ſing we ſtormy ſtars, when autumn weighs
The year, and adds to nights, and ſhortens days;
And ſuns declining ſhine with feeble rays:
What cares muſt then attend the toiling ſwain;
Or when the lowering ſpring, with laviſh rain,
Beats down the ſlender ſtem and bearded grain,
While yet the head is green, or, lightly ſwell'd
With milky moiſture, overlooks the field!
Ev'n when the farmer, now ſecure of fear,
Sends in the ſwains to ſpoil the finiſh'd year:
Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden ſheaves in brittle bands:
Oft have I ſeen a ſudden ſtorm ariſe,
From all the warring winds that ſweep the ſkies:
The heavy harveſt from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter ſtubble borne;
With ſuch a force the flying rack is driven,
And ſuch a winter wears the face of heaven:
And oft whole ſheets deſcend of ſluicy rain,
Suck'd by the ſpongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty ſkies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.

The

The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring ſound
The riſing rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling ſeas rebound.
The Father of the Gods his glory ſhrouds;
Involv'd in tempeſts, and a night of clouds.
And from the middle darkneſs flaſhing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry God,
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beaſts in foreſts ſeek abode:
Deep horror ſeizes every human breaſt,
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confeſs'd:
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows:
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
And now the woods, and now the billows roar.
In fear of this, obſerve the ſtarry ſigns,
Where Saturn houſes, and where Hermes joins.
But firſt to heaven thy due devotions pay,
And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
When winter's rage abates, when chearful hours
Awake the ſpring, the ſpring awakes the flowers.
On the green turf thy careleſs limbs diſplay,
And celebrate the mighty mother's day.
For then the hills with pleaſing ſhades are crown'd,
And ſleeps are ſweeter on the ſilken ground:

With

With milder beams the ſun ſecurely ſhines;
Fat are the lambs, and luſcious are the wines.
Let every ſwain adore her power divine,
And milk and honey mix with ſparkling wine:
Let all the choir of clowns attend the ſhow,
In long proceſſions, ſhouting as they go;
Invoking her to bleſs their yearly ſtores,
Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
Thus in the ſpring, and thus in ſummer's heat,
Before the ſickles touch the ripening wheat,
On Ceres call; and let the labouring hind
With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind:
On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praiſe,
With uncouth dances, and with country lays.
And that by certain ſigns we may preſage
Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
The Sovereign of the heavens has ſet on high
The moon, to mark the changes of the ſky:
When ſouthern blaſts ſhall ceaſe, and when the ſwain
Should near their folds his feeding flocks reſtrain.
For, ere the riſing winds begin to roar,
The working ſeas advance to waſh the ſhore:
Soft whiſpers run along the leafy woods,
And mountains whiſtle to the murmuring floods:
Ev'n then the doubtful billows ſcarce abſtain
From the toſs'd veſſel on the troubled main;
When crying cormorants forſake the ſea,
And, ſtretching to the covert, wing their way;
When ſportful coots run ſkimming o'er the ſtrand;
When watchful herons leave their watery ſtand;

And

And mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the ſkies, and ſoar above the ſight.
And oft before tempeſtuous winds ariſe,
The ſeeming ſtars fall headlong from the ſkies;
And, ſhooting through the darkneſs, gild the night
With ſweeping glories, and long trails of light:
And chaff with eddy winds is whirl'd around,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground;
And floating feathers on the waters play.
But when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and eaſt and weſt engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are cruſh'd, a glut of gather'd rain
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain,
And ſailors furl their dropping ſheets amain.
Wet weather ſeldom hurts the moſt unwiſe,
So plain the ſigns, ſuch prophets are the ſkies:
The wary crane foreſees it firſt, and ſails
Above the ſtorm, and leaves the lowly vales:
The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of heaven, and ſnuffs it in the wind.
The ſwallow ſkims the river's watery face,
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race.
The careful ant her ſecret cell forſakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks.
At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood,
Huge flocks of riſing rooks forſake their food,
And, crying, ſeek the ſhelter of the wood.
Beſides, the ſeveral ſorts of watery fowls,
That ſwim the ſeas, or haunt the ſtanding pools:

The

The ſwans, that ſail along the ſilver flood,
And dive with ſtretching necks to ſearch their food,
Then lave their backs with ſprinkling dews in vain,
And ſtem the ſtream to meet the promis'd rain.
The crow, with clamorous cries, the ſhower demands,
And ſingle ſtalks along the deſart ſands.
The nightly virgin, while her wheel ſhe plies,
Foreſees the ſtorms impending in the ſkies,
When ſparkling lamps their ſputtering light advance,
And in the ſockets oily bubbles dance.
Then after ſhowers, 'tis eaſy to deſcry
Returning ſuns, and a ſerener ſky:
The ſtars ſhine ſmarter, and the moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her ſharpen'd horns.
The filmy goſſamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons baſk on the ſhort ſunny ſhore:
Their litter is not toſs'd by ſows unclean,
But a blue droughty miſt deſcends upon the plain.
And owls, that mark the ſetting-ſun, declare
A ſtar-light evening, and a morning fair.
Towering aloft, avenging Niſus flies,
While dar'd below the guilty Scylla lies.
Wherever frighted Scylla flies away,
Swift Niſus follows, and purſues his prey.
Where injur'd Niſus takes his airy courſe,
Thence trembling Scylla flies, and ſhuns his force.
This puniſhment purſues th' unhappy maid,
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid.
Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
And croaking notes proclaim the ſettled fair.

Then,

Then, round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the ſun: and ſeiz'd with ſecret joy,
When ſtorms are over-blown, with food repair
To their forſaken neſts, and callow care.
Not that I think their breaſts with heavenly ſouls
Inſpir'd, as man, who deſtiny controls;
But with the changeful temper of the ſkies,
As rains condenſe, and ſunſhine rarifies;
So turn the ſpecies in their alter'd minds,
Compos'd by calms, and diſcompos'd by winds.
From hence proceeds the birds harmonious voice;
From hence the cows exult, and friſking lambs rejoice.
Obſerve the daily circle of the ſun,
And the ſhort year of each revolving moon:
By them thou ſhalt foreſee the following day;
Nor ſhall a ſtarry night thy hopes betray.
When firſt the moon appears, if then ſhe ſhrouds
Her ſilver creſcent, tipp'd with ſable clouds;
Conclude ſhe bodes a tempeſt on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
Or if her face with fiery fluſhing glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow.
But four nights old, (for that's the ſureſt ſign,)
With ſharpen'd horns if glorious then ſhe ſhine;
Next day, not only that, but all the moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempeſts both by land and ſea,
And ſailors in the port their promis'd vows ſhall pay.
Above the reſt, the ſun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of weather in the ſkies;

For,

For, if he riſe unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and ſpots upon his face;
Or if through miſts he ſhoots his ſullen beams,
Frugal of light, in looſe and ſtraggling ſtreams:
Suſpect a drifling day, with ſouthern rain,
Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd grain.
Or if Aurora, with half-open'd eyes,
And a pale ſickly cheek, ſalute the ſkies,
How ſhall the vine, with tender leaves, defend
Her teeming cluſters, when the ſtorms deſcend;
When ridgy roofs and tiles can ſcarce avail
To bar the ruin of the rattling hail?
But, more than all, the ſetting-ſun ſurvey,
When down the ſteep of heaven he drives the day.
For oft we find him finiſhing his race,
With various colours erring on his face;
If fiery red his glowing globe deſcends,
High winds and furious tempeſts he portends:
But if his cheeks are ſwoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his watery hue;
If duſky ſpots are vary'd on his brow,
And ſtreak'd with red, a troubled colour ſhow;
That ſullen mixture ſhall at once declare
Winds, rain, and ſtorms, and elemental war.
What deſperate madmen then would venture o'er
The frith, or haul his cables from the ſhore?
But if with purple rays he brings the light,
And a pure heaven reſigns to quiet night,

No riſing winds, or falling ſtorms, are nigh:
But northern breezes through the foreſt fly,
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled ſky.
Th' unerring ſun by certain ſigns declares,
What the late ev'n, or early morn prepares:
And when the ſouth projects a ſtormy day,
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds away.
The ſun reveals the ſecrets of the ſky;
And who dares give the ſource of light the lye?
The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treaſons, open wars.
He firſt the fate of Cæſar did foretel,
And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæſar fell.
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light;
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
Nature herſelf ſtood forth, and ſeconded the ſun.
Earth, air, and ſeas, with prodigies were ſign'd,
And birds obſcene, and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails; and what floods of fire!
What clanks were heard, in German ſkies afar,
Of arms and armies, ruſhing to the war!
Dire earthquakes rent the ſolid Alps below,
And from their ſummits ſhook th' eternal ſnow:
Pale ſpectres in the cloſe of night were ſeen;
And voices heard of more than mortal men.
In ſilent groves, dumb ſheep and oxen ſpoke,
And ſtreams ran backward, and their beds forſook:

The yawning earth diſclos'd th' abyſs of hell:
The weeping ſtatues did the wars foretel;
And holy ſweat from brazen idols fell.
Then riſing in his might, the king of floods
Ruſh'd through the foreſts, tore the lofty woods;
And rolling onward, with a ſweepy ſway,
Bore houſes, herds, and labouring hinds away.
Blood ſprang from wells, wolves howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the prieſts affright.
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor forky lightnings flaſh'd from ſuch a ſullen ſky.
Red meteors ran acroſs th' ethereal ſpace;
Stars diſappear'd, and comets took their place.
For this, th' Emathian plains once more were ſtrow'd
With Roman bodies, and juſt heaven thought good
To fatten twice thoſe fields with Roman blood.
Then, after length of time, the labouring ſwains,
Who turn the turfs of thoſe unhappy plains,
Shall ruſty piles from the plough'd furrows take,
And over empty helmets paſs the rake.
Amaz'd at antique titles on the ſtones,
And mighty relics of gigantic bones.

Ye home-born deities, of mortal birth!
Thou, father Romulus, and mother Earth,
Goddeſs unmov'd! whoſe guardian arms extend
O'er Tuſcan Tiber's courſe, and Roman towers defend;
With youthful Cæſar your joint powers engage,
Nor hinder him to ſave the ſinking age.

O! let

O! let the blood, already ſpilt, atone
For the paſt crimes of curſt Laomedon!
Heaven wants thee there; and long the gods, we know,
Have grudg'd thee, Cæſar, to the world below:
Where fraud and rapine, right and wrong confound;
Where impious arms from every part reſound,
And monſtrous crimes in every ſhape are crown'd.
The peaceful peaſant to the wars is preſt;
The fields lie fallow in inglorious reſt:
The plain no paſture to the flock affords,
The crooked ſcythes are ſtraighten'd into ſwords:
And there Euphrates her ſoft offspring arms,
And here the Rhine re-bellows with alarms;
The neighbouring cities range on ſeveral ſides,
Perfidious Mars long-plighted leagues divides,
And o'er the waſted world in triumph rides.
So four fierce courſers ſtarting to the race,
Scour through the plain, and lengthen every pace:
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threatening cries they fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of the following Book is Planting. In handling of which argument, the Poet shews all the different methods of raising trees: describes their variety; and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the soils in which the several plants thrive best: and thence takes occasion to run out into the praises of Italy. After which he gives some directions for discovering the nature of every soil; prescribes rules for dressing of vines, olives, &c. And concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

THUS far of tillage, and of heavenly signs;
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of generous vines:
The shady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the slow product of Minerva's tree.

Grea

Great father Bacchus! to my ſong repair;
For cluſtering grapes are thy peculiar care:
For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the laſt bleſſings of the year are thine;
To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
Come ſtrip with me, my god, come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in muſt of wine, and drink at every pore.

Some trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe;
For ſome without the pains of planting grow.
With oſiers thus the banks of brooks abound,
Sprung from the watery genius of the ground:
From the ſame principle gray willows come;
Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
But ſome from ſeeds inclos'd in earth ariſe;
For thus the maſtful cheſnut mates the ſkies.
Hence riſe the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculouſly ſpoke.
Some from the root a riſing wood diſcloſe;
Thus elms, and thus the ſavage cherry grows:
Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is ſhelter'd by the mother's boughs.

Theſe ways of planting, Nature did ordain,
For trees and ſhrubs, and all the ſylvan reign.
Others there are, by late experience found:
Some cut the ſhoots, and plant in furrow'd ground;
Some cover rooted ſtalks in deeper mold:
Some cloven ſtakes, and (wondrous to behold),
Their ſharpen'd ends in earth their footing place,
And the dry poles produce a living race.

Some bow their vines, which, bury'd in the plain,
Their tops in diſtant arches riſe again.
Others no root require, the labourer cuts
Young ſlips, and in the ſoil ſecurely puts.
Ev'n ſtumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
'Tis uſual now, an inmate graff to ſee
With inſolence invade a foreign tree:
Thus pears and quinces from the crab-tree come;
And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.

Then let the learned gardener mark with care
The kinds of ſtocks, and what thoſe kinds will bear,
Explore the nature of each ſeveral tree;
And known, improve with artful induſtry;
And let no ſpot of idle earth be found,
But cultivate the genius of the ground.
For open Iſmarus will Bacchus pleaſe;
Taburnus loves the ſhade of olive-trees.

The virtues of the ſeveral ſoils I ſing.
Mæcenas, now thy needful ſuccour bring!
O thou! the better part of my renown,
Inſpire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown;
Embark with me, while I new tracks explore,
With flying ſails and breezes from the ſhore:
Not that my ſong, in ſuch a ſcanty ſpace,
So large a ſubject fully can embrace:
Not though I were ſupply'd with iron lungs,
A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many tongues:
But ſteer my veſſel with a ſteady hand,
And coaſt along the ſhore in ſight of land.

Nor

Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.
The trees, which of themſelves advance in air,
Are barren kinds, but ſtrongly built and fair:
Becauſe the vigour of the native earth
Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth.
Yet theſe, receiving graffs of other kind,
Or thence tranſplanted, change their ſavage mind;
Their wildneſs loſe, and, quitting Nature's part,
Obey the rules and diſcipline of art.
The ſame do trees, that, ſprung from barren roots
In open fields, tranſplanted bear their fruits.
For where they grow, the native energy
Turns all into the ſubſtance of the tree,
Starves and deſtroys the fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren ſhade.
The plant that ſhoots from ſeed, a ſullen tree
At leiſure grows, for late poſterity;
The generous flavour loſt, the fruits decay,
And ſavage grapes are made the birds ignoble prey.
Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame
Their wild diſorder, and in ranks reclaim.
Well muſt the ground be digg'd, and better dreſs'd,
New ſoil to make, and meliorate the reſt.
Old ſtakes of olive-trees in plants revive;
By the ſame methods Paphian myrtles live:
But nobler vines by propagation thrive.
From roots hard hazles, and from cyons riſe
Tall aſh, and taller oak that mates the ſkies:

Palm, poplar, fir, deſcending from the ſteep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep.
The thin-leav'd arbute, hazle-graffs receives,
And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus maſtful beech the briſtly cheſnut bears,
And the wild aſh is white with blooming pears,
And greedy ſwine from grafted elms are fed
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.

But various are the ways to change the ſtate
Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.
For where the tender rinds of trees diſcloſe
Their ſhooting gems, a ſwelling knot there grows;
Juſt in that ſpace a narrow ſlit we make,
Then other buds from bearing trees we take:
Inſerted thus, the wounded rind we cloſe,
In whoſe moiſt womb th' admitted infant grows.
But when the ſmoother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep inciſion in the tree;
And in the ſolid wood the ſlip incloſe,
The battening baſtard ſhoots again and grows;
And in ſhort ſpace the laden boughs ariſe,
With happy fruit advancing to the ſkies.
The mother-plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

Of vegetable woods are various kinds,
And the ſame ſpecies are of ſeveral minds.
Lotes, willows, elms, have different forms allow'd,
So funeral cypreſs riſing like a ſhrowd.
Fat olive-trees of ſundry ſorts appear,
Of ſundry ſhapes their unctuous berries bear.

Radii long olives, Orchites round produce,
And bitter Pauſia, pounded for the juice.
Alcinoüs' orchard various apples bears:
Unlike are bergamotes and pounder pears.
Nor our Italian vines produce the ſhape,
Or taſte, or flavour of the Leſbian grape.
The Thaſian vines in richer ſoils abound,
The Mereotique grow in barren ground.
The Pſythian grape we dry: Lagæan juice
Will ſtammering tongues and ſtaggering feet produce.
Rathe ripe are ſome, and ſome of later kind
Of golden ſome, and ſome of purple rind.
How ſhall I praiſe the Ræthean grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian wine!
Th' Aminean many a conſulſhip ſurvives,
And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
Or high Phanæus king of Chian growth:
But for large quantities and laſting both,
The leſs Argitis bears the prize away.
The Rhodian, ſacred to the ſolemn day,
In ſecond ſervices is pour'd to Jove;
And beſt accepted by the gods above.
Nor muſt Bumaſtus his old honours loſe,
In length and largeneſs like the dugs of cows.
I paſs the reſt, whoſe every race and name,
And kinds, are leſs material to my theme.
Which who would learn, as ſoon may tell the ſands,
Driven by the weſtern wind on Lybian lands;
Or number, when the bluſtering Eurus roars,
The billows beating on Ionian ſhores.

Nor

Nor every plant on every ſoil will grow:
The ſallow loves the watery ground, and low;
The marſhes, alders; Nature ſeems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild aſh's reign;
The baleful yeugh to northern blaſts aſſigns;
To ſhores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.
Regard th' extremeſt cultivated coaſt,
From hot Arabia to the Scythian froſt:
All ſorts of trees their ſeveral countries know;
Black ebon only will in India grow:
And odorous frankincenſe on the Sabæan bough.
Balm ſlowly trickles through the bleeding veins
Of happy ſhrubs, in Idumæan plains.
The green Egyptian thorn, for medicine good;
With Ethiops hoary trees and wooly wood,
Let others tell: and how the Seres ſpin
Their fleecy foreſts in a ſlender twine.
With mighty trunks of trees on Indian ſhores,
Whoſe height above the feather'd arrow ſoars,
Shot from the tougheſt bow; and by the brawn
Of expert archers with vaſt vigour drawn,
Sharp-taſted citrons Median climes produce:
Bitter the rind, but generous is the juice:
A cordial fruit, a preſent antidote
Againſt the direful ſtepdame's deadly draught:
Who, mixing wicked weeds with words impure,
The fate of envy'd orphans would procure.
Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
And did it not a different ſcent diſcloſe,

A laure

A laurel were: the fragrant flowers contemn
The ſtormy winds, tenacious of their ſtem.
With this the Medes to labouring age bequeath
New lungs, and cure the ſourneſs of the breath.
But neither Median woods (a plenteous land),
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden ſand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy ſtores Arabia yields;
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with ſweet Italy contend in fame.
No bulls, whoſe noſtrils breathe a living flame,
Have turn'd our turf, no teeth of ſerpents here
Were ſown, an armed hoſt, an iron crop to bear.
But fruitful vines, and the fat olives freight,
And harveſts heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields; and on the chearful green,
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are ſeen.
The warrior horſe, here bred, is taught to train:
There flows Clitumnus through the flowery plain;
Whoſe waves, for triumphs after proſperous war,
The victim ox and ſnowy ſheep prepare.
Perpetual ſpring our happy climate ſees;
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And ſummer ſuns recede by ſlow degrees.
Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nouriſhes the lion's angry ſeed;
Nor poiſonous aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
Nor in ſo vaſt a length our ſerpents glide,
Or rais'd on ſuch a ſpiry volume ride.

Next

Next add our cities of illuſtrious name,
Their coſtly labour, and ſtupendous frame:
Our forts on ſteepy hills, that far below
See wanton ſtreams in winding valleys flow.
Our two-fold ſeas, that, waſhing either ſide,
A rich recruit of foreign ſtores provide.
Our ſpacious lakes; thee, Larius, firſt; and next
Benacus, with tempeſtuous billows vext.
Or ſhall I praiſe thy ports, or mention make
Of the vaſt mound that binds the Lucrine lake;
Or the diſdainful ſea, that, ſhut from thence,
Roars round the ſtructure, and invades the fence;
There, where ſecure the Julian waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide?
Our quarries deep in earth, were fam'd of old
For veins of ſilver, and for ore of gold.
Th' inhabitants themſelves their country grace;
Hence roſe the Marſian and Sabellian race:
Strong-limb'd and ſtout, and to the wars inclin'd.
And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind.
And Volſcians, arm'd with iron-headed darts,
Beſides an offspring of undaunted hearts,
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name:
And mighty Cæſar, whoſe victorious arms
To fartheſt Aſia carry fierce alarms:
Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome;
Triumph abroad, ſecure our peace at home.
Hail, ſweet Saturnian ſoil! of fruitful grain
Great Parent, greater of illuſtrious men,

Then ſeek Tarentum's lawns and fartheſt coaſt,
Or ſuch a field as hapleſs Mantua loſt:
Where ſilver ſwans ſail down the watery road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood,
There cryſtal ſtreams perpetual tenour keep,
Nor food nor ſprings are wanting to thy ſheep.
For what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough,
Putrid and looſe above, and black below;
For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Reſembling nature, in an eaſy ſoil.
No land for ſeed like this, no fields afford
So large an income to the village lord!
No toiling teams from harveſt-labour come
So late at night, ſo heavy laden home.
The like of foreſt land is underſtood,
From whence the ſurly ploughman grubs the wood,
Which had for length of ages idle ſtood.
Then birds forſake the ruins of their ſeat,
And flying from their neſts their callow young forget.
The coarſe lean gravel on the mountain ſides,
Scarce dewy beverage for the bees provides:
Nor chalk nor crumbling ſtones, the food of ſnakes,
That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
The ſoil exhaling clouds of ſubtle dews,
Imbibing moiſture which with eaſe ſhe ſpews:
Which ruſts not iron, and whoſe mould is clean,
Well cloath'd with chearful graſs, and ever green,

Is good for olives, and aſpiring vines,
Embracing huſband elms, in amorous twines!
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to ſow,
And equal to the paſture and the plough.
Such is the ſoil of fat Campanian fields,
Such large increaſe the land that joins Veſuvius yields;
And ſuch a country could Acerra boaſt,
Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coaſt.
I teach thee next the differing ſoils to know;
The light for vines, the heavier for the plough.
Chooſe firſt a place for ſuch a purpoſe fit,
There dig the ſolid earth, and ſink a pit.
Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
And trample with thy feet, and tread it in;
Then if it riſe not to the former height
Of ſuperfice, conclude that ſoil is light:
A proper ground for paſturage and vines.
But if the ſullen earth, ſo preſs'd, repines,
Within its native manſion to retire,
And ſtays without, a heap of heavy mire;
'Tis good for arable, a glebe that aſks
Tough teams of oxen, and laborious taſks.
Salt earth and bitter are not fit to ſow,
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the plough.
Sweet grapes degenerate there, and fruits declin'd
From their firſt flavorous taſte, renounce their kind.
This truth by ſure experiment is try'd:
For firſt an oſier colander provide
Of twigs thick wrought (ſuch toiling peaſants twine,
When through ſtrait paſſages they ſtrain their wine);

In this cloſe veſſel place that earth accurs'd,
But fill'd brimful with wholſome water firſt:
Then run it through, the drops will rope around,
And by the bitter taſte diſcloſe the ground.
The fatter earth by handling we may find,
With eaſe diſtinguiſh'd from the meagre kind:
Poor ſoil will crumble into duſt, the rich
Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch:
Moiſt earth produces corn and graſs, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth.
Let not my land ſo large a promiſe boaſt,
Leſt the lank ears in length of ſtem be loſt.
The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd,
The lighter in the poiſing hand is weigh'd:
'Tis eaſy to diſtinguiſh by the ſight,
The colour of the ſoil, and black from white.
But the cold ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the plants, that proſper there, will ſhow;
Black ivy, pitch trees, and the baleful yeugh.
Theſe rules conſider'd well, with early care
The vineyard deſtin'd for thy vines prepare:
But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
With furrows deep that caſt a riſing mound:
The clods, expos'd to winter winds, will bake;
For putrid earth will beſt in vineyards take,
And hoary froſts, after the painful toil
Of delving hinds, will rot the mellow ſoil.
Some peaſants, not t' omit the niceſt care,
Of the ſame ſoil their nurſery prepare,

With

With that of their plantation; left the tree
Tranſlated, ſhould not with the ſoil agree.
Beſide, to plant it as it was, they mark
The heav'n's four quarters on the tender bark;
And to the north or ſouth reſtore the ſide,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide.
So ſtrong is cuſtom, ſuch effects can uſe
In tender ſouls of pliant plants produce.
Chooſe next a province for thy vineyard's reign,
On hills above, or on the lowly plain:
If fertile fields or vallies be thy choice,
Plant thick, for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In cloſe plantations there. But if the vine
On riſing ground be plac'd, or hills ſupine,
Extend thy looſe battalions largely wide,
Opening thy ranks and files on either ſide:
But marſhal'd all in order as they ſtand,
And let no ſoldier ſtraggle from his band.
As legions in the field their front diſplay,
To try the fortune of ſome doubtful day.
And move to meet their foes with ſober pace,
Strict to their figure, though in wider ſpace;
Before the battle joins; while from afar
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war,
And equal Mars like an impartial lord,
Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of ſword;
So let thy vines in intervals be ſet,
But not their rural diſcipline forget:
Indulge their width, and add a roomy ſpace,
That their extremeſt lines may ſcarce embrace:

Nor this alone t' indulge a vain delight,
And make a pleaſing proſpect for the ſight:
But for the ground itſelf, this only way
Can equal vigour to the plants convey;
Which, crowded, want the room their branches to diſplay.
How deep they muſt be planted, would'ſt thou know?
In ſhallow furrows vines ſecurely grow.
Not ſo the reſt of plants; for Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful ſovereignty,
Requires a depth of lodging in the ground;
And, next the lower ſkies, a bed profound:
High as his topmaſt boughs to heaven aſcend,
So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.
Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'erthrows
His bulky body, but unmov'd he grows.
For length of ages laſts his happy reign,
And lives of mortal man contend in vain.
Full in the midſt of his own ſtrength he ſtands,
Stretching his brawny arms, and leafy hands;
His ſhade protects the plains, his head the hills commands,
The hurtful hazle in thy vineyard ſhun;
Nor plant it to receive the ſetting ſun:
Nor break the topmoſt branches from the tree;
Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands:
For ſparkling fire, from hinds unwary hands,
Is often ſcatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after ſpread abroad by raging winds.

firſt the ſmouldering flame the trunk receives,
ending thence, it crackles in the leaves;
ength victorious to the top aſpires,
lving all the wood in ſmoky fires,
noſt, when driven by winds, the flaming ſtorm
ie long files deſtroys the beauteous form.
hes then th' unhappy vineyard lies,
will the blaſted plants from ruin riſe:
will the wither'd ſtock be green again,
the wild olive ſhoots, and ſhades th' ungrateful
plain.
ot ſeduc'd with wiſdom's empty ſhows,
tir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.
n winter froſts conſtrain the field with cold,
fainty root can take no ſteady hold.
when the golden ſpring reveals the year,
the white bird returns, whom ſerpents fear;
: ſeaſon deem the beſt to plant thy vines,
that, is when autumnal warmth declines;
heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
Capricorn admits the winter ſun.
e ſpring adorns the woods, renews the leaves,
womb of earth the genial ſeed receives.
hen Almighty Jove deſcends, and pours
his buxom bride his fruitful ſhowers:
, mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
birth with kindly juice, and foſters teeming ſeeds.
joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
beaſts, by nature ſtung, renew their love.

Then fields the blades of bury'd corn diſcloſe,
And, while the balmy weſtern ſpirit blows,
Earth to the breath her boſom dares expoſe.
With kindly moiſture then the plants abound,
The graſs ſecurely ſprings above the ground;
The tender twig ſhoots upward to the ſkies,
And on the faith of the new ſun relies.
The ſwerving vines on the tall elms prevail
Unhurt by ſouthern ſhowers or northern hail.
They ſpread their gems the genial warmth to ſhare,
And boldly truſt the buds in open air.
In this ſoft ſeaſon (let me dare to ſing)
The world was hatch'd by heaven's imperial king:
In prime of all the year, and holy-days of ſpring.
Then did the new creation firſt appear;
Nor other was the tenour of the year:
When laughing heaven did the great birth attend,
And eaſtern winds their wintery breath ſuſpend:
Then ſheep firſt ſaw the ſun in open fields;
And ſavage beaſts were ſent to ſtock the wilds:
And golden ſtars flew up to light the ſkies,
And man's relentleſs race from ſtony quarries riſe.
Nor could the tender, new creation, bear
Th' exceſſive heats or coldneſs of the year;
But, chill'd by winter, or by ſummer fir'd,
The middle temper of the ſpring requir'd.
When warmth and moiſture did at once abound,
And heaven's indulgence brooded on the ground.
For what remains, in depth of earth ſecure
Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure;

And

And ſhells and gravel in the ground incloſe;
For through their hollow chinks the water flows:
Which, thus imbib'd, returns in miſty dews,
And, ſteaming up, the riſing plant renews.
Some huſbandmen, of late, have found the way,
A hilly heap of ſtones above to lay,
And preſs the plants with ſhreds of potters clay.
This fence againſt immoderate rain they found:
Or when the Dog-ſtar cleaves the thirſty ground.
Be mindful, when thou haſt entomb'd the ſhoot,
With ſtore of earth around to feed the root;
With iron teeth of rakes and prongs to move
The cruſted earth, and looſen it above.
Then exerciſe thy ſturdy ſteers to plough
Betwixt thy vines, and teach the feeble row
To mount on reeds and wands, and, upward led,
On aſhen poles to raiſe their forky head.
On theſe new crutches let them learn to walk,
Till, ſwerving upwards, with a ſtronger ſtalk,
They brave the winds, and, clinging to their guide,
On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
But in their tender nonage, while they ſpread
Their ſpringing leafs, and lift their infant head,
And upward while they ſhoot in open air,
Indulge their childhood, and the nurſeling ſpare.
Nor exerciſe thy rage on new-born life,
But let thy hand ſupply the pruning-knife;
And crop luxuriant ſtragglers, nor be loth
To ſtrip the branches of their leafy growth:

But when the rooted vines, with ſteady hold,
Can claſp their elms, then, huſbandmen, be bold
To lop the diſobedient boughs, that ſtray'd
Beyond their ranks: let crooked ſteel invade
The lawleſs troops, which diſcipline diſclaim,
And their ſuperfluous growth with rigour tame.
Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
Exclude th' encroaching cattle from thy ground,
While yet the tender germs but juſt appear,
Unable to ſuſtain th' uncertain year;
Whoſe leaves are not alone foul winter's prey,
But oft by ſummer ſuns are ſcorch'd away;
And, worſe than both, become th' unworthy browſe,
Of buffalos, ſalt goats, and hungry cows.
For not December's froſt that burns the boughs,
Nor Dog-days parching heat that ſplits the rocks,
Are half ſo harmful as the greedy flocks;
Their venom'd bite, and ſcars indented on the ſtocks.
For this the malefactor goat was laid
On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
At Athens thus old comedy began,
When round the ſtreets the reeling actors ran;
In country villages, and croſſing ways,
Contending for the prizes of their plays:
And glad, with Bacchus, on the graſſy ſoil,
Leapt o'er the ſkins of goats beſmear'd with oil.
Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhymes expreſs their joy:

With

With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience pleaſe,
Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees:
In jolly hymns they praiſe the God of wine,
Whoſe earthen images adorn the pine;
And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine:
A madneſs ſo devout the vineyard fills,
In hollow vallies and on riſing hills;
On whate'er ſide he turns his honeſt face,
And dances in the wind, thoſe fields are in his grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue reſound his praiſe.
Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
Whoſe offer'd entrails ſhall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatneſs from the hazle broach.
To dreſs thy vines new labour is requir'd,
Nor muſt the painful huſbandman be tir'd:
For thrice, at leaſt, in compaſs of a year,
Thy vineyard muſt employ the ſturdy ſteer,
To turn the glebe; beſides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the ſurface plain:
T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That ſuck the vital moiſture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peaſant's pain,
And the year rolls within itſelf again.
Ev'n in the loweſt months, when ſtorms have ſhed
From vines the hairy honours of their head,
Not then the drudging hind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends:

Ev'n then the naked vine he perſecutes;
His pruning-knife at once reforms and cuts.
Be firſt to dig the ground, be firſt to burn
The branches lopt, and firſt the props return
Into thy houſe, that bore the burden'd vines;
But laſt to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'erſhade
Th' incumber'd vine; rough brambles twice invade;
Hard labour both! commend the large exceſs
Of ſpacious vineyards; cultivate the leſs.
Beſides, in woods the ſhrubs of prickly thorn,
Sallows and reeds, on banks of rivers born,
Remain to cut; for vineyards uſeful found,
To ſtay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
Nor when thy tender trees at length are bound;
When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free,
When huſbands have ſurvey'd the laſt degree,
And utmoſt files of plants, and order'd every tree;
Ev'n when they ſing at eaſe in full content,
Inſulting o'er the toils they underwent;
Yet ſtill they find a future taſk remain;
To turn the ſoil, and break the clods again:
And after all, their joys are unſincere,
While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear.
Quite oppoſite to theſe are olives found,
No dreſſing they require, and dread no wound;
No rakes nor harrows need, but fix'd below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The ſoil itſelf due nouriſhment ſupplies:
Plough but the furrows, and the fruits ariſe:

Content

Content with ſmall endeavours till they ſpring,
Soft peace they figure, and ſweet plenty bring:
Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas ſing.
Thus apple-trees, whoſe trunks are ſtrong to bear
Their ſpreading boughs, exert themſelves in air;
Want no ſupply, but ſtand ſecure alone,
Not truſting foreign forces, but their own;
Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches groan.
Thus trees of nature, and each common buſh,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries bluſh;
Vile ſhrubs are ſhorn for browſe: the towering height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.
And ſhall we doubt (indulging eaſy ſloth)
To ſow, to ſet, and to reform their growth?
To leave the lofty plants; the lowly kind
Are for the ſhepherd or the ſheep deſign'd.
Ev'n humble broom and oſiers have their uſe,
And ſhade for ſheep, and food for flocks, produce;
Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees:
Beſides the pleaſing proſpect of the trees.
How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
With boxen groves! with what delight are ſeen
Narycian woods of pitch, whoſe gloomy ſhade
Seems for retreat of heavenly Muſes made!
But much more pleaſing are thoſe fields to ſee,
That need not ploughs, nor human induſtry.
Ev'n old Caucaſean rocks with trees are ſpread,
And wear green foreſts on their hilly head.

Though

Though bending from the blaſt of eaſtern ſtorms,
Though ſhent their leaves, and ſhatter'd are their arms;
Yet heaven their various plants for uſe deſigns:
For houſes cedars, and for ſhipping pines.
Cypreſs provides for ſpokes, and wheels of wains:
And all for keels of ſhips that ſcour the watery plains.
Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;
The war from ſtubborn myrtle ſhafts receives:
From cornels javelins; and the tougher yeugh
Receives the bending figure of a bow.
Nor box, nor limes, without their uſe are made,
Smooth grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade;
Which curious hands may carve, and ſteel with eaſe invade.
Light alder ſtems the Po's impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
Now balance, with theſe gifts the fumy joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noiſe.
Wine urg'd to lawleſs luſt the Centaurs train,
Through wine they quarrel'd, and through wine were ſlain.
O happy, if he knew his happy ſtate!
The ſwain, who, free from buſineſs and debate
Receives his eaſy food from Nature's hand,
And juſt returns of cultivated land!
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
T' admit the tides of early viſitants,
With eager eyes devouring, as they paſs,
The breathing figures of Corinthian braſs.

No

No ſtatues threaten from high pedeſtals;
No Perſian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic veſts; which, through their ſhady fold,
Betray the ſtreaks of ill-diſſembled gold.
He boaſts no wool, whoſe native white is dy'd
With purple poiſon of Aſſyrian pride.
No coſtly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign ſcents the ſweetneſs of his oil.
But eaſy quiet, a ſecure retreat,
A harmleſs life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bleſs,
And rural pleaſures crown his happineſs.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undiſturb'd with noiſe,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads, and ſtreams that through the valley glide;
And ſhady groves that eaſy ſleep invite,
And after toilſome days, a ſoft repoſe at night.
Wild beaſts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardſhip, and to homely fare,
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train:
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.
From hence Aſtrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing ſteps appear.

Ye ſacred Muſes, with whoſe beauty fir'd,
My ſoul is raviſh'd, and my brain inſpir'd;
Whoſe prieſt I am, whoſe holy fillets wear,
Would you your Poet's firſt petition hear;

Give

Give me the ways of wandering ſtars to know:
The depths of heaven above, and earth below.
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipſes of the ſun.
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark receſs they ſhrink again.
What ſhakes the ſolid earth, what cauſe delays
The ſummer nights, and ſhortens winter days.
But if my heavy blood reſtrain the flight
Of my free ſoul, aſpiring to the height
Of nature and unclouded fields of light;
My next deſire is, void of care and ſtrife,
To lead a ſoft, ſecure, inglorious life.
A country cottage near a cryſtal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
Some god conduct me to the ſacred ſhades,
Where bacchanals are ſung by Spartan maids,
Or lift me high to Hemus' hilly crown;
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down:
Or lead me to ſome ſolitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.
  Happy the man, who, ſtudying Nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the ſecret cauſe.
His mind poſſeſſing in a quiet ſtate,
Fearleſs of Fortune, and reſign'd to Fate.
And happy too is he, who decks the bowers
Of ſylvans, and adores the rural powers:
Whoſe mind, unmov'd the bribes of courts can ſee;
Their glittering baits and purple ſlavery.

Nor

Nor hopes the people's praiſe, nor fears their frown,
Nor, when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will ſet up one, or pull another down.
Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults, and deſcents, and diſtant war:
Nor with a ſuperſtitious fear is aw'd,
For what befals at home, or what abroad.
Nor envies he the rich their heapy ſtore,
Nor his own peace diſturbs, with pity for the poor.
He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground and laden trees afford.
From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw;
The Senate's mad decrees he never ſaw;
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
Some to the ſeas and ſome to camps reſort,
And ſome with impudence invade the court.
In foreign countries others ſeek renown;
With wars and taxes others waſte their own,
And houſes burn, and houſhold gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glittering gems enchaſe:
To loll on couches, rich with Cytron ſteds,
And lay their guilty limbs on Tyrian beds,
This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
Hovering and brooding on his bury'd ſtore.
Some patriot fools to popular praiſe aſpire,
Of public ſpeeches, which worſe fools admire.
While from both benches, with redoubled ſounds,
Th' applauſe of lords and commoners abounds.
Some through ambition, or through thirſt of gold,
Have ſlain their brothers, or their country ſold;

And

And leaving their ſweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another ſun.
The peaſant, innocent of all theſe ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills;
And the round year with daily labour fills.
And hence the country-markets are ſupply'd:
Enough remains for houſhold charge beſide;
His wife and tender children to ſuſtain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deſerving train.
Nor ceaſe his labours, till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harveſt yield;
A crop ſo plenteous as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks abroad.
Thus every ſeveral ſeaſon is employ'd:
Some ſpent in toil, and ſome in eaſe enjoy'd.
The yeaning ewes prevent the ſpringing year;
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear:
'Tis then the vine her liquid harveſt yields,
Bak'd in the ſun-ſhine of aſcending fields.
The winter comes, and then the falling maſt
For greedy ſwine provides a full repaſt.
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatneſs boaſt,
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the froſt.
His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliſs;
His little children climbing for a kiſs,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaſte delight.
His kine, with ſwelling udders, ready ſtand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.

His

His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
Fight harmleſs battles in his homely yard:
Himſelf in ruſtic pomp, on holidays,
To rural Powers a juſt oblation pays;
And on the green his careleſs limbs diſplays.
The hearth is in the midſt; the herdſmen, round
The chearful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize;
The groom his fellow-groom at buts defies;
And bends his bows, and levels with his eyes.
Or, ſtript for wreſtling, ſmears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his brother god were bred:
From whom th' auſtere Etrurian virtue roſe,
And this rude life our homely fathers choſe.
Old Rome from ſuch a race deriv'd her birth,
(The ſeat of empire, and the conquer'd earth;)
Which now on ſeven high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compaſs all the world contains.
Ere Saturn's rebel ſon uſurp'd the ſkies,
When beaſts were only ſlain for ſacrifice;
While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord,
Ere ſounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman ſword:
Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death;
The good old god his hunger did aſſwage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age;
But, over-labour'd with ſo long a courſe,
'Tis time to ſet at eaſe the ſmoking horſe.

THE

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Book begins with the invocation of ſome rural Deities, and a compliment to Auguſtus: after which Virgil directs himſelf to Mæcenas, and enters on his ſubject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horſes, oxen, ſheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves ſeveral pleaſant deſcriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the Book he relates the diſeaſes incident to cattle; and ends with the deſcription of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the Alps.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearſe;
And ſing thy paſtures in no vulgar verſe.
Amphryſian ſhepherd; the Lycæan woods;
Arcadia's flowery plains, and pleaſing floods.

All

All other themes that careleſs minds invite,
Are worn with uſe, unworthy me to write.
Buſiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard Eureſtheus, every reader ſees:
Hylas the boy, Latona's erring iſle,
And Pelops' ivory ſhoulder, and his toil
For fair Hippodame, with all the reſt
Of Grecian tales, by poets are expreſt;
New ways I muſt attempt, my groveling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
I, firſt of Romans, ſhall in triumph come
From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies home:
With foreign ſpoils adorn my native place;
And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
Of Parian ſtone a temple will I raiſe,
Where the ſlow Mincius through the valley ſtrays:
Where cooling ſtreams invite the flocks to drink:
And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
Full in the midſt ſhall mighty Cæſar ſtand:
Hold the chief honours; and the dome command.
Then I, conſpicuous in my Tyrian gown,
(Submitting to his godhead my renown)
A hundred courſers from the goal will drive;
The rival chariots in the race ſhall ſtrive.
All Greece ſhall flock from far, my games to ſee;
The whorlbat and the rapid race ſhall be
Reſerv'd for Cæſar, and ordain'd by me.
Myſelf, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear;
Or 'n now methinks the public ſhouts I hear;
The paſſing pageants and the pomps appear.

I, to the temple will conduct the crew;
The ſacrifice and ſacrificers view;
From thence return, attended with my train,
Where the proud theatres diſcloſe the ſcene:
Which interwoven Britons ſeem to raiſe,
And ſhew the triumph which their ſhame diſplays.
High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
The crowd ſhall Cæſar's Indian war behold;
The Nile ſhall flow beneath; and on the ſide
His ſhatter'd ſhips on brazen pillars ride,
Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn,
And dropping ſedge, ſhall his Armenia mourn;
And Aſian cities in our triumph borne.
With backward bows the Parthian ſhall be there;
And, ſpurring from the fight, confeſs their fear.
A double wreath ſhall crown our Cæſar's brows,
Two differing trophies, from two different foes.
Europe with Afric in his fame ſhall join;
But neither ſhore his conqueſt ſhall confine.
The Parian marble, there, ſhall ſeem to move,
In breathing ſtatues, not unworthy Jove;
Reſembling heroes, whoſe ethereal root
Is Jove himſelf, and Cæſar is the fruit.
Tros and his race the ſculptor ſhall employ;
And he the god, who built the walls of Troy.
Envy herſelf, at laſt grown pale and dumb,
(By Cæſar combated and overcome)
Shall give her hands: and fear the curling ſnakes
Of laſhing furies, and the burning lakes:

The

The pains of famiſh'd Tantalus ſhall feel;
And Siſyphus that labours up the hill
The rolling rock in vain; and curſt Ixion's wheel.
Mean time we muſt purſue the Sylvan lands;
(Th' abode of nymphs) untouch'd by former hands;
For ſuch, Mæcenas, are thy hard commands.
Without thee nothing lofty can I ſing;
Come then, and with thyſelf thy genius bring;
With which inſpir'd, I brook no dull delay,
Cytheron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, Taygetus, open, and purſue their prey.
High Epidaurus urges on my ſpeed,
Fam'd for his hills and for his horſes breed:
From hills and dales the chearful cries rebound:
For echo hunts along and propagates the ſound.
A time will come, when my maturer Muſe
In Cæſar's wars a nobler theme ſhall chuſe.
And through more ages bear my ſovereign's praiſe,
Than have from Tithon paſt to Cæſar's days.
The generous youth, who, ſtudious of the prize,
The race of running courſers multiplies;
Or to the plough the ſturdy bullock breeds,
May know that from the dam the worth of each proceeds.
The mother cow muſt wear a lowering look,
Sour-headed, ſtrongly neck'd to bear the yoke.
Her double dew-lap from her chin deſcends:
And at her thighs the ponderous burden ends.
Long as her ſides and large, her limbs are great;
Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.

Her colour ſhining black, but fleck'd with white;
She toſſes from the yoke: provokes the fight:
She riſes in her gait, is free from fears,
And in her face a bull's reſemblance bears:
Her ample forehead with a ſtar is crown'd;
And with her length of tail ſhe ſweeps the ground.
The bull's inſult at four ſhe may ſuſtain;
But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain.
Six ſeaſons uſe; but then releaſe the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the labouring plough.
Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
Submit thy females to the lufty ſire;
Watch the quick motions of the friſking tail,
Then ſerve their fury with the ruſhing male,
Indulging pleaſure left the breed ſhould fail.
In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
But, ah! the mighty bliſs is fugitive!
Diſcolour'd ſickneſs, anxious labour come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom.
Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair;
Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care:
Still propagate, for ſtill they fall away,
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay.
Like diligence require the courſer's race;
In early choice, and for a longer ſpace.
The colt, that for a ſtallion is deſign'd,
By ſure preſages ſhows his generous kind,
Of able body, ſound of limb and wind.
Upright he walks on paſterns firm and ſtraight,
His motions eaſy; prancing in his gait.

The

The firſt to lead the way, to tempt the flood;
To paſs the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood.
Dauntleſs at empty noiſes; lofty-neck'd;
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly-back'd,
Brawny his cheſt, and deep: his colour grey;
For beauty dappled, or the brighteſt bay:
Faint white and dun will ſcarce the rearing pay.
The fiery courſer, when he hears from far
The ſprightly trumpets, and the ſhouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight,
On his right ſhoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at ſpeed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round,
His chine is double; ſtarting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and ſhakes the ſolid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his noſtrils flow:
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.
Such was the ſteed in Grecian poets fam'd,
Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd;
Such courſers bore to fight the god of Thrace;
And ſuch, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
In ſuch a ſhape, grim Saturn did reſtrain
His heavenly limbs, and flow'd with ſuch a mane;
When, half-ſurpriz'd, and fearing to be ſeen,
The fetcher gallop'd from his jealous queen;
Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain,
And with ſhrill neighings fill'd the neighbouring plain.

But worn with years when dire diſeaſes come,
Then hide his not ignoble age at home:
In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains:
And gratefully be kind to his remains.
For when his blood no youthful ſpirits move,
He languiſhes and labours in his love.
And when the ſprightly ſeed ſhould ſwiftly come,
Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.
In vain he burns like haſty ſtubble fires;
And in himſelf his former ſelf requires.
His age and courage weigh: nor thoſe alone,
But note his father's virtues and his own;
Obſerve, if he diſdains to yield the prize;
Of loſs impatient, proud of victories.
Haſt thou beheld, when from the goal they ſtart,
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart
Ruſh to the race; and panting, ſcarcely bear
Th' extremes of feveriſh hope, and chilling fear;
Stoop to the reins, and laſh with all their force;
The flying chariot kindles in the courſe:
And now a-low, and now aloft they fly,
As borne through air, and ſeem to touch the ſky.
No ſtop, no ſtay, but clouds of ſand ariſe,
Spurn'd and caſt backward on the follower's eyes.
The hindmoſt blows the foam upon the firſt;
Such is the love of praiſe, an honourable thirſt.
Bold Eric̈thonius was the firſt, who join'd
Four horſes for the rapid race deſign'd;
And o'er the duſty wheels preſiding ſate;
The Lapithæ to chariots, add the ſtate

Of

Of bits and bridles; taught the ſteed to bound;
To run the ring, and trace the mazy round.
To ſtop, to fly, the rules of war to know:
T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.
To chuſe a youthful ſteed, with courage fir'd;
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd maſters, and in ſundry ways:
Their labours equal, and alike their praiſe.
But once again the batter'd horſe beware,
The weak old ſtallion will deceive thy care.
Though famous in his youth for force and ſpeed,
Or was of Argos or Epirian breed,
Or did from Neptune's race, or from himſelf proceed.
Theſe things premis'd, when now the nuptial time
Approaches for the ſtately ſteed to climb;
With food enable him to make his court;
Diſtend his chine, and pamper him for ſport.
Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canſt find,
Of generous warmth, and of ſalacious kind.
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)
Encourage him to thirſt again, with bran.
Inſtructed thus, produce him to the fair:
And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
For, if the ſire be faint, or out of caſe,
He will be copied in his famiſh'd race:
And ſink beneath the pleaſing taſk aſſign'd:
(For all's too little for the craving kind.)
As for the females, with induſtrious care
Take down their mettle, keep them lean and bare;

Thy flattering method on the youth purſue:
Join'd with his ſchool-fellows by two and two,
Perſuade them firſt to lead an empty wheel,
That ſcarce the duſt can raiſe, or they can feel:
In length of time produce the labouring yoke
And ſhining ſhares, that make the furrow ſmoke.
Ere the licentious youth be thus reſtrain'd,
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd;
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of leaves, and marſhy weed,
But with thy ſickle reap the rankeſt land:
And miniſter the blade with bounteous hand.
Nor be with harmful parſimony won
To follow what our homely ſires have done;
Who fill'd the pail with beeſtings of the cow:
But all her udder to the calf allow.
If to the warlike ſteed thy ſtudies bend,
Or for the prize in chariots to contend;
Near Piſa's flood the rapid wheels to guide,
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride,
The generous labours of the courſer, firſt
Muſt be with ſight of arms and ſound of trumpets nurs'd:
Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear;
And let him claſhing whips in ſtables hear.
Sooth him with praiſe, and make him underſtand
The loud applauſes of his maſter's hand:
This from his weaning let him well be taught;
And then betimes in a ſoft ſnaffle wrought:
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit;
Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit,

But when to four full ſprings his years advance,
Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance;
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat;
To turn, to bound in meaſure, and curvet.
Let him, to this, with eaſy pains be brought:
And ſeem to labour, when he labours not.
Thus, form'd for ſpeed, he challenges the wind;
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind:
He ſcours along the field, with looſen'd reins;
And treads ſo light, he ſcarcely prints the plains.
Like Boreas in his race, when ruſhing forth,
He ſweeps the ſkies, and clears the cloudy north:
The waving harveſt bends beneath his blaſt;
The foreſt ſhakes, the groves their honours caſt;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Purſues the foaming ſurges to the ſhore.
Thus o'er th' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horſe
Impels the flying car, and wins the courſe.
Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way;
Untir'd at night, and chearful all the day.
When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
Indulge his growth, and his gaunt ſides ſupply.
Before his training, keep him poor and low;
For his ſtout ſtomach with his food will grow;
The pamper'd colt will diſcipline diſdain,
Impatient of the laſh, and reſtiff to the rein.
Wouldſt thou their courage and their ſtrength improve,
Too ſoon they muſt not feel the ſtings of love.

Whether

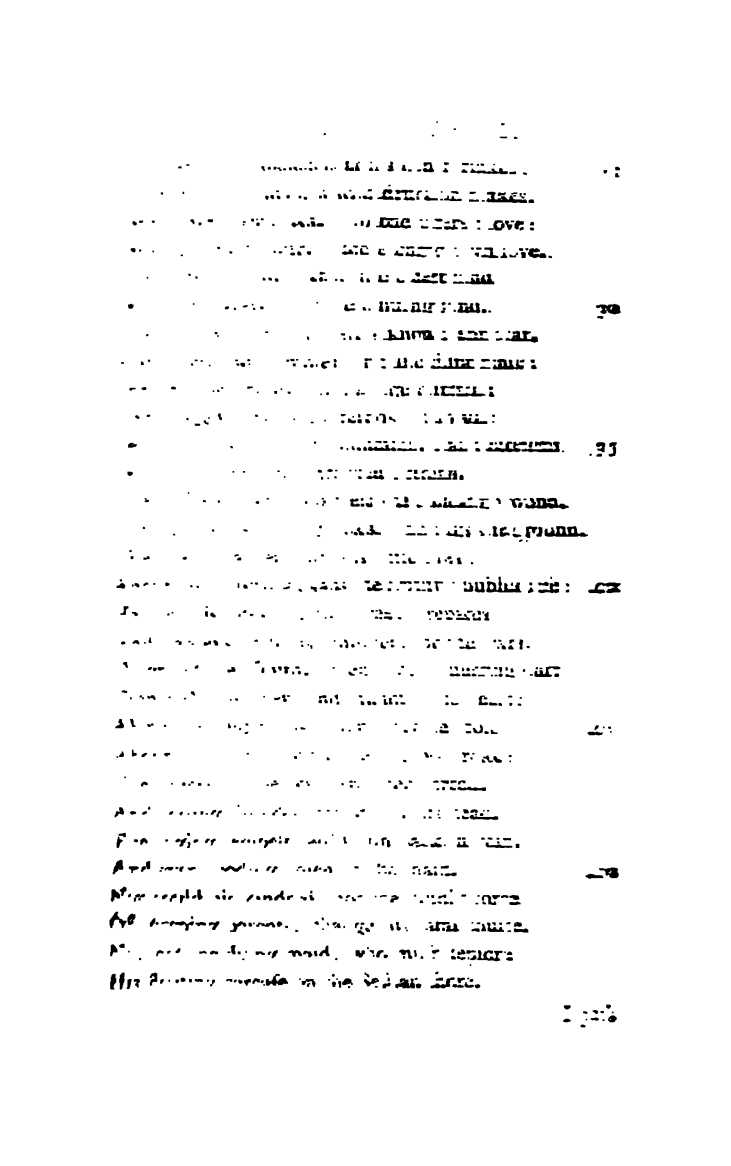
Whether the bull or courser be thy care.
Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
The youthful bull must wander in the wood;
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood:
Or, in the stall at home his fodder find;
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast;
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest;
Forsakes his food, and, pining for the lass,
In joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass.
The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.

A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred,
The stooping warriors, aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns; with dreadful sound
The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar;
Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.
Nor when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release:
But, feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driven from his native land, to foreign grounds,
He with a generous rage resents his wounds;
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd he lost.
Often he turns his eyes, and with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms once his own.

And

And therefore to repair his ſtrength he tries:
Hardening his limbs with painful exerciſe,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves and on ſharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet ſore, he tries againſt a tree:
And meditates his abſent enemy.
He ſnuffs the wind, his heels the ſand excite,
But, when he ſtands collected in his might,
He roars, and promiſes a more ſucceſsful fight.
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careleſs foe.
Not with more madneſs, rolling from afar,
The ſpumy waves proclaim the watery war,
And, mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and inſult the rocky ſhore.
They mate the middle region with their height;
And fall no leſs than with a mountain's weight:
The waters boil, and belching from below
Black ſands, as from a forceful engine throw.
Thus every creature, and of every kind,
The ſecret joys of ſweet coition find:
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or ſwim the ſea,
Or haunt the deſert, ruſh into the flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the ſame.
'Tis with this rage, the mother lion ſtung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardleſs of her young:
Demanding rites of love; ſhe ſternly ſtalks;
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.

'Tis



I paſs the wars that ſpotted linxes make
With their fierce rivals, for the females' ſake:
The howling wolves, the maſtiffs amorous rage;
When ev'n the fearful ſtag dares for his hind engage.
But, far above the reſt, the furious mare,
Barr'd from the male, is frantic with deſpair.
For when her pouting vent declares her pain,
She tears the harneſs, and ſhe rends the rein;
For this (when Venus gave them rage and power),
Their maſters' mangled members they devour;
Of love defrauded in their longing hour.
For love they force through thickets of the wood,
They climb the ſteepy hills, and ſtem the flood.
When at the ſpring's approach their marrow burns
(For with the ſpring their genial warmth returns),
The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair,
And with wide noſtrils ſnuff the weſtern air:
When (wondrous to relate) the parent wind,
Without the ſtallion, propagates the kind.
Then, fir'd with amorous rage, they take their flight
Through plains, and mount the hills unequal height;
Nor to the north, nor to the riſing ſun,
Nor ſouthward to the rainy regions run;
But boring to the weſt, and hovering there,
With gaping mouths, they draw prolific air:
With which impregnate, from their groins they ſhed
A ſlimy juice, by falſe conception bred.
The ſhepherd knows it well; and calls by name
Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.

This,

Where, baſking in the ſun-ſhine, they may lie,
And the ſhort remnants of his heat enjoy.
This during winter's driſly reign be done:
Till the new ram receives th' exalted ſun:
For hairy goats of equal profit are
With woolly ſheep, and aſk an equal care.
'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian juice,
Is dearly ſold: but not for needful uſe:
For the ſalacious goat increaſes more;
And twice as largely yields her milky ſtore.
The ſtill-diſtended udders never fail;
But, when they ſeem exhauſted, ſwell the pail.
Mean time the paſtor ſhears their hoary beards;
And eaſes of their hair, the loaden herds.
Their camelots, warm in tents, the ſoldier hold;
And ſhield the ſhivering mariner from cold.
On ſhrubs they browſe, and on the bleaky top
Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop.
Attended with their bleating kids they come
At night unaſk'd, and mindful of their home;
And ſcarce their ſwelling bags the threſhold overcome.
So much the more thy diligence beſtow
In depth of winter, to defend the ſnow:
By how much leſs the tender helpleſs kind,
For their own ills, can fit proviſion find.
Then miniſter the browſe, with bounteous hand;
And open let thy ſtacks all winter ſtand.
But when the weſtern winds with vital power
Call forth the tender graſs, and budding flower;

Then, at the laſt, produce in open air
Both flocks, and ſend them to their ſummer fare.
Before the ſun, while Heſperus appears;
Firſt let them ſip from herbs the pearly tears
Of morning dews; and after break their faſt
On green-ſward ground (a cool and grateful taſte):
But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
And the ſun's ſultry heat their thirſt renews;
When creaking graſhoppers on ſhrubs complain,
Then lead them to their watering-troughs again.
In ſummer's heat ſome bending valley find,
Clos'd from the ſun, but open to the wind:
Or ſeek ſome ancient oak, whoſe arms extend
In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend:
Or ſolitary grove, or gloomy glade,
To ſhield them with its venerable ſhade.
Once more to watering lead; and feed again
When the low ſun is ſinking to the main.
When riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver dews,
And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews:
When linnets fill the woods with tuneful ſound,
And hollow ſhores the halcyon's voice rebound.
Why ſhould my Muſe enlarge on Libyan ſwains;
Their ſcatter'd cottages, and ample plains?
Where oft the flocks without a leader ſtray;
Or through continued deſarts take their way;
And, feeding, add the length of night to day.
Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor folds, nor hoſpitable harbour know;

Such

Such an extent of plains, ſo vaſt a ſpace
Of wilds unknown, and of untaſted graſs,
Allures their eyes: the ſhepherd laſt appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears:
His houſe and houſhold gods! his trade of war,
His bow and quiver; and his truſty cur.
Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
Their long, laborious marches overcome:
Chearly their tedious
And pitch their ſudde
Not ſo the Scythian
Nor he who bears in
Nor he who treads the
Or where proud Iſter
Early they ſtall their
No graſs the fields, n
The frozen earth lies
A hilly heap, ſeven c
And all the Weſt allie
herds; for
forefts wear:
below
ſnow:
Boreas blow.
The ſun from far peeps with a ſickly face;
Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chace;
When up the ſkies he ſhoots his roſy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean ſeeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with ſudden ice conſtrain'd;
And ſtudded wheels are on its back ſuſtain'd.
An hoſtry now for waggons, which before
Tall ſhips of burden on its boſom bore.
The brazen cauldrons with the froſt are flaw'd;
The garment, ſtiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;

With axes first they cleave the wine, and thence
By weight, the solid portions they dispense.
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds are heard.
Mean time perpetual floor, and driving snow,
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below.
The starving cattle perish in their stalls,
Huge oxen stand inclos'd in wintery walls
Of snow congeal'd; whole herds are bury'd there
Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.
The dexterous huntsman wounds not these afar,
With shafts or darts, or makes a distant war
With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight:
But close engages in unequal fight.
And while they strive in vain to make their way
Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray;
Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed spears:
And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears.
The men to subterranean caves retire;
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire:
With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
Nor tempt th' inclemency of heaven abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They pass, to drive the tedious hours away.
And their cold stomachs with crown'd goblets cheer,
Of windy cyder, and of barmy beer.
Such are the cold Riphean race; and such
The savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch.
Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians wear,
The spoils of foxes, and the furry bear.

Is

Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle g
Where buſhes are, where burs and thiſtl
Nor in too rank a paſture let them feed:
Then of the pureſt white ſelect thy breed.
Ev'n though a ſnowy ram thou ſhalt behold,
Prefer him not in haſte for huſband to thy fold.
But ſearch his mouth; and if a ſwarthy tongue
Is underneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, leſt he d[illegible] w flock;
And ſubſtitute anothe[illegible]
'Twas thus with fleec[illegible]
May truſt report), P[illegible]
Did bribe thee, Cynt[illegible] r didſt thou diſdain,
When call'd in wood[illegible], to cure a lover's pain.
If milk be thy deſi[illegible] h plenteous hand
Bring clover-graſs; a[illegible] the marſhy land
Salt herbage for the f[illegible]-rack provide
To fill their bags, an[illegible]he milky tide:
Theſe raiſe their thirſt[illegible] the taſte reſtore
The ſavour of the ſalt[illegible]ich they fed before.

Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
With gags and muzzles their ſoft mouths reſtrain.
Their morning milk, the peaſants preſs at night:
Their evening meal before the riſing light
To market bear; or ſparingly they ſleep
With ſeaſoning ſalt, and ſtor'd, for winter keep.

Nor laſt, forget thy faithful dogs; but feed
With fattening whey the maſtiff's generous breed;
And Spartan race; who, for the fold's relief,
Will proſecute with cries the nightly thief:

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
His belly ſpotted, burniſh'd is his back:
While ſprings are broken, while the ſouthern air
And dropping heavens the moiſten'd earth repair,
He lives on ſtanding lakes and trembling bogs;
He fills his maw with fiſh, or with loquacious frogs.
But when, in muddy pools, the water ſinks;
And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks;
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground;
And hiſſing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirſt inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide deſtruction threats.
Oh let not ſleep my cloſing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the ſecret ſhade,
When he, renew'd in all the ſpeckled pride
Of pompous youth, has caſt his ſlough aſide,
And in his ſummer livery rolls along,
Erect, and brandiſhing his forky tongue,
Leaving his neſt, and his imperfect young;
And, thoughtleſs of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poiſon, for the following year.
The cauſes and the ſigns ſhall next be told,
Of every ſickneſs that infects the fold.
A ſcabby tetter on their pelts will ſtick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick:
Or ſearching froſts have eaten through the ſkin;
Or burning iſicles are lodg'd within:
Or when the fleece is ſhorn, if ſweat remains
Unwaſh'd, and ſoaks into their empty veins:

When their defenceleſs limbs the brambles tear;
Short of their wool, and naked from the ſheer.
Good ſhepherds, after ſheering, drench their ſheep,
And their flock's father (fore'd from high to leap)
Swims down the ſtream, and plunges in the deep.
They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
Or from the founts where living ſulphurs boil,
They mix a medicine to foment their limbs;
With ſcum that on the molten ſilver ſwims.
Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to theſe,
Beſides the waxen labour of the bees:
And hellebore, and ſquills deep rooted in the ſeas.
Receipts abound, but, ſearching all thy ſtore,
The beſt is ſtill at hand—to lance the ſore,
And cut the head, for till the core be found,
The ſecret vice is fed, and gathers ground:
While, making fruitleſs moan, the ſhepherd ſtands,
And, when the lancing knife requires his hands,
Vain help, with idle prayers, from heaven demands.
Deep in their bones when fevers fix their ſeat,
And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat;
The ready cure to cool the raging pain,
Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein.
This remedy the Scythian ſhepherds found:
Th' inhabitants of Thracia's hilly ground,
The Gelons uſe it, when for drink and food
They mix their cruddled milk with horſes blood.
But when thou ſee'ſt a ſingle ſheep remain
In ſhades aloof, or crouch'd upon the plain;

Or

Or liſtleſſly to crop the tender graſs;
Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;
Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's l
Ere in the faultleſs flock the dire contagion ſpread.
On winter ſeas we fewer ſtorms behold,
Than foul diſeaſes that infect the fold.
Nor do thoſe ills on ſingle bodies prey;
But oftener bring the nation to decay;
And ſweep the preſent f[illegible] and future hope away.
A dire example of t[illegible]rs:
When, after ſuch a le[illegible] years,
We ſee the naked Alp[illegible] thin remains
Of ſcatter'd cotts, and unpeopled plains:
Once fill'd with grazin[illegible]ks, the ſhepherd's happy reigns.
Here from the vicio[illegible] and ſickly ſkies,
A plague did on the d[illegible]tion riſe:
During th' autumnal h[illegible]tion grew,
Tame cattle, and the [illegible]ure flew.
Poiſoning the ſtanding [illegible] and pools impure:
Nor was the foodful graſs in fields ſecure.
Strange death! For when the thirſty fire had drunk
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were ſhrunk;
When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, even then
A wateriſh humour ſwell'd and ooz'd again;
Converting into bane the kindly juice,
Ordain'd by nature for a better uſe.
The victim ox, that was for altars preſt,
Trim'd with white ribbons, and with garlands dreſt,

Sunk

Sunk of himſelf, without the gods command:
Preventing the ſlow ſacrificer's hand.
Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
Th' inſpected entrails could no fates foretel:
Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames ariſe;
But clouds of ſmouldering ſmoke forbade the ſacrifice.
Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his gore,
Or the black poiſon ſtain'd the ſandy floor.
The thriven calves in meads their food forſake,
And render their ſweet ſouls before the plenteous rack.
The fawning dog runs mad, the weaſing ſwine
With coughs is choak'd, and labours from the chine:
The victor horſe, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.
He paws the ground, and, on his hanging ears,
A doubtful ſweat in clammy drops appears:
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the ſymptoms of the young diſeaſe;
But in time's proceſs, when his pains increaſe,
He rolls his mournful eyes, he deeply groans
With patient ſobbing, and with manly moans.
He heaves for breath; which from his lungs ſupply'd,
And fetch'd from far, diſtends his labouring ſide.
To his rough palate, his dry tongue ſucceeds;
And roapy gore he from his noſtrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with ſucceſs been us'd;
And through a horn the generous juice infus'd:
Which timely taken op'd his cloſing jaws;
But, if too late, the patient's death did cauſe.

For

For the too vigorous doſe too fiercely wrought;
And added fury to the ſtrength it brought.
Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own fleſh, and feeds approaching death.
Ye gods, to better fate good men diſpoſe,
And turn that impious error on our foes!
The ſteer, who to the yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough)
Falls down and dies; and dying ſpews a flood
Of foamy madneſs, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who, curſing Providence, repines,
His mournful fellow from the team diſjoins:
With many a groan forſakes his fruitleſs care,
And in th' unfiniſh'd furrow leaves the ſhare.
The pining ſteer no ſhades of lofty woods,
Nor flowery meads, can eaſe; nor cryſtal floods
Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decreaſe;
His eyes are ſettled in a ſtupid peace.
His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown;
And his unweildy neck hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deſerving toil,
To turn the glebe, or ſmooth the rugged ſoil!
And yet he never ſupp'd in ſolemn ſtate,
Nor undigeſted feaſts did urge his fate;
Nor day to night luxurioufly did join;
Nor ſurfeited on rich Campanian wine.
Simple his beverage, homely was his food;
The wholſome herbage, and the running flood.
No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright;
His pains by day ſecur'd his reſt by night.

Twas then that buffalo's, ill pair'd, were seen
To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen,
For want of oxen; and the labouring swain
Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain:
And cover'd with his hand the shallow seed again.
He yokes himself, and up the hilly heights,
With his own shoulders draws the waggon's weights.
The nightly wolf, that round th' inclosure prowl'd
To leap the fence, now preys not on the fold:
Tam'd with a sharper pain, the fearful doe
And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go:
And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer foe.
The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcases are driven aground:
And mighty Phocæ, never seen before
In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
The viper dead within her hole is found;
Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed:
To birds their native heavens contagious prove,
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.
Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain;
Or trust to physic; physic is their bane.
The learned leeches in despair depart:
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.
Tisiphone, let loose from under ground,
Majestically pale, now treads the round;

Before

Before her drives diſeaſes and affright;
And every moment riſes to the ſight:
Aſpiring to the ſkies, incroaching on the light.
The rivers and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings, and with dying bleats reſound.
At length, ſhe ſtrikes an univerſal blow;
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horſes fall; and, heap'd on high,
The differing ſpecies in confuſion lie.
Till, warn'd by frequ[illegible]lls, the way they found,
To lodge their loathſ[illegible]arrion under ground,
For, uſeleſs to the cu[illegible]er were their hides:
Nor could their tainte[illegible]ith ocean tides
Be freed from filth: [illegible]d Vulcanian flame
The ſtench aboliſh, o[illegible]our tame.
Nor ſafely could they [illegible]r fleecy ſtore
(Made drunk with poi[illegible]ice, and ſtiff with gore);
Or touch the web: bu[illegible]eſt they wear,
Red bliſters riſing on [illegible]appear,
And flaming carbuncles and noiſome ſweat,
And clammy dews, that loathſome lice beget:
Till the ſlow creeping evil eats his way,
Conſumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his prey.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Virgil has taken care to raiſe the ſubject of the Georgic: In the firſt he has only dead matter on which to work. In the ſecond he juſt ſteps on the world of life, and deſcribes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third he advances to animals: and in the laſt ſingles out the bee, which may be reckoned the moſt ſagacious of them, for his ſubject.

In this Georgic he ſhews us what ſtation is moſt proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey: how to call them home when they ſwarm: and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occaſion to diſcover their different kind; and, after an excurſion, relates their prudent and politic adminiſtration of affairs, and the ſeveral diſeaſes that often rage in their hives, with the proper ſymptoms and remedies of each diſeaſe.

In the laſt place he lays down a method of repairing their kind, ſuppoſing their whole breed loſt, and gives at large the hiſtory of its invention.

THE gifts of heaven my following ſong purſues,
Aërial honey, and ambroſial dews.
Mæcenas, read this other part, that ſings
Embattled ſquadrons and adventurous kings;
A mighty pomp, though made of little things.
Their arms, their arts, their manners I diſcloſe,
And how they war, and whence the people roſe:
Slight is the ſubject, but the praiſe not ſmall,
If heaven aſſiſt, and Phœbus hear my call.

Firſt, for thy bees a quiet ſtation find,
And lodge them under covert of the wind:
For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their evening hive.
Far from the cows and goats inſulting crew,
That trample down the flowers, and bruſh the dew:
The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away.
The titmouſe, and the pecker's hungry brood,
And Progne, with her boſom ſtain'd in blood:
Theſe rob the trading citizens, and bear
The trembling captives through the liquid air;
And for their callow young a cruel feaſt prepare.
But near a living ſtream their manſion place,
Edg'd round with moſs, and tufts of matted graſs:

And

And plant (the wind's impetuous rage to ſtop),
Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the buſy ſhop.
That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
Calls out the venturous colony to ſwarm;
When firſt their way through yielding air they wing,
New to the pleaſures of their native ſpring;
The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
For the raw ſoldiers from the ſcalding heat:
And neighbouring trees, with friendly ſhade, invite
The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.
Then o'er the running ſtream, or ſtanding lake,
A paſſage for thy weary people make;
With oſier floats the ſtanding water ſtrow;
Of maſſy ſtones make bridges, if it flow:
That baſking in the ſun thy bees may lie,
And reſting there, their flaggy pinions dry:
When, late returning home, the laden hoſt
By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coaſt.
Wild thyme and ſavory ſet around their cell;
Sweet to the taſte, and fragrant to the ſmell;
Set rows of roſemary with flowering ſtem,
And let the purple violets drink the ſtream.
Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
With twiſted oſiers, or with barks of trees;
Make but a narrow mouth: for as the cold
Congeals into a lump the liquid gold;
So 'tis again diſſolv'd by ſummer's heat,
And the ſweet labours both extremes defeat.
And therefore, not in vain, th' induſtrious kind
With dawby wax and flowers the chinks have lin'd.

And

And with their ſtores of gather'd glue, contrive
To ſtop the vents and crannies of their hive.
Not birdlime, or Idean pitch, produce
A more tenacious maſs of clammy juice.
Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
In chambers of their own, beneath the ground:
Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.
But plaiſter thou the chinky hives with clay,
And leafy branches o'er their lodging lay,
Nor place them where too deep a water flows,
Or where the yeugh their poiſonous neighbour grows:
Nor roaſt red crabs t'offend the niceneſs of their noſe.
Nor near the ſteeming ſtench of muddy ground:
Nor hollow rocks that render back the ſound,
And doubled images of voice rebound.
For what remains, when golden ſuns appear,
And under earth have driven the winter year:
The winged nation wanders through the ſkies,
And o'er the plains and ſhady foreſt flies:
Then, ſtooping on the meads and leafy bowers,
They ſkim the floods, and ſip the purple flowers.
Exalted hence, and drunk with ſecret joy,
The young ſucceſſion all their cares employ:
They breed, they brood, inſtruct, and educate,
And make proviſion for the future ſtate:
They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
And labour honey to ſuſtain their lives.
But when thou ſeeſt a ſwarming cloud ariſe,
That ſweeps aloft, and darkens all the ſkies,

The motions of their hafty flight attend;
And know to floods, or woods, their airy march they bend.
Then melfoil beat, and honey-ſuckles pound,
With theſe alluring ſavours ſtrew the ground,
And mix with tinkling braſs, the cymbal's droning ſound.
Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from air,
The reconcil'd deſerters will repair.
But if inteſtine broils alarm the hive,
(For two pretenders oft for empire ſtrive)
The vulgar in divided factions jar;
And murmuring ſounds proclaim the civil war.
Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with diſdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty ſouls contain,
With ſhouts the coward's courage they excite,
And martial clangors call them out to fight:
With hoarſe alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
That imitates the trumpet's angry ſounds:
Then to their common ſtandard they repair;
The nimble horſemen ſcour the fields of air.
In form of battle drawn, they iſſue forth,
And every knight is proud to prove his worth.
Preſs'd for their country's honour, and their king's,
On their ſharp beaks they whet their pointed ſtings;
And exerciſe their arms, and tremble with their wings.
Full in the midſt the haughty monarchs ride,
The truſty guards come up, and cloſe the ſide;
With ſhouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd.

Thus

Thus in the ſeaſon of unclouded ſpring,
To war they follow their undaunted king:
Crowd through their gates, and in the fields of light,
The ſhocking ſquadrons meet in mortal fight:
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
And heaps of ſlaughter'd ſoldiers bite the ground.
Hard hailſtones lie nor thicker on the plain,
Nor ſhaken oaks ſuch ſhowers of acorns rain.
With gorgeous wings, the marks of ſovereign ſway,
The two contending princes make their way;
Intrepid through the midſt of danger go;
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
With mighty ſouls in narrow bodies preſt,
They challenge, and encounter breaſt to breaſt;
So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obſtinately bent to win or die;
That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
Till one prevails (for one can only reign).
Yet all thoſe dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
A caſt of ſcatter'd duſt will ſoon allay;
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
When both the chiefs are ſunder'd from the fight,
Then to the lawful king reſtore his right.
And let the waſteful prodigal be ſlain,
That he, who beſt deſerves, alone may reign.
With eaſe diſtinguiſh'd is the regal race:
One monarch wears an honeſt open face:
Shap'd to his ſize, and godlike to behold,
His royal body ſhines with ſpecks of gold,

And ruddy ſcales; for empire he deſign'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
That other looks like nature in diſgrace,
Gaunt are his ſides, and ſullen is his face:
And like their griſly prince appears his gloomy race:
Grim, ghaſtly, rugged, like a thirſty train
That long have travel'd through a deſart plain,
And ſpit from their dry chaps the gather'd duſt again.
The better brood, unlike the baſtard crew,
Are mark'd with royal ſtreaks of ſhining hue;
Glittering and ardent, though in body leſs:
From theſe, at 'pointed ſeaſons, hope to preſs
Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
Not only ſweet, but pure, and fit for uſe:
T' allay the ſtrength and hardneſs of the wine,
And with old Bacchus, new metheglin join.
But when the ſwarms are eager of their play,
And loathe their empty hives, and idly ſtray,
Reſtrain the wanton fugitives, and take
A timely care to bring the truants back.
The taſk is eaſy, but to clip the wings
Of their high-flying arbitrary kings:
At their command, the people ſwarm away;
Confine the tyrant, and the ſlaves will ſtay.
Sweet gardens, full of ſaffron flowers, invite
The wandering gluttons, and retard their flight.
Beſides the god obſcene, who frights away,
With his lath ſword, the thieves and birds of prey.
With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For ſlips of pines, may ſearch the mountain trees:

And

And with wild thyme and ſavory plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain:
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreſhing waters drench the ground.

Now, did I not ſo near my labours end,
Strike ſail, and haſtening to the harbour tend,
My ſong to flowery gardens might extend.
To teach the vegetable arts to ſing
The Præſtan roſes, and their double ſpring:
How ſuccory drinks the running ſtream, and how
Green beds of parſley near the river grow;
How cucumbers along the ſurface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep.
The late Narciſſus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
For where with ſtately towers Tarentum ſtands,
And deep Galeſus ſoaks the yellow ſands,
I chanc'd an old Corycian ſwain to know,
Lord of few acres, and thoſe barren too;
Unfit for ſheep or vines, and more unfit to ſow:
Yet, labouring well his little ſpot of ground,
Some ſcattering pot-herbs here and there he found:
Which, cultivated with his daily care,
And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
With wholſome poppy-flowers to mend his homely board:
For late returning home he ſupp'd at eaſe,
And wiſely deem'd the wealth of monarchs leſs:
The little of his own, becauſe his own, did pleaſe.

To quit his care, he gather'd firſt of all
In ſpring the roſes, apples in the fall:
And when cold winter ſplit the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did reſtrain,
He ſtripp'd the bears-foot of its leafy growth,
And, calling Weſtern winds, accus'd the ſpring of ſloth;
He therefore firſt among the ſwains was found,
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And ſqueeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd.
His limes were firſt in flowers; his lofty pines,
With friendly ſhade, ſecur'd his tender vines.
For every bloom his trees in ſpring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale reſtor'd.
He knew to rank his elms in even rows:
For fruit the grafted pear-tree to diſpoſe:
And tame to plumbs, the ſourneſs of the ſloes.
With ſpreading planes he made a cool retreat,
To ſhade good fellows from the ſummer's heat.
But, ſtraiten'd in my ſpace, I muſt forſake
This taſk; for others afterwards to take.

Deſcribe we next the nature of the bees,
Beſtow'd by Jove for ſecret ſervices:
When, by the tinkling ſound of timbrels led,
The King of heaven in Cretan caves they fed.
Of all the race of animals, alone
The bees have common cities of their own,
And common ſons, beneath one law they live,
And with one common ſtock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a ſeveral ſtall:
All is the ſtate's, the ſtate provides for all.

Mindful

[illegible] of canting cold, they share the pain:
And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's gain.
Some o'er the public magazines preside,
And some are sent new forage to provide:
Those dredge in fields abroad, and those at home
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
With dew, Narcissus' leaves, and clammy gum.
To girds the wearn fleecing some contrive;
Some mass the future nation of the hive:
Some heavy some condense, some purge the grout;
The rest, in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive.
With cavy strong, they view each other's deeds;
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod,
New thunder hasten for their angry god:
Subdued in fire the stubborn metal lies,
One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies;
And draws, and blows reciprocating air:
Others to quench the hissing mass prepare:
With lifted arms they order every blow,
And chime their sounding hammers in a row:
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they strike, huge flakes of flames expire,
With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the fire.
If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and such their busy care:
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee:

That in the field; this in affairs of ſtate,
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate:
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, leſt the fabric fall:
But late at night, with weary pinions come
The labouring youth, and heavy laden home.
Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies;
The gleans of yellow thyme diſtend his thighs:
He ſpoils the ſaffron flowers, he ſips the blues
Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
Their toil is common, common is their ſleep;
They ſhake their wings when morn begins to peep;
Ruſh through the city-gates without delay,
Nor ends their work but with declining day:
Then, having ſpent the laſt remains of light,
They give their bodies due repoſe at night:
When hollow murmurs of their evening bells
Diſmiſs the ſleepy ſwains, and toll them to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they ſteep,
No buzzing ſounds diſturb their golden ſleep,
'Tis ſacred ſilence all. Nor dare they ſtray,
When rain is promis'd, or a ſtormy day:
But near the city walls their watering take,
Nor forage far, but ſhort excurſions make.
And as when empty barks on billows float,
With ſandy ballaſt ſailors trim the boat,
So bees bear gravel-ſtones, whoſe poiſing weight
Steers through the whiſtling winds their ſteady flight.
But, what's more ſtrange, their modeſt appetites,
Averſe from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.

No

No luſt enervates their heroic mind,
Nor waſtes their ſtrength on wanton woman-kind,
But in their mouths reſide their genial powers,
They gather children from the leaves and flowers.
Thus make they kings to fill the regal ſeat:
And thus their little citizens create:
And waxen cities build, the palaces of ſtate.
And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
And ſink beneath the burdens which they bear.
Such rage of honey in their boſom beats:
And ſuch a zeal they have for flowery ſweets.
Thus through the race of life they quickly run;
Which in the ſpace of ſeven ſhort years is done;
Th' immortal line in ſure ſucceſſion reigns,
The fortune of the family remains:
And grandſires grandſons the long liſt contains.
Beſides, not Egypt, India, Media, more
With ſervile awe, their idol king adore:
While he ſurvives, in concord and content
The commons live, by no diviſions rent;
But the great monarch's death diſſolves the government.
All goes to ruin, they themſelves contrive
To rob the honey, and ſubvert the hive.
The king preſides, his ſubjects' toil ſurveys;
The ſervile rout their careful Cæſar praiſe:
Him they extol, they worſhip him alone:
They crowd his levees, and ſupport his throne:
They raiſe him on their ſhoulders with a ſhout:
And when their ſovereign's quarrel calls them out,

His

[illegible]

[illegible] 329

[illegible] thought

[illegible] thought

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] cannot be thrown

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible] 335

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

And th[illegible]

[illegible] fix their things, [illegible]

Bus

But if a pinching winter thou foreſee,
And would'ſt preſerve thy famiſh'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate,
And break the waxen walls to ſave the ſtate.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by ſtealth,
Within the ſuburbs, and purloin their wealth.
And lizards, ſhunning light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the ſeat.
Or lazy drones, witho in.
In winter-quarters free
Or waſps infeſt the can ioud
And mix in battle with s:
Or ſecret moths are th ed;
Or ſpiders in the vault vebs have ſpread.
The more oppreſs'd famine pin'd,
The more increaſe thy ve the ſinking kind,
With greens and flowe their empty hives,
And ſeek freſh forage ir lives.
But ſince they ſhare common fate,
In health and ſickneſs, of ſtate;
Obſerve the ſymptoms when they fail away,
And languiſh with inſenſible decay.
They change their hue, with haggard eyes they ſtare,
Lean are their looks, and ſhagged is their hair:
And crowds of dead, that never muſt return
To their lov'd hides, in decent pomp are borne:
Their friends attend the hearſe, the next relations mourn.
The ſick, for air, before the portal gaſp,
Their feeble legs within each other claſp,

Or

Or idle in their empty hives remain,
Benumb'd with cold, or liſtleſs of their gain.
Soft whiſpers then and broken ſounds are heard,
As when the woods by gentle winds are ſtirr'd.
Such ſtifled noiſe as the cloſe furnace hides,
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
This when thou ſceſt, Galbanean odours uſe,
And honey in the ſickly hive infuſe.
Through reeden pipes convey the golden flood,
T' invite the people to their wonted food:
Mix it with thicken'd juice of ſodden wines,
And raiſins from the grapes of Pſythian vines:
To theſe add pounded galls, and roſes dry,
And with Cecropian thyme, ſtrong-ſcented centaury.
A flower there is that grows in meadow ground,
Amellus call'd, and eaſy to be found:
For from one root the riſing ſtem beſtows
A wood of leaves, and violet-purple boughs.
The flower itſelf is glorious to behold,
And ſhines on altars like refulgent gold:
Sharp to the taſte, by ſhepherds near the ſtream
Of Mella found, and thence they gave the name.
Boil this reſtoring root in generous wine,
And ſet beſide the door the ſickly ſtock to dine.
But if the labouring kind be wholly loſt,
And not to be retriev'd with care or coſt,
'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
Th' Arcadian maſter did of old impart:
And how he ſtock'd his empty hives again;
Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen ſlain.

An

An ancient legend I prepare to ſing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal ſpring:
For where, with ſeven-fold horns, myſterious Nile
Surrounds the ſkirts of Ægypt's fruitful iſle,
And where in pomp the ſun-burnt people ride,
On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
Makes green the ſoil with ſlime, and black prolific ſands;
That length of region, and large tract of ground,
In this one art a ſure relief have found.
Firſt, in a place, by nature cloſe, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that ſtrike
To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique.
A ſteer of two years old they take, whoſe head
Now firſt with burniſh'd horns begins to ſpread:
They ſtop his noſtrils, while he ſtrives in vain
To breathe free air, and ſtruggles with his pain.
Knock'd down, he dies: his bowels bruis'd within,
Betray no wound on his unbroken ſkin.
Extended thus, in his obſcene abode,
They leave the beaſt; but firſt ſweet flowers are ſtrow'd
Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleaſing caſſia juſt renew'd in prime.
This muſt be done, ere ſpring makes equal day,
When weſtern winds on curling waters play:
Ere painted meads produce their flowery crops,
Or ſwallows twitter on the chimney-tops.
The tainted blood, in this cloſe priſon pent,
Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.

Then,

Prodigious, wondrous to behold, new creatures rise,
A moving mass at first, and shapeless lumps;
Till shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings:
And more and more affecting air, they try
Their tender pinions, and begin to fly.
At length, like summer storms from spreading clouds,
Thus burst at once, and pour impetuous floods,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When from afar they gall embattled foes,
With such a tempest through the skies they steer,
And such a form the winged squadrons bear.
What God, O Muse! this useful science taught?
Or by what man's experience was it brought?
Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fled,
His bees with famine, or diseases, dead;
On Peneus' banks he stood, and near his holy head.
And while his falling tears the stream supply'd,
Thus mourning, to his mother goddess cry'd:
Mother Cyrene, mother, whose abode
Is in the depth of this immortal flood:
What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I spring,
The third, by him and thee, from heaven's high King?
O! where is all thy boasted pity gone,
And promise of the skies to thy deluded son?
Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create?
Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate.
Whom, scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful plough,
The needful aids of human life allow:
Wished is thy son, so hard a mother thou.

Proceed,

Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy ſcorn;
Root up my trees, with blights deſtroy my corn;
My vineyards ruin, and my ſheepfolds burn.
Let looſe thy rage, let all thy ſpite be ſhown,
Since thus thy hate purſues the praiſes of thy ſon.
But from her moſſy bower below the ground,
His careful mother heard the plaintive ſound,
Encompaſs'd with her ſea-green ſiſters round.
One common work they ply'd: their diſtaffs full
With carded locks of blue Mileſian wool.
Spio with Drymo brown, and Xanthe fair,
And ſweet Phyllodoce with long diſhevel'd hair:
Cydippe with Licorias, one a maid,
And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid.
Clio and Beroe, from one father both,
Both girt with gold, and clad in party-colour'd cloth.
Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud;
Niſæa lofty with Ligæa loud;
Thalia joyous, Ephyré the ſad,
And Arethuſa once Diana's maid,
But now, her quiver left, to love betray'd.
To theſe, Clymene the ſweet theft declares
Of Mars, and Vulcan's unavailing cares:
And all the rapes of gods, and every love,
Form ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.
Thus while ſhe ſings, the ſiſters turn the wheel,
Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.
A mournful ſound again the mother hears;
Again the mournful ſound invades the ſiſters' ears:

Start-

[illegible] from their green [illegible] they [illegible];
[illegible] heart, amazement [illegible] eyes.
[illegible] leaping [illegible]
[illegible] above the [illegible] head;
[illegible] from [illegible] said:
[illegible] with [illegible] fear [illegible],
[illegible] voice [illegible] breast.
[illegible] son,
Who to his carelets mother makes his moan.
Near his paternal stream he sadly stands,
With down-cast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands:
Upbraiding heaven from whence his lineage came,
And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name.
Cyrene, mov'd with love, and seiz'd with fear,
Cries out, Conduct my son, conduct him here:
'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,
To view the secrets of our deep abodes.
At once she wav'd her hand on either side,
At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.
Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand,
And leave a space betwixt, of empty sand.
Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
Which to his mother's watery palace leads.
With wondering eyes he views the secret store
Of lakes, that pent in hollow caverns roar.
He hears the crackling sound of coral woods,
And sees the secret source of subterranean floods.
And where, distinguish'd in their several cells,
The fount of Phasis and of Lycus dwells;

Where

Where ſwift Enipeus in his bed appears,
And Tiber his majeſtic forehead rears.
Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis, profound,
Breaks through th' oppoſing rocks with raging ſound.
Where Po firſt iſſues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods,
Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bull's reſemblance bears.
With rapid courſe he ſeeks the ſacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.
Now to the court arriv'd, th' admiring ſon
Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory ſtone,
Now to his mother goddeſs tells his grief,
Which ſhe with pity hears, and promiſes relief.
Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
With water drawn from their perpetual ſpring,
From earthly dregs his body purify,
And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry:
Then load the tables with a liberal feaſt,
And honour with full bowls their friendly gueſt.
The ſacred altars are involv'd in ſmoke,
And the bright quire their kindred gods invoke.
Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine;
Then thus, let theſe be pour'd, with rites divine,
To the great author of our watery line.
To father Ocean, this; and this, ſhe ſaid,
Be to the nymphs his ſacred ſiſters paid,
Who rule the watery plains, and hold the woodland ſhade.

She ſprinkled thrice, with wine, the veſtal fire,
Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aſpire.
Rais'd with ſo bleſt an omen, ſhe begun,
With words like theſe to chear her drooping ſon.
In the Carpathian bottom makes abode
The ſhepherd of the ſeas, a prophet and a god;
High o'er the main in watery pomp he rides,
His azure car and finny courſers guides:
Proteus his name: to his Pallenian port
I ſee from far the weary god reſort.
Him, not alone, we river-gods adore,
But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
With ſure foreſight, and with unerring doom,
He ſees what is, and was, and is to come.
This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
His ſcaly flocks, that graze the watery deep.
Implore his aid, for Proteus only knows
The ſecret cauſe, and cure of all thy woes.
But firſt the wily wizard muſt be caught,
For unconſtrain'd he nothing tells for nought;
Nor is with prayers, or bribes, or flattery bought.
Surprize him firſt, and with hard fetters bind;
Then all his frauds will vaniſh into wind.
I will myſelf conduct thee on thy way,
When next the ſouthing ſun inflames the day:
When the dry herbage thirſts for dews in vain,
And ſheep, in ſhades, avoid the parching plain;
Then will I lead thee to his ſecret ſeat;
When, weary with his toil, and ſcorch'd with heat,
The wayward ſire frequents his cool retreat.

His

His eyes with heavy ſlumber overcaſt;
With force invade his limbs, and bind hi
Thus ſurely bound, yet be not over bold,
The ſlippery god will try to looſe his hold:
And various forms aſſume, to cheat thy ſight;
And with vain images of beaſts affright.
With foamy tuſks will ſeem a briſtly boar,
Or imitate the lion's angry roar;
Break out in crackling [illegible] thy ſnare,
Or hiſs a dragon, or a
Or with a wile, thy ca
In fleeting ſtreams atte
But thou, the more h [illegible] forms, beware
To ſtrain his fetters w er care:
Till, tiring all his art rms again
To his true ſhape, in firſt was ſeen.
This ſaid, with ne r ſon anoints:
Infuſing vigour throu ortal joints:
Down from his head t odours ran:
He breath'd of heaven k'd above a man.

Within a mountain's hollow womb there lies
A large receſs, conceal'd from human eyes;
Where heaps of billows, driven by wind and tide,
In form of war, their watery ranks divide;
And there, like ſentries ſet, without the mouth abide;
A ſtation ſafe for ſhips, when tempeſts roar,
A ſilent harbour, and a cover'd ſhore.
Secure within reſides the various god,
And draws a rock upon his dark abode.

Hither with ſilent ſteps, ſecure from ſight,
The goddeſs guides her ſon, and turns him from the light:
Herſelf, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.
'Twas noon; the ſultry dog-ſtar from the ſky
Scorch'd Indian ſwains, the rivel'd graſs was dry;
The ſun, with flaming arrows, pierc'd the flood,
And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud:
When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
Retir'd for ſhelter to his wonted caves:
His finny flocks about their ſhepherd play,
And, rolling round him, ſpirt the bitter ſea.
Unwieldily they wallow firſt in ooze,
Then in the ſhady covert ſeek repoſe.
Himſelf their herdſman, on the middle mount,
Takes of his muſter'd flocks a juſt account.
So, ſeated on a rock, a ſhepherd's groom
Surveys his evening flocks returning home:
When lowing calves, and bleating lambs, from far,
Provoke the prouling wolf to nightly war.
Th' occaſion offers, and the youth complies:
For ſcarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,
When ruſhing on, with ſhouts, he binds in chains
The drowſy prophet, and his limbs conſtrains.
He, not unmindful of his uſual art,
Firſt in diſſembled fire attempts to part:
Then roaring beaſts and running ſtreams he tries,
And wearies all his miracles of lies:
But, having ſhifted every form to 'ſcape,
Convinc'd of conqueſt, he reſum'd his ſhape;

And

And thus, at length, in human accent sp
Audacious youth, what madness could pr
A mortal man t' invade a sleeping god?
What business brought thee to my dark abode?
To this th' audacious youth: Thou know'st full well
My name, and business, god, nor need I tell:
No man can Proteus cheat; but, Proteus, leave
Thy fraudful arts, an a deceive.
Following the gods' c come t' implore
Thy help, my perish' restore.
The seer, who could his wrath assuage,
Roll'd his green eyes, rkled with his rage;
And gnash'd his teeth y'd, No vulgar god
Persues thy crimes, n a common rod.
Thy great misdeeds h due reward,
And Orpheus' dying t length are heard;
For crimes, not his, oft his life,
And at thy hands req murder'd wife;
Nor (if the Fates affist not) canst thou 'scape
The just revenge of that intended rape.
To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride,
Unwary, took along the river's side:
Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,
That keeps the bank, in covert of the brake.
But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains tear
With loud laments, and break the yielding air:
The realms of Mars remurmur'd all around,
And echoes to th' Athenian shores rebound.

Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,
Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore,
And sought, his mournful mind with music to restore.
On thee, dear wife, in desarts all alone,
He call'd, sigh'd, sung, his griefs with day begun,
Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun.
Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night
He took his way, through forests void of light:
And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
And stood before th' inexorable king.
Th' infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
And, listening, crowd the sweet musician's side.
Nor flocks of birds when driven by storms or night,
Stretch to the forest with so thick a flight,
Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarry'd maid,
* The mighty heroes more majestic shade;
And youths on funeral piles before their parents laid.
All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds,
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds:
And baleful Styx encompasses around,
With nine slow circling streams, th' unhappy ground.
Ev'n from the depths of hell the damn'd advance,
Th' infernal mansions nodding seem to dance:
The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl,
The Furies hearken, and their snakes uncurl:
Ixion seems no more his pain to feel,
But leans attentive on his standing-wheel.

* This whole line is taken from the Marquis of Normanby's translation. DRYDEN.

All

All dangers paſt, at length the lovely bride
In ſafety goes, with her melodious guide;
Longing the common light again to ſhare,
And draw the vital breath of upper air:
He firſt, and cloſe behind him follow'd ſhe,
For ſuch was Proſerpine's ſevere decree.
When ſtrong deſires th' impatient youth invade;
By little caution and much love betray'd;
A fault which eaſy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive.
For near the confines of etherial light,
And longing for the glimmering of a ſight,
Th' unwary lover caſt his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law, nor maſter of his mind.
Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty ſmoke;
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
Three flaſhes of blue lightning gave the ſign
Of covenants broke, three peals of thunder join.
Then thus the bride: What fury ſeiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man! to loſe thyſelf and me?
Dragg'd back again by cruel deſtinies,
An iron ſlumber ſhut my ſwimming eyes.
And now farewel, involv'd in ſhades of night,
For ever I am raviſh'd from thy ſight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In ſweet embraces; ah! no longer thine!
She ſaid, and from his eyes the fleeting fair
Retir'd like ſubtle ſmoke diſſolv'd in air;
And left her hopeleſs lover in deſpair.

In vain, with folding arms, the youth eſſay'd
To ſtop her flight, and ſtrain the flying ſhade:
He prays, he raves, all means in vain he tries,
With rage inflam'd, aſtoniſh'd with ſurprize:
But ſhe return'd no more, to bleſs his longing eyes.
Nor would th' infernal Ferry-man once more
Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther ſhore.
What ſhould he do, who twice had loſt his love?
What notes invent, what new petitions move?
Her ſoul already was conſign'd to fate,
And ſhivering in the leaky ſculler ſate.
For ſeven continued months, if fame ſay true,
The wretched ſwain his ſorrows did renew;
By Strymon's freezing ſtreams he ſate alone,
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him ſing his wrongs:
Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning tongues.

So, cloſe in poplar ſhades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone:
Whoſe neſt ſome prying churl had found, and thence,
By ſtealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But ſhe ſupplies the night with mournful ſtrains,
And melancholy muſic fills the plains.

Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
Averſe from Venus, and from nuptial joys.
Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
Th' unhappy climes, where ſpring was never known;
He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain reſtor'd,
And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.

The

The Thracian matrons, who the youth
Of love diſdain'd, and marriage rites refu
With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
At length, againſt his ſacred life conſpir'd.
Whom ev'n the ſavage beaſts had ſpar'd, they kill'd,
And ſtrew'd his mangled limbs about the field,
Then, when his head from his fair ſhoulders torn,
Waſh'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne;
Ev'n then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride;
With his laſt voice, E lice, he cry'd,
Eurydice, the rocks ar ver-banks reply'd.
This anſwer Proteus gave. more he ſaid,
But in the billows plu hoary head;
And where he leap'd aves in circles widely
ſpread.
The nymph return' drooping ſon to chear,
And bade him baniſh fluous fear;
For now, ſaid ſhe, the vn, from whence
Thy woe ſucceeded, t offence:
The nymphs, compan nhappy maid,
This puniſhment upon thy crimes have laid;
And ſent a plague among thy thriving bees.
With vows and ſuppliant prayers their powers appeaſe;
The ſoft Napæan race will ſoon repent
Their anger, and remit the puniſhment:
The ſecret in an eaſy method lies;
Select four brawny bulls for ſacrifice,
Which on Lycæus graze, without a guide;
Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd:

For

With conquering arts aſſerts his country's cauſe,
With arts of peace the willing people draws:
On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heaven purſues.
While I at Naples paſs my peaceful days,
Affecting ſtudies of leſs noiſy praiſe:
And bold, through youth, beneath the beechen ſhade,
The lays of ſhepherds, and their loves, have play'd.

VIRGIL'S
ÆNEIS

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

J O H N,

LORD MARQUIS OF NORMANBY,

EARL OF MULGRAVE, &c.

AND

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

AN Heroic Poem, truly ſuch, is undoubtedly the greateſt work which the ſoul of a man is capable to perform. The deſign of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example; it is conveyed in verſe, that it may delight while it inſtructs: the action of it is always one, entire, and great. The leaſt and moſt trivial epiſodes, or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either neceſſary, or convenient, to carry on the main deſign. Either ſo neceſſary, that without them the poem muſt be imperfect; or ſo convenient, that no others can be imagined more ſuitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbiſh, which is of a periſhable kind, deſtructive to the ſtrength: but with brick or ſtone,

[illegible] mind
[illegible] must
[illegible] grave, the
[illegible] through [illegible] like
[illegible] and others have in-
[illegible] by which the reader is misled
[illegible] opposite to that which is
[illegible] poem. One rules the soul, and
[illegible] the other, the other forces it again, and un-
[illegible] it the other. One endeavors at the poet's aim,
[illegible] of his work which he is driving on,
[illegible] in every line; the other slackens
his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up
like a knight-errant in an enchanted castle, when he
should be pursuing his first adventure. Statius, as
Boffu has well observed, was ambitious of trying his
strength with his master Virgil, as Virgil had before
tried his with Homer. The Grecian gave the two
Romans an example in the games which were celebra-
ted at the funerals of Patroclus. Virgil imitated the in-
vention of Homer, but changed the parts. But both
the Greek and Latin took the occasion from the
subject [illegible] were both
[illegible] rather
[illegible] through
his whole poem, is noted for want of conduct and
judgment; instead of saying, as he might have done,
for the death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or
some other of his seven champions who are heroes all
or more properly for the tragical end of the two

brothers, whoſe exequies the next ſucceſſor had leiſure to perform, when the ſiege was raiſed, and in the interval betwixt the poet's firſt action and his ſecond, went out of his way, as it were on propenſe malice, to commit a fault: for he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant, by the means of a ſerpent (that author of all evil), to make way for thoſe funeral honours which he intended for him. Now if this innocent had been of any relation to his Thebais; if he had either furthered or hindered the taking of the town, the poet might have found ſome ſorry excuſe at leaſt for the detaining the reader from the promiſed ſiege. On theſe terms, this Capaneus of a poet engaged his two immortal predeceſſors, and his ſucceſs was anſwerable to his enterprize.

If this œconomy muſt be obſerved in the minuteſt parts of an epic poem, which, to a common reader, ſeem to be detached from the body, and almoſt independent of it, what ſoul, though ſent into the world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and ſciences, converſant with hiſtories of the dead, and enriched with obſervations on the living, can be ſufficient to inform the whole body of ſo great a work? I touch here but tranſiently, without any ſtrict method, on ſome few of thoſe many rules of imitating nature, which Ariſtotle drew from Homer's Iliads and Odyſſes, and which he fitted to the drama; furniſhing himſelf alſo with obſervations from the practice of the theatre, when it flouriſhed under Æſchylus, Eurypides, and Sophocles. For the original of the

ſtage was from the epic poem. Narration, doubtleſs, preceded acting, and gave laws to it: what at firſt was told artfully, was, in proceſs of time, repreſented gracefully to the ſight and hearing. Thoſe epiſodes of Homer, which were proper for the ſtage, the poets amplified each into an action: out of his limbs they formed their bodies: what he had contracted they enlarged: out of one Hercules were made infinity of pygmies: yet all endued with human ſouls: for from him their great creator, they have each of them the "divinæ particulam auræ." They flowed from him at firſt, and are at laſt reſolved into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their meaſure and ſymmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great action was copied by them according to the proportions of the drama: if he finiſhed his orb within the year, it ſufficed to teach them, that their action being leſs, and being alſo leſs diverſified with incidents, their orb, of conſequence, muſt be circumſcribed in a leſs compaſs, which they reduced within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day: ſo that as he taught them to amplify what he had ſhortened, by the ſame rule applied the contrary way, he taught them to ſhorten what he had amplified. Tragedy is the miniature of human life: an epic poem is the draught at length. Here, my Lord, I muſt contract alſo; for, before I was aware, I was almoſt running into a long digreſſion, to prove that there is no ſuch abſolute neceſſity that the

- of a ſtage-action ſhould ſo ſtrictly be confined to our hours, as never to exceed them, for which Ariſtotle

Ariſtotle contends, and the Grecian ſtage iſed.
Some longer ſpace, on ſome occaſions, I y be
allowed, eſpecially for the Engliſh theatre, which requires more variety of incidents than the French. Corneille himſelf, after long practice, was inclined to think, that the time allotted by the ancients was too ſhort to raiſe and finiſh a great action: and better a mechanic rule were ſtretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted raiſe, and afterwards to calm the paſſions, to] e the ſoul from pride, by the examples of human n ies, which befal the greateſt; in few words, to exp rogance, and introduce compaſſion, are the great of tragedy. Great, I muſt confeſs, if they wer ther as true as they are pompous. But are] o be introduced at three hours warning? Are al diſeaſes ſo ſuddenly removed? A mounteb romiſe ſuch a cure, but a ſkilful phyſician v dertake it. An epic poem is not ſo much t works leiſurely; the changes which it makes are ſlow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I ſaid, are too violent to be laſting. If it be anſwered, that for this reaſon tragedies are often to be ſeen, and the doſe to be repeated; this is tacitly to confeſs, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are obſerved to relieve oftener than to cure: for it is the nature of ſpirits to make ſwift impreſſions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare

[illegible]

[illegible] the whole action [illegible] within the space of four-and-twenty hours. [illegible] a well-turned [illegible] is preferred before a pearl, because it shows up in the compass of a [illegible]. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk [illegible] is greater. [illegible] the Moon [illegible] planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days, and he in little less than thirty years. [illegible] are in proportion to their [illegible] magnitudes, and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem; where [illegible] and vice punished; [illegible] than the narrowness of the [illegible]? The shining quality of an epic hero, his [illegible], his constancy, his patience, his [illegible], [illegible] virtue his poet gives him, [illegible] we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the Iliads, that his anger was pernicious; that it brought a thou-

sand

ſand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is propoſed to imitation, not his pride and diſobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the ſelling his body to his father. We abhor theſe actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only ſhews them like rocks or quick-ſands, to be ſhunned.

By this example, the critics have concluded that it is not neceſſary the manners of the hero ſhould be virtuous. They are poetically good if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is ſet before us, it is more lovely: for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Æneas of our author: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and ſtatuaries have only in their minds; and which no hands are able to expreſs. Theſe are the beauties of a god in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with thoſe warts, and moles, and hard features, by thoſe who repreſent him on the ſtage, or he is no more Achilles: for his creator Homer has ſo deſcribed him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the ſtage with all thoſe imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the cauſe, it muſt be acknowledged that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the paſſions. The paſſions, as I have ſaid, are violent: and acute diſtempers require

medicines of a ſtrong and ſpeedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are, like chronical diſeaſes, to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges are ſometimes neceſſary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exerciſe, have the greateſt part. The matter being thus ſtated, it will appear that both ſorts of poetry are of uſe for their proper ends. The ſtage is more active, the epic poem works at greater leiſure, yet is acted too, when need requires. For dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the diſtemper, and gives a healthful habit. The ſun enlightens and chears us, diſpels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is ſowed, increaſes, is ripened, and is reaped for uſe in proceſs of time, and in its proper ſeaſon. I proceed from the greatneſs of the action, to the dignity of the actors, I mean the perſons employed in both poems. There likewiſe tragedy will be ſeen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of leſs dignity, becauſe it has not of its own. A ſubject, it is true, may lend to his ſovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, becauſe he wants, and the ſubject ſupplies. And ſuppoſe the perſons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention, becauſe it was firſt, and Homer the common father of the ſtage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boaſt above heroic poetry, but that it is repreſented to the view, as

well

well as read: and inſtructs in the cloſet as on the theatre. This is an uncontended e[illegible]; and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to ſay, without partiality, that herein the actors ſhare the poet's praiſe. Your Lordſhip knows ſome modern tragedies which are beautiful on the ſtage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Triphon, the ſtationer, complains they are ſeldom aſked for in his ſhop. The poet who [illegible] he ſcene, is damned in the Ruelle; nay [illegible]t eſteemed a good poet by thoſe who ſee [illegible] extravagancies with delight. They are [illegible] ſtately fuſtian, and lofty childiſhneſs. Nothi[illegible] ature can give a ſincere pleaſure; where tha[illegible] imitated, it is groteſque painting, the fine wo[illegible] ends in a fiſh's tail.

I might alſo add, [illegible]nany things, which not only pleaſe, but are real b[illegible] in the reading, would appear abſurd upon th[illegible] and thoſe not only the "ſpecioſa miracula," [illegible]e calls them, of transformations, of Scylla, [illegible], and the Leſtrigons, which cannot be repreſented even in operas, but the proweſs of Achilles, or Æneas, would appear ridiculous in our dwarf-heroes of the theatre. We can believe they routed armies in Homer, or in Virgil; but "ne Hercules contra duos" in the drama. I forbear to inſtance in many things, which the ſtage cannot, or ought not to repreſent. For I have ſaid already more than I intended on this ſubject, and ſhould fear it might be turned againſt me; that I plead for the preeminence of epic poetry, becauſe I have taken ſome

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] time [illegible] But [illegible] rights of [illegible] even [illegible] rights of [illegible] to your [illegible] man I [illegible]

[illegible] exposes that [illegible]

place. I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I muſt confeſs: but who can anſwer for me, and for the reſt of the poets, who heard me read the poem, whether we ſhould not have been better pleaſed to have ſeen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might ſeem to be above the cenſure. We are naturally diſpleaſed with an unknown critic, as the ladies are with a lampooner; becauſe we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to faſten our revenge. But great excellencies will work their way through all ſorts of oppoſition. I applauded rather out of decency than affection; and was ambitious, as ſome yet can witneſs, to be acquainted with a man with whom I had the honour to converſe, and that almoſt daily, for ſo many years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. [illegible] extorted a praiſe, which I ſhould willingly have [illegible]n had I known you. Nothing had been more e[illegible] than to commend a patron of a long ſtanding. The world would join with me, if the encomiums were juſt; and if unjuſt, would excuſe a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you againſt my intereſt, was not altogether ſo fair, give me leave to ſay, as it was politic. For, by concealing your quality, you might clearly underſtand how your work ſucceeded; and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles. Thus, like Apelles, you ſtood unſeen behind your own Venus, and received the praiſes of the paſſing multitude: the work was commended, not the author:

author: and I doubt not, this was one of the moſt pleaſing adventures of your life.

I have detained your Lordſhip longer than I intended in this diſpute of preference betwixt the epic poem and the drama: and yet have not formally anſwered any of the arguments which are brought by Ariſtotle on the other ſide, and ſet in the faireſt light by Dacier. But I ſuppoſe, without looking on the book, I may have touched on ſome of the objections. For, in this addreſs to your Lordſhip, I deſign not a treatiſe of heroic poetry, but write in a looſe epiſtolary way, ſomewhat tending to that ſubject, after the example of Horace, in his firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book to Auguſtus Cæſar, and of that to the Piſos, which we call his Art of Poetry. In both of which he obſerves no method that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the father, or Heinſius, may have ſeen, or rather think they had ſeen. I have taken up, laid down, and reſumed, as often as I pleaſed, the ſame ſubject: and this looſe proceeding I ſhall uſe through all this prefatory Dedication. Yet all this while I have been ſailing with ſome ſide-wind or other toward the point I propoſed in the beginning; the greatneſs and excellency of an heroic poem, with ſome of the difficulties which attend that work. The compariſon therefore which I made betwixt the epopee, and the tragedy, was not altogether a digreſſion; for it is concluded on all hands, that they are both the maſter-pieces of human wit.

In the mean time, I may be bold to draw this corollary from what has been already ſaid, That the file of heroic

heroic poets is very ſhort: all are not ſuch have aſſumed that lofty title in ancient or modern ages, or have been ſo eſteemed by their partial and ignorant admirers.

There have been but one great Ilias, and one Æneis, in ſo many ages. The next, but the next with a long interval betwixt, was the Jeruſalem: I mean not ſo much in diſtance of time, as in excellency. After theſe three are entered, ſome Lord Chamberlain ſhould be appointed, ſome critic of authority ſhould be ſet before the door, to keep out a crowd of little poets, who preſs for admiſſion, and are not of quality. Mævius would be deafening your Lordſhip's ears, with his

"Fortunam Priami cantabo, & nobile bellum."

Mere fuſtian, as Horace would tell you from behind, without preſſing forward and more ſmoke than fire. Pulci, Boyardo, and Ariosto, would cry out, Make room for the Italian poets, the deſcendants of Virgil in a right line. Father le Moin, with his Saint Louis; and Scudery with his Alaric, for a godly king, and a Gothic conqueror; and Chapelain would take it ill that his maid ſhould be refuſed a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spenſer has a better plea for his Fairy Queen, had his action been finiſhed, or had been one. And Milton, if the devil had not been his hero, inſtead of Adam, if the giant had not foiled the knight, and driven him out of his ſtrong hold, to wander through the world with his lady-errant; and if there had not been more machining perſons than human, in his

his poem. After theſe, the reſt of our Engliſh poets ſhall not be mentioned. I have that honour for them which I ought to have; but if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongſt the three whom I have named, and who are eſtabliſhed in their reputation.

Before I quitted the compariſon betwixt epic poetry and tragedy, I ſhould have acquainted my judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now caſually remember out of the preface of Segrais before his tranſlation of the Æneis, or out of Boſſu, no matter which. The ſtyle of the heroic poem is, and ought to be, more lofty than that of the drama. The critic is certainly in the right, for the reaſon already urged: the work of tragedy is on the paſſions; and, in a dialogue, both of them abhor ſtrong metaphors, in which the epopee delights. A poet cannot ſpeak too plainly on the ſtage: for, "Volat irrevocabile verbum;" the ſenſe is loſt, if it be not taken flying; but what we read alone, we have leiſure to digeſt. There an author may beautify his ſenſe by the boldneſs of his expreſſion, which, if we underſtand not fully at the firſt, we may dwell upon it, till we find the ſecret force and excellence. That which cures the manners by alterative phyſic, as I ſaid before, muſt proceed by inſenſible degrees; but that which purges the paſſions, muſt do its buſineſs all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at leaſt in the preſent operation, and without repeated doſes. We muſt beat the iron while it is hot, but we may poliſh it at leiſure. Thus, my Lord, you pay the fine of my forgetfulneſs; and yet the

ike Hannibal, I am called back to the defence
wn country. Virgil is attacked by many ene-
ne has a whole confederacy againſt him, and I
deavour to defend him as well as I am able.
ir principal objections being againſt his moral,
ition or length of time taken up in the action
oem, and what they have to urge againſt the
; of his hero; I ſhall omit the reſt as mere ca-
rammarians; at the worſt but caſual ſlips of a
n's pen, or inconſiderable faults of an admi-
m, which the author had not leiſure to review
is death. Macrobius has anſwered what the
could urge againſt him; and ſome things I
ely read in Tanneguy, le Fevre, Valois, and
whom I name not, which are ſcarce worth an-
. They begin with the moral of his poem,
have elſewhere confeſſed, and ſtill muſt own,
e ſo noble as that of Homer. But let both be
ited; and, without contradicting my firſt opi-
can ſhew that Virgil's was as uſeful to the Ro-
his age, as Homer's was to the Grecians of

twixt confederate ſtates and princes engaged in a war with a mighty monarch; as alſo of diſcipline in an army, and obedience in their ſeveral chiefs, to the ſupreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this, he ſets forth the ruinous effects of diſcord in the camp of thoſe allies, occaſioned by the quarrel betwixt the general, and one of the next in office under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles reſents the injury. Both parties are faulty in the quarrel, and accordingly they are both puniſhed: the aggreſſor is forced to ſue for peace to his inferior on diſhonourable conditions; the deſerter refuſes the ſatisfaction offered, and his obſtinacy coſts him his beſt friend. This works the natural effect of choler, and turns his rage againſt him by whom he was laſt affronted, and moſt ſenſibly. The greater anger expels the leſs; but his character is ſtill preſerved. In the mean time, the Grecian army receives loſs on loſs, and is half deſtroyed by a peſtilence into the bargain.

"Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

As the poet, in the firſt part of the example, had ſhewn the bad effects of diſcord, ſo after the reconcilement, he gives the good effects of unity. For Hector is ſlain, and then Troy muſt fall. By this it is probable, that Homer lived when the Median monarchy was grown formidable to the Grecians; and that the joint endeavours of his countrymen were little enough to preſerve their common freedom from an encroaching enemy. Such was his moral, which all critics have

allowed to be more noble than that of Vir[illegible]ough not adapted to the times in which the Roman[illegible]ived. Had Virgil flouriſhed in the age of Ennius, and addreſſed to Scipio, he had probably taken the ſame moral, or ſome other not unlike it. For then the Romans were in as much danger from the Carthaginian commonwealth, as the Grecians were from the Aſſyrian or Median monarchy. But we are to conſider him as writing his poem in a time when the old form of government was ſubverted, and a new one juſt eſtabliſhed by Octavius Cæſar; in effect by force of arms, but ſeemingly by the conſent of the Roman people. The commonwealth had received a deadly wound in the former civil wars between Marius and Sylla. The commons, while the firſt prevailed, had almoſt ſhaken off the yoke of the nobility: and Maius and Cinna, like the captains of th[illegible] under the ſpecious pretence of the public good [illegible] of doing juſtice on the oppreſſors of their liberty, revenged themſelves, without form of law, on their private enemies. Sylla, in his turn, proſcribed the heads of the adverſe party: he, too, had nothing but liberty and reformation in his mouth (for the cauſe of religion is but a modern motive to rebellion, invented by the chriſtian prieſthood, refining on the heathen). Sylla, to be ſure, meant no more good to the Roman people than Marius before, whatever he declared; but ſacrificed the lives, and took the eſtates of all his enemies, to gratify thoſe who brought him into power: ſuch was the reformation of the government by both parties. The ſenate

and

and the commons were the two baſes on which it ſtood; and the two champions of either faction, each deſtroyed the foundations of the other ſide: ſo the fabric of conſequence muſt fall betwixt them, and tyranny muſt be built upon their ruins. This comes of altering fundamental laws and conſtitutions. Like him, who, being in good health, lodged himſelf in a phyſician's houſe, and was over-perſuaded by his landlord to take phyſic, of which he died, for the benefit of his doctor: "Stavo ben (was written on his monument) ma, perſtar meglio, ſto qui."

After the death of thoſe two uſurpers, the commonwealth ſeemed to recover, and held up its head for a little time. But it was all the while in a deep conſumption, which is a flattering diſeaſe. Pompey, Craſſus, and Cæſar, had found the ſweets of arbitrary power; and, each being a check to the other's growth, ſtruck up a falſe friendſhip amongſt themſelves, and divided the government betwixt them, which none of them was able to aſſume alone. Theſe were the public-ſpirited men of their age, that is, patriots of their own intereſt. The commonwealth looked with a florid countenance in their management, ſpread in bulk, and all the while was waſting in the vitals. Not to trouble your Lordſhip with the repetition of what you know: after the death of Craſſus, Pompey found himſelf outwitted by Cæſar; broke with him, overpowered him in the ſenate, and cauſed many unjuſt decrees to paſs againſt him: Cæſar, thus injured, and unable to reſiſt the faction of the nobles, which was now uppermoſt (for

(for he was a Marian) had recourſe to arms; and his cauſe was juſt againſt Pompey, but not againſt his country; whoſe conſtitution ought to have been ſacred to him; and never to have been violated on the account of any private wrong. But he prevailed; and heaven declaring for him, he became a providential monarch, under the title of Perpetual Dictator. He being murdered by his own ſon, whom I neither dare commend, nor can juſtly blame (though Dante, in his Inferno, has put him and Caſſius, and Judas Iſcariot betwixt them, into the great devil's mouth) the commonwealth popped up its head for the third time, under Brutus and Caſſius, and then ſunk for ever.

Thus the Roman people were groſsly gulled, twice or thrice over; and as often enſlaved in one century, and under the ſame pretence of reformation. At laſt the two battles of Philippi gave the deciſive ſtroke againſt liberty; and not long after, the commonwealth was turned into a monarchy, by the conduct and good-fortune of Auguſtus. It is true, that the deſpotic power could not have fallen into better hands, than thoſe of the firſt and ſecond Cæſar. Your Lordſhip well knows what obligations Virgil had to the latter of them: he ſaw, beſide, that the commonwealth was loſt without reſource: the heads of it deſtroyed; the ſenate new moulded, grown degenerate; and either bought off, or thruſting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forced. Yet I may ſafely affirm for our great author, (as men of good ſenſe are generally

... was full of republican principles in ...—

"Secretisque piis, his dantem jura Catonem."

Friends, I need use no other argument to justify my opinion, than that of this one line, taken from the eighth book of the Æneis. If he had not well studied Cæsar's temper, it might have ruined him with another prince. But Augustus was not discontented, at least that we can find, that Cato was placed, by his own poet, in Elysium; and there giving laws to the holy souls, who deserved to be separated from the vulgar sort of good spirits. For his conscience could not but whisper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of Rome were at first elective, and governed not without a senate: that Romulus was no hereditary prince, and though, after his death, he received divine honours, for the good he did on earth, yet he was but a god of their own making: that the last Tarquin was expelled justly for overt-acts of tyranny, and male-administration: for such are the conditions of an elective kingdom: and I meddle not with others: being, for my own opinion, of Montaigne's principles, That an honest man ought to be contented with that form of government, and with those fundamental constitutions of it, which he received from his ancestors, and under which himself was born. Though at the same time he confessed freely, that if he could have chosen his place of birth, it should have been at Venice:

which,

which, for many reasons, I dislike, and am better pleased to have been born an Englishman.

But to return from my long rambling: I say that Virgil having maturely weighed the condition of the times in which he lived; that an entire liberty was not to be retrieved: that the present settlement had the prospect of a long continuance in the same family, or those adopted into it: that he held his paternal estate from the bounty of the conqueror, by whom he was likewise enriched, esteemed, and cherished: that this conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very best of it: that the arts of peace flourished under him: that all men might be happy, if they would be quiet: that now he was in possession of the whole, yet he shared a great part of his authority with the senate: that he would be chosen into the ancient offices of the commonwealth, and ruled by the power which he derived from them; and prorogued his government from time to time: still, as it were, threatening to dismiss himself from public cares, which he exercised more for the common good, than for any delight he took in greatness: these things, I say, being considered by the poet, he concluded it to be the interest of his country to be so governed: to infuse an awful respect into the people towards such a prince: by that respect to confirm their obedience to him: and by that obedience to make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem: honest in the poet: honourable to the emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction; and reflecting part of that honour on the Roman people, whom

he derives alſo from the Trojans; and not only profitable, but neceſſary to the preſent age; and likely to be ſuch to their poſterity. That it was the received opinion, that the Romans were deſcended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæſar from Iulus the ſon of Æneas, was enough for Virgil; though perhaps he thought not ſo himſelf: or that Æneas ever was in Italy, which Bochartus manifeſtly proves. And Homer, where he ſays that Jupiter hated the houſe of Priam, and was reſolved to transfer the kingdom to the family of Æneas, yet mentions nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign country, and ſettling there: but that the Romans valued themſelves on their Trojan anceſtry, is ſo undoubted a truth, that I need not prove it. Even the ſeals which we have remaining of Julius Cæſar, which we know to be antique, have the ſtar of Venus over them, though they were all graven after his death, as a note that he was deified. I doubt not but one reaſon, why Auguſtus ſhould be ſo paſſionately concerned for the preſervation of the Æneis, which its author had condemned to be burnt, as an imperfect poem, by his laſt will and teſtament, was, becauſe it did him a real ſervice, as well as an honour; that a work ſhould not be loſt, where his divine original was celebrated in verſe, which had the character of immortality ſtamped upon it.

Neither were the great Roman families which flouriſhed in his time, leſs obliged to him than the emperor. Your Lordſhip knows with what addreſs he makes

mention

mention of them, as captains of ships, or leaders in the wars; and even some of Italian extraction are not forgotten. These are the single stars which are sprinkled through the Æneis: but there are whole constellations of them in the fifth book. And I could not but take notice, when I translated it, of some favourite families to which he gives the victory, and awards the prises, in the person of his hero, at the funeral games which were celebrated in honour of Anchises. I insist not on their names; but am pleased to find the Memmii amongst them, derived from Mnestheus, because Lucretius dedicates to one of that family, a branch of which destroyed Corinth. I likewise either found or formed an image to myself of the contrary kind; that those who lost the prizes, were such as disobliged the poet, or were in disgrace with Augustus, or enemies to Mecenas: and this was the poetical revenge he took. For "genus irritabile Vatum," as Horace says. When a poet is thoroughly provoked, he will do himself justice, however dear it cost him, "Animamque in vulnere ponit." I think these are not bare imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the commentators: but one poet may judge of another, by himself. The vengeance we defer, is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole Roman people were obliged by Virgil, in deriving them from Troy; an ancestry which they affected. We, and the French, are of the same humour: they would be thought to descend from a son, I think, of Hector: and we would have our Britain both named and plant-

ed by a defendant of Æneas. Spenser favours this opinion what he can. His Prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the house of Homer was a Grecian, of Virgil a Roman, of Tasso an Italian.

I have compassed my bounds, and gone further than the general leads me. But if your Lordship is not tired, I am fair enough.

Thus far, I think, my author is defended. But as Augustus is still shadowed in the person of Æneas, of which I shall say more when I come to the moments which the poet gives his hero, I must purpose that subject, by shewing how dexterously he managed both the prince and people, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both; which is the part of a wise and an honest man: and powers, that it is possible for a courtier not to be a knave. I shall continue still to speak my thoughts like a free-born subject, as I am; though such things, perhaps, as no Dutch commentator could, and I am sure no Frenchman durst. I have already told your Lordship my opinion of Virgil; that he was no arbitrary man: obliged he was to his master for his bounty; and he repays him with good counsel, how to behave himself in his new monarchy, so as to gain the affections of his subjects, and deserve to be called the father of his country. From this consideration it is, that he chose the ground-work of his poem, one empire destroyed, and another raised from the ruins of it. This was the just parallel. Æneas did not pretend to be Priam's heir, in a lineal succession:

ceſſion: for Anchiſes, the hero's father, was only of the ſecond branch of the royal family; and Helenus, a ſon of Priam, was yet ſurviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, Virgil mentions him on that account. Neither has he forgotten Priamus, in the fifth of his Æneis, the ſon of Polites, youngeſt ſon to Priam; who was ſlain by Pyrrhus, in the ſecond book. Æneas had only married Creüſa, Priam's daughter, and by her could have no title, while any of the male iſſue were remaining. In this caſe, the poet gave him the next title, which is that of an elective king. The remaining Trojans choſe him to lead them forth, and ſettle them in ſome foreign country. Ilioneus, in his ſpeech to Dido, calls him expreſsly by the name of king. Our poet, who all this while had Auguſtus in his eye, had no deſire he ſhould ſeem to ſucceed by any right of inheritance, derived from Julius Cæſar; ſuch a title being but one degree removed from conqueſt. For what was introduced by force, by force may be removed. It was better for the people that they ſhould give, than he ſhould take. Since that gift was indeed no more at bottom than a truſt; Virgil gives us an example of this, in the perſon of Mezentius. He governed arbitrarily, he was expelled; and came to the deſerved end of all tyrants. Our author ſhews us another ſort of kingſhip, in the perſon of Latinus: he was deſcended from Saturn, and, as I remember, in the third degree. He is deſcribed a juſt and gracious prince; ſolicitous for the welfare of his people; always conſulting with his ſe-

As for Auguſtus, or his uncle Julius, claiming by deſcent from Æneas; that title is already out of doors. Æneas ſucceeded not, but was elected. Troy was fore-doomed to fall for ever.

"Poſtquam res Aſiæ, Priamique evertere regnum
"Immeritum viſum Superis,—
Æneis, lib. III. 1."

Auguſtus, it is true, had once reſolved to rebuild that city, and there to make the ſeat of empire: but Horace writes an ode on purpoſe to deter him from that thought; declaring the place to be accurſed, and that the gods would as often deſtroy it, as it ſhould be raiſed. Hereupon the emperor laid aſide a project ſo ungrateful to the Roman people. But by this, my Lord, we may conclude that he had ſtill his pedigree in his head; and had an itch of being thought a divine king, if his poets had not given him better counſel.

I will paſs by many leſs material objections, for want of room to anſwer them: what follows next is of great importance, if the critics can make out their charge; for it is leveled at the manners which our poet gives his hero, and which are the ſame which were eminently ſeen in his Auguſtus: thoſe manners were, piety to the gods, and a dutiful affection to his father; love to his relations; care of his people; courage and conduct in the wars: gratitude to thoſe who had obliged him, and juſtice in general to mankind.

Piety,

Piety, as your Lordſhip ſees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his character: and the word in Latin is more full than it can poſſibly be expreſſed in any modern language; for there it comprehends not only devotion to the gods, but filial love and tender affection to relations of all ſorts. As inſtances of this, the deities of Troy, and his own Penates, are made the companions of his flight: they appear to him in his voyage, and adviſe him; and at laſt he replaces them in Italy, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back; he leads his little ſon; his wife follows him; but, loſing his footſteps through fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midſt of his enemies to find her; and leaves not his purſuit till her ghoſt appears, to forbid his farther ſearch. I will ſay nothing of his duty to his father while he lived, his ſorrow for his death; of the games inſtituted in honour of his memory; or ſeeking him, by his command, even after his death, in the Elyſian fields. I will not mention his tenderneſs for his ſon, which every where is viſible: of his raiſing a tomb for Polydorus, the obſequies for Miſenus, his pious remembrance of Deiphobus; the funeral of his nurſe; his grief for Pallas, and his revenge taken on his murderer, whom otherwiſe, by his natural compaſſion, he had forgiven; and then the poem had been left imperfect; for we could have had no certain proſpect of his happineſs, while the laſt obſtacle to it was unremoved. Of the other parts which compoſe his character, as a king, or as a general, I need ſay nothing; the whole Æneis is one continued inſtance of

of ſome one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them taxed, it ſhould ſuffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my divine maſter to your Lordſhip, and by you to the reader. But herein, Segrais, in his admirable preface to his tranſlation of the Æneis, as the author of the Dauphin's Virgil juſtly calls it, has prevented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially ſpeaking, the French are as much better critics than the Engliſh, as they are worſe poets. Thus we generally allow, that they better underſtand the management of a war, than our iſlanders; but we know we are ſuperior to them in the day of battle. They value themſelves on their generals, we on our ſoldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that queſtion, if they make it one. I ſhall perhaps ſay as much of other nations, and their poets, excepting only Taſſo; and hope to make my aſſertion good, which is but doing juſtice to my country; part of which honour will reflect on your Lordſhip, whoſe thoughts are always juſt; your numbers harmonious, your words choſen, your expreſſions ſtrong and manly, your verſe flowing, and your turns as happy as they are eaſy. If you would ſet us more copies, your example would make all precepts needleſs. In the mean time, that little you have written is owned, and that particularly by the poets (who are a nation not over laviſh of praiſe to their contemporaries), as a principal ornament of our language: but the ſweeteſt eſſences are always confined in the ſmalleſt glaſſes.

When

When I ſpeak of your Lordſhip, it is never a digreſſion, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up Segrais where I left him, and ſhall uſe him leſs often than I have occaſion for him. For his preface is a perfect piece of criticiſm, full and clear, and digeſted into an exact method; mine is looſe, and, as I intended it, epiſtolary. Yet I dwell on many things which he durſt not touch: for it is dangerous to offend an arbitrary maſter; and every patron who has the power of Auguſtus, has not his clemency. In ſhort, my Lord, I would not tranſlate him, becauſe I would bring you ſomewhat of my own. His notes and obſervations on every book are of the ſame excellency; and, for the ſame reaſon, I omit the greater part.

He takes no notice that Virgil is arraigned for placing piety before valour; and making that piety the chief character of his hero. I have already ſaid, from Boſſu, that a poet is not obliged to make his hero a virtuous man: therefore neither Homer nor Taſſo are to be blamed, for giving what predominant quality they pleaſed to their firſt character. But Virgil, who deſigned to form a perfect prince, and would inſinuate that Auguſtus, whom he calls Æneas in his poem, was truly ſuch, found himſelf obliged to make him without blemiſh; thoroughly virtuous: and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. Taſſo, without queſtion, obſerved this before me; and therefore ſplit his hero in two: he gave Godfrey piety, and Rinaldo fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. Homer, who had choſen another moral, makes both Agamem-

non

and Achilles vicious; for his deſign was, to in-
t in virtue, by ſhewing the deformity of vice. I
l repetition of what I have ſaid above. What fol-
is tranſlated literally from Segrais.

rgil had conſidered, that the greateſt virtues of Au-
s conſiſted in the perfect art of governing his peo-
which cauſed him to reign above forty years in
t felicity. He conſidered that his emperor was va-
, civil, popular, eloquent, politic, and religious;
s given all theſe qualities to Æneas. But, know-
that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of
towards the gods, towards his country, and
rds his relations, he judged that this ought to be
rſt character, whom he would ſet for a pattern of
ction. In reality, they who believe that the
s which ariſe from valour, are ſuperior to thoſe
h proceed from any other virtues, have not con-
d (as they ought) that valour, deſtitute of other
es, cannot render a man worthy of any true
n. That quality, which ſignifies no more than
ntrepid courage, may be ſeparated from many
s which are good, and accompanied with many
h are ill. A man may be very valiant, and yet
ous and vicious. But the ſame cannot be ſaid of
, which excludes all ill qualities, and compre-
s even valour itſelf, with all other qualities which
good. Can we, for example, give the praiſe of
ur to a man who ſhould ſee his gods profaned, and
ld want the courage to defend them? to a man

who

who ſhould abandon his father, or deſert his king in his laſt neceſſity?

Thus far Segrais, in giving the preference to piety, before valour. I will now follow him where he conſiders this valour, or intrepid courage, ſingly in itſelf; and this alſo Virgil gives to his Æneas, and that in an heroical degree.

Having firſt concluded that our poet did for the beſt in taking the firſt character of his hero from that eſſential virtue on which the reſt depend, he proceeds to tell us, that in the ten years war of Troy, he was conſidered as the ſecond champion of his country; allowing Hector the firſt place; and this, even by the confeſſion of Homer, who took all occaſions of ſetting up his own countrymen the Grecians, and of undervaluing the Trojan chiefs. But Virgil (whom Segrais forgot to cite) makes Diomede give him a higher character for ſtrength and courage. His teſtimony is this, in the eleventh book:

" —— Stetimus tela aſpera contra,
" Contulimuſque manus: experto credite, quantus
" In clypeum aſſurgat, quo turbine torqueat haſtam.
" Si duo præterea tales Idæa tuliſſet
" Terra viros; ultro Inachias veniſſet ad urbes
" Dardanus, & verſis lugeret Græcia fatis.
" Quicquid apud duræ ceſſatum eſt mœnia Trojæ,
" Hectoris, Æneæque manu victoria Graiûm
" Hæſit, & in decumum veſtigia retulit annum.
" Ambo animis, ambo inſignes præſtantibus armis:
" Hic pietate prior."——

I give

I suppose here my translation of those verses; though I think I have not ill succeeded in them; because your Lordship is so great a master of the original, that I have no reason to desire that you should see Virgil and me so near together. But you may please, my Lord, to take notice, that the Latin author refines upon the Greek, and insinuates that Homer has done his hero wrong, in giving the advantage of the duel to his own countryman; though Diomedes was undoubtedly the second companion of the Grecians; and Ulysses preferred him before Ajax, when he chose him for the champion of his nightly expedition; for he had a hand-piece of his own; and wanted only the for-niture of another, to bring him off with safety; and that he might compass his design with honour.

The French translator thus proceeds: they who accuse Æneas for want of courage, either understand not Virgil, or have read him slightly; otherwise they could not raise an objection so easy to be answered. Hereupon he gives so many instances of the hero's valour, that to repeat them after him would tire your Lordship, and put me to the unnecessary trouble of transcribing the greatest part of the three last Æneids. In short, more could not be expected from an Amadis, a Sir Lancelot, or a whole round table, than he performs. "Proxima quæque metit gladio," is the perfect account of a knight-errant. If it be replied, continued Segrais, that it was not difficult for him to undertake and atchieve such hardy enterprizes, because he wore enchanted arms; that accusation, in the first

place, muſt fall on Homer, ere it can reach Virgil. Achilles was as well provided with them as Æneas; though he was invulnerable without them: and Arioſto, the two Taſſo's, Bernardo and Torquato, even our own Spenſer; in a word, all modern poets have copied Homer, as well as Virgil; he is neither the firſt nor laſt, but in the midſt of them; and therefore is ſafe, if they are ſo. Who knows, ſays Segrais, but that his fated armour was only an allegorical defence, and ſignified no more than that he was under the peculiar protection of the god's? born, as the aſtrologers will tell us, out of Virgil (who was well verſed in the Chaldean myſteries), under the favourable influence of Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun. But I inſiſt not on this, becauſe I know you believe not there is ſuch an art; though not only Horace and Perſius, but Auguſtus himſelf thought otherwiſe. But, in defence of Virgil, I dare poſitively ſay, that he has been more cautious in this particular, than either his predeceſſor or his deſcendants. For Æneas was actually wounded, in the twelfth of the Æneis; though he had the ſame god-ſmith to forge his arms, as had Achilles. It ſeems he was no warluck, as the Scots commonly call ſuch men, who, they ſay, are iron-free, or lead-free. Yet after this experiment, that his arms were not impenetrable, when he was cured indeed by his mother's help; becauſe he was that day to conclude the war by the death of Turnus, the poet durſt not carry the miracle too far, and reſtore him wholly to his former vigour: he was ſtill too weak to overtake his enemy; yet

yet we ſee with what courage he attacks Turnus, when he faces and renews the combat. I need ſay no more: for Virgil defends himſelf without needing my aſſiſtance; and proves his hero truly to deſerve that name. He was not then a ſecond-rate champion, as they would have him, who think fortitude the firſt virtue in a hero. But being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be valiant; becauſe he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a man of courage.

In the firſt place, if tears are arguments of cowardice, what ſhall I ſay of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles paſs for timorous, becauſe he wept, and wept on leſs occaſions than Æneas? Herein Virgil muſt be granted to have excelled his maſter. For once both heroes are deſcribed, lamenting their loſt loves: Briſeïs was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creüſa was loſt for ever to her huſband. But Achilles went roaring along the ſalt-ſea ſhore; and, like a booby, was complaining to his mother, when he ſhould have revenged his injury by his arms. Æneas took a nobler courſe; for, having ſecured his father and ſon, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if ſhe had been above ground. And here your Lordſhip may obſerve the addreſs of Virgil: it was not for nothing that this paſſage was related with all theſe tender circumſtances. Æneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been ſo affectionate a huſband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove

as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais, on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles. And Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But, if we observe more closely, we shall find, that the tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion, and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin-hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice; when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching storm.

"Extemplò Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra:
"Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas," &c.

But to this I have answered formerly; that his fear was not for himself, but for his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept;

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he was promiſed Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accompliſhment of that promiſe. All this in the beginning of a ſtorm; therefore he ſhewed the more early piety, and the quicker ſenſe of compaſſion. Thus much I have urged elſewhere in the defence of Virgil; and ſince I have been informed, by Mr. Moyle, a young gentleman whom I can never ſufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accurſed death. So that, if we grant him to have been afraid, he had juſt occaſion for that fear, both in relation to himſelf and to his ſubjects. I think our adverſaries can carry this argument no farther, unleſs they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promiſe of the gods: but how was he aſſured that he had underſtood their oracles aright? Helenus might be miſtaken, Phœbus might ſpeak doubtfully; even his mother might flatter him, that he might proſecute his voyage, which, if it ſucceeded happily, he ſhould be the founder of an empire. For that ſhe herſelf was doubtful of his fortune, is apparent by the addreſs ſhe made to Jupiter on his behalf. To which the god makes anſwer in theſe words:

"Pärce metu, Cytheræa; manent immota tuorum
"Fata tibi," &c.

Notwithſtanding which, the goddeſs, though comforted, was not aſſured: for even after this, through the courſe of the whole Æneis, ſhe ſtill apprehends the intereſt which Juno might make with Jupiter againſt her ſon. For it was a moot point in heaven whether

he could alter fate, or not. And indeed, ſome paſſages in Virgil would make us ſuſpect that he was of opinion Jupiter might defer fate, though he could not alter it. For, in the latter end of the tenth book, he introduces Juno begging for the life of Turnus, and flattering her huſband with the power of changing deſtiny. "Tua qua potes, orſa reflectas." To which he graciouſly anſwers:

"Si mora præſentis lethi tempuſque caduco
"Oratur juveni, meque hoc ita ponere ſentis;
"Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque inſtantibus eripe fatis.
"Hactenus indulſiſſe vacat. Sin altior iſtis
"Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri
"Mutarive putas bellum, ſpes paſcis inanes."

But that he could not alter thoſe decrees, the king of gods himſelf confeſſes, in the book above cited: when he comforts Hercules, for the death of Pallas, who had invoked his aid before he threw his lance at Turnus:

"——— Trojæ ſub mœnibus altis,
"Tot nati cecidere Deûm; quin occidit unâ
"Sarpedon mea progenies: etiam ſua Turnum
"Fata manent, metaſque dati pervenit ad ævi."

Where he plainly acknowledges, that he could not ſave his own ſon, or prevent the death which he foreſaw. Of his power to defer the blow, I once occaſionally diſcourſed with that excellent perſon Sir Robert Howard; who is better converſant, than any man that

Hippo, in the doctrine of the Stoics, and he set me right, from the concurrent teſtimony of philoſophers and poets, that Jupiter could not retard the effects of fate, even for a moment. For when I cited Virgil, as favouring the contrary opinion in that verſe,

"Talle fugâ Turnum, atque inſantibus eripe fatis,"

he replied, and I think with exact judgment, that when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the preſent danger, it was becauſe he certainly foreknew that his fatal hour was not come: that it was in deſtiny for Juno at that time to ſave him; and that himſelf obeyed deſtiny, in giving her that leave.

I need ſay no more in juſtification of our hero's courage, and am much deceived if he ever be attacked on this ſide of his character again. But he is arraigned with more ſhew of reaſon by the ladies; who will make a numerous party againſt him, for being falſe to love, in forſaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for, to ſay the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet, if I can bring him off with flying colours, they may learn experience at her coſt; and, for her ſake, avoid a cave, as the worſt ſhelter they can chooſe from a ſhower of rain, eſpecially when they have a lover in their company.

In the firſt place, Segrais obſerves, with much acuteneſs, that they who blame Æneas for his inſenſibility of love, when he left Carthage, contradict their former accuſation of him, for being always crying, compaſſionate, and effeminately ſenſible of thoſe miſ-

fortunes which befel others. They give him two contrary characters; but Virgil makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this blunder, by laying the contradiction at Virgil's door. He, say they, has shewn his hero with these inconsistent characters: acknowledging and ungrateful, compassionate and hard-hearted; but, at the bottom, fickle and self-interested. For Dido had not only received his weather-beaten troops before she saw him, and given them her protection, but had also offered them an equal share in her dominion.

"Vultis & his mecum pariter considere Regnis?
"Urbem quam statuo, vestra est."

This was an obligement never to be forgotten; and the more to be considered, because antecedent to her love. That passion, it is true, produced the usual effects of generosity, gallantry, and care to please; and thither we refer them. But when she had made all these advances, it was still in his power to have refused them: after the intrigue of the cave, call it marriage, or enjoyment only, he was no longer free to take or leave, he had accepted the favour; and was obliged to be constant, if he would be grateful.

My Lord, I have set this argument in the best light I can, that the ladies may not think I write booty: and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Dr. Cudworth, who has raised such strong objections against the being of a God and Providence, that many think

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he has not anſwered them. You may pleaſe at leaſt to hear the adverſe party. Segrais pleads for Virgil, that no leſs than an abſolute command from Jupiter could excuſe this inſenſibility of the hero, and this abrupt departure, which looks ſo like extreme ingratitude. But, at the ſame time, he does wiſely to remember you, that Virgil had made piety the firſt character of Æneas: and this being allowed, as I am afraid it muſt, he was obliged, antecedent to all other conſiderations, to ſearch an aſylum for his gods in Italy, for thoſe very gods, I ſay, who had promiſed to his race the univerſal empire. Could a pious man diſpenſe with the commands of Jupiter, to ſatisfy his paſſion; or, take it in the ſtrongeſt ſenſe, to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, it is true, muſt have moral honeſty for its ground-work, or we ſhall be apt to ſuſpect its truth; but an immediate revelation diſpenſes with all duties of morality. All caſuiſts agree, that theft is a breach of the moral law: yet, if I might preſume to mingle things ſacred with profane, the Iſraelites only ſpoiled the Egyptians, not robbed them; becauſe the property was transferred by a revelation to their lawgiver. I confeſs, Dido was a very infidel in this point; for ſhe would not believe, as Virgil makes her ſay, that ever Jupiter would ſend Mercury on ſuch an immoral errand. But this needs no anſwer, at leaſt no more than Virgil gives it:

"Fata obſtant, placidaſque viri Deus obſtruit aures."

This notwithſtanding, as Segrais confeſſes, he might have ſhewn a little more ſenſibility, when he left her; for that had been according to his character.

But let Virgil anſwer for himſelf. He ſtill loved her, and ſtruggled with his inclinations to obey the gods:

"——— Curam ſub corde premebat,
"Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus
"amore."

Upon the whole matter, and humanely ſpeaking, I doubt there was a fault ſomewhere; and Jupiter is better able to bear the blame than either Virgil or Æneas. The poet, it ſeems, had found it out, and therefore brings the deſerting hero and the forſaken lady to meet together in the lower regions; where he excuſes himſelf when it is too late, and accordingly ſhe will take no ſatisfaction, nor ſo much as hear him. Now Segrais is forced to abandon his defence, and excuſes his author, by ſaying that the Æneis is an imperfect work, and that death prevented the divine poet from reviewing it, and for that reaſon he had condemned it to the fire: though, at the ſame time, his two tranſlators muſt acknowledge, that the ſixth book is the moſt correct of the whole Æneis. Oh, how convenient is a machine ſometimes in an heroic poem! This of Mercury is plainly one, and Virgil was conſtrained to uſe it here, or the honeſty of his hero would be ill defended. And the fair ſex, however, if they had the deſerter in their power, would certainly have ſhewn him

him no more mercy than the Bacchanals did Orpheus. For if too much conſtancy may be a fault ſometimes; then want of conſtancy and ingratitude, after the laſt favour, is a crime that never will be forgiven. But of machines, more in their proper place; where I ſhall ſhew, with how much judgment they have been uſed by Virgil: and, in the mean time, paſs to another article of his defence, on the preſent ſubject; where, if I cannot clear the hero, I hope at leaſt to bring off the poet; for here I muſt divide their cauſes. Let Æneas truſt to his machine, which will only help to break his fall, but the addreſs is incomparable. Plato, who borrowed ſo much from Homer, and yet concluded for the baniſhment of all poets, would at leaſt have rewarded Virgil, before he ſent him into exile. But I go farther, and ſay, that he ought to be acquitted; and deſerved, beſide, the bounty of Auguſtus, and the gratitude of the Roman people. If, after this, the ladies will ſtand out, let them remember, that the jury is not all agreed; for Octavia was of his party, and was of the firſt quality in Rome: ſhe was alſo preſent at the reading of the ſixth Æneid, and we know not that ſhe condemned Æneas; but we are ſure ſhe preſented the poet, for his admirable elegy on her ſon Marcellus.

But let us conſider the ſecret reaſons which Virgil had, for thus framing this noble epiſode, wherein the whole paſſion of love is more exactly deſcribed than in any other poet: love was the theme of his fourth book; and though it is the ſhorteſt of the whole Æneis, yet

yet there he has given its beginning, its progreſs, its traverſes, and its concluſion: and had exhauſted ſo entirely this ſubject, that he could reſume it but very ſlightly in the eight enſuing books.

She was warmed with the graceful appearance of the hero, ſhe ſmothered thoſe ſparkles out of decency, but converſation blew them up into a flame. Then ſhe was forced to make a confident of her whom ſhe beſt might truſt, her own ſiſter, who approves the paſſion, and thereby augments it; then ſucceeds her public owning it; and, after that, the conſummation. Of Venus and Juno, Jupiter and Mercury, I ſay nothing, for they were all machining work: but poſſeſſion having cooled his love, as it increaſed her's, ſhe ſoon perceived the change, or at leaſt grew ſuſpicious of a change: this ſuſpicion ſoon turned to jealouſy, and jealouſy to rage; then ſhe diſdains and threatens, and again is humble and intreats: and, nothing availing, deſpairs, curſes, and at laſt becomes her own executioner. See here the whole proceſs of that paſſion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no farther, leſt I ſhould loſe the connection of my diſcourſe.

To love our native country, and to ſtudy its benefit and its glory, to be intereſted in its concerns, is natural to all men, and is indeed our common duty. A poet makes a farther ſtep; for, endeavouring to do honour to it, it is allowable in him even to be partial in its cauſe: for he is not tied to truth, or fettered by the laws of hiſtory. Homer and Taſſo are juſtly praiſed, for chooſing their heroes out of Greece and Italy.

Virgil

Virgil indeed made his a Trojan, but it was to derive the Romans and his own Auguſtus from him; but all the three poets are manifeſtly partial to their heroes, in favour of their country: for Dares Phrygius reports of Hector, that he was ſlain cowardly; Æneas, according to the beſt account, ſlew not Mezentius, but was ſlain by him: and the Chronicles of Italy tell us little of that Rinaldo d'Eſtè, who conquers Jeruſalem in Taſſo. He might be a champion of the church; but we know not that he was ſo much as preſent at the ſiege. To apply this to Virgil, he thought himſelf engaged in honour to eſpouſe the cauſe and quarrel of his country againſt Carthage. He knew he could not pleaſe the Romans better, or oblige them more to patronize his poem, than by diſgracing the foundreſs of that city. He ſhews her ungrateful to the memory of her firſt huſband; doting on a ſtranger; enjoyed, and afterwards forſaken by him. This was the original, ſays he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations. It is true he colours the falſehood of Æneas by an expreſs command from Jupiter, to forſake the queen, who had obliged him: but he knew the Romans were to be his readers, and them he bribed, perhaps at the expence of the hero's honeſty, but he gained his cauſe however, as pleading before corrupt judges. They were content to ſee their founder falſe to love, for ſtill he had the advantage of the amour: it was their enemy whom he forſook, and ſhe might have forſaken him if he had not got the ſtart of her; ſhe had already forgotten her vows to her Sichæus: and "va-

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rium & mutabile semper femina," is the sharpest satire in the fewest words that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and animal must be understood to make them grammar. Virgil does well to put those words into the mouth of Mercury: if a god had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor I translated them. Yet the deity was forced to come twice on the same errand: and the second time, as much a hero as Æneas was, he frighted him. It seems he feared not Jupiter so much as Dido. For your Lordship may observe, that as much intent as he was upon his voyage, yet he still delayed it, until the messenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning. "Notumque furens quid femina possit;" she was injured, she was revengeful, she was powerful. The poet had likewise before hinted, that the people were naturally perfidious: for he gives their character in the queen, and makes a proverb of "Punica fides," many ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my Lord, that I have made good my promise, and justified the poet, whatever becomes of the false knight. And sure a poet is as much privileged to lye, as an ambassador, for the honour and interest of his country; at least as Sir Henry Wotton has defined.

This naturally leads me to the defence of the famous anachronism, in making Æneas and Dido contemporaries. For it is certain that the hero lived almost two hundred

hundred years before the building of Carthage. One who imitates Bocaline, ſays, that Virgil was accuſed before Apollo for this error. The god ſoon found that he was not able to defend his favourite by reaſon, for the caſe was clear: he therefore gave this middle ſentence; that any thing might be allowed to his ſon Virgil, on the account of his other merits; that, being a monarch, he had a diſpenſing power, and pardoned him. But, that this ſpecial act of grace might never be drawn into example, or pleaded by his puny ſucceſſors in juſtification of their ignorance, he decreed for the future, no poet ſhould preſume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralize this ſtory, Virgil is the Apollo, who has this diſpenſing power. His great judgment made the laws of poetry, but he never made himſelf a ſlave to them: chronology, at beſt, is but a cobweb-law, and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wiſely, muſt chooſe, as he did, an obſcure and a remote æra, where they may invent at pleaſure, and not be eaſily contradicted. Neither he, nor the Romans, had ever read the Bible, by which only his falſe computation of times can be made out againſt him. This Segrais ſays in his defence, and proves it from his learned friend Bochartus, whoſe letter on this ſubject he has printed at the end of the fourth Æneid, to which I refer your Lordſhip and the reader. Yet the credit of Virgil was ſo great, that he made this fable of his own invention paſs for an authentic hiſtory, or, at leaſt, as credible as any thing in Homer. Ovid takes

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it up after him, even in the ſame age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her, juſt before her death, to the ingrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himſelf, is for meaſuring a ſword with a man ſo much ſuperior in force to him on the ſame ſubject. I think I may be judge of this, becauſe I have tranſlated both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own, he borrows all from a greater maſter in his own profeſſion; and, which is worſe, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and, being forced to his old ſhift, he has recourſe to witticiſm. This paſſes indeed with his ſoft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their eſteem. But let them like for themſelves, and not preſcribe to others; for our author needs not their admiration.

The motives that induced Virgil to coin this fable, I have ſhewn already; and have alſo begun to ſhew that he might make this anachroniſm, by ſuperſeding the mechanic rules of poetry, for the ſame reaſon that a monarch may diſpenſe with, or ſuſpend, his own laws, when he finds it neceſſary ſo to do; eſpecially if thoſe laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be called a fault in poetry, ſays Ariſtotle, but what is againſt the art; therefore a man may be an admirable poet, without being an exact chronologer. Shall we dare, continues Segrais, to condemn Virgil, for having made a fiction againſt the order of time, when we commend Ovid and other poets who have made many of their fictions againſt the order of nature? For what are

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the ſplendid miracles of the Metamorphoſes? Yet theſe are beautiful as they are related; and have alſo deep learning and inſtructive mythologies couched under them: but to give, as Virgil does in this epiſode, the original cauſe of the long wars betwixt Rome and Carthage, to draw truth out of fiction, after ſo probable a manner, with ſo much beauty, and ſo much for the honour of his country, was proper only to the divine wit of Maro; and Taſſo, in one of his diſcourſes, admires him for this particularly. It is not lawful, indeed, to contradict a point of hiſtory which is known to all the world; as, for example, to make Hannibal and Scipio contemporaries with Alexander; but, in the dark receſſes of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign ſuch things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embelliſh that ſubject which he treats. On the other ſide, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away, when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the fictions be delightful (which they always are, if they be natural); if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end, be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, ſuch works can never fail of their deſerved ſucceſs. And ſuch is Virgil's epiſode of Dido and Æneas; where the ſoureſt critic muſt acknowledge, that if he had deprived his Æneis of ſo great an ornament, becauſe he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjuſt cenſure, but had wanted one of the greateſt beauties of his poem. I ſhall ſay more of this in the next article of their charge againſt him,

[illegible] want of invention. In the mean time, I may affirm in honour of this epistle, that it is not only now esteemed the most pleasing entertainment of the Muses, but was so accounted in his own age; and before it was hallowed into that reputation which time has given it: for which I need produce no other testimony than that of Ovid, his contemporary.

"Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto,
"Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor."

Where by the way, you may observe, my Lord, that Ovid in those words, "non legitimo fœdere junctus amor," will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt Dido and Æneas: he was in banishment when he wrote those verses, which I cite from his letter to Augustus: You, Sir, saith he, have sent me into exile for writing my Art of Love, and my wanton elegies; yet your own poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought Dido and Æneas into a cave, and left them there not over-honestly together: may I be so bold to ask your majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the art of unlawful love, than to shew it in the action? But was Ovid, the court-poet, so bad a courtier as to find no other plea to excuse himself than by a plain accusation of his master? Virgil confessed it was a lawful marriage betwixt the lovers; that Juno, the goddess of matrimony, had ratified it by her presence; for it was her business to bring matters to that issue: that the ceremonies were short we may believe, for Dido was not only amorous,

but

but a widow. Mercury himſelf, though employed on a quite contrary errand, yet owns it a marriage by an innuendo.—"Pulchramque uxorius urbem extruis."—He calls Æneas not only a huſband, but upbraids him for being a fond huſband, as the word "uxorious" implies. Now mark a little, if your Lordſhip pleaſes, why Virgil is ſo much concerned to make this marriage (for he ſeems to be the father of the bride himſelf, and to give her to the bridegroom), it was to make way for the divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer flatterer than Ovid: and I more than conjecture, that he had in his eye the divorce, which not long before had paſſed betwixt the emperor and Scribonia. He drew this dimple in the cheek of Æneas, to prove Auguſtus of the ſame family, by ſo remarkable a feature in the ſame place. Thus, as we ſay in our homeſpun Engliſh proverb, "He killed two birds "with one ſtone;" pleaſed the emperor, by giving him the reſemblance of his anceſtor, and gave him ſuch a reſemblance as was not ſcandalous in that age. For to leave one wife and take another, was but a matter of gallantry at that time of day among the Romans. "Neque hæc in fœdera veni," is the very excuſe which Æneas makes when he leaves his lady. I made no ſuch bargain with you at our marriage, to live always drudging on at Carthage; my buſineſs was Italy, and I never made a ſecret of it. If I took my pleaſure, had not you your ſhare of it? I leave you free at my departure, to comfort yourſelf with the next ſtranger who happens to be ſhipwrecked on your coaſt:

[illegible]

[illegible] time,

[illegible] for though Juno [illegible] the marriage, yet [illegible] commands not to [illegible]. This is the [illegible] of what he hath, when it is dishonoured out of [illegible] English prose. If the poet argued not [illegible] for a poor blind heathen, [illegible] morals.

[illegible] ordship longer than I intended [illegible] which would indeed weigh some- [illegible], but I am not to defend our [illegible] I think, is but a cavil, though [illegible] him, and hath continued from [illegible] present age: I hinted it [illegible] less than want of invention to [illegible] capital crime, I must acknowledge: for [illegible] maker, as the word signifies: and he who [illegible] make, that is, invent, hath his name for no- [illegible] That which makes this accusation look so [illegible] at the first sight, is, that he has borrowed so [illegible] things from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius, and others who preceded him. But, in the first place, if invention is to be taken in so strict a sense, that the matter of a poem must be wholly new, and that in all its parts, then Scaliger hath made out, saith Segrais, that the history of Troy was no more the invention of Homer, than of Virgil. There was not an old woman, or almost a child, but had it in their mouths, before the Greek poet or his friends digested it into

this

this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as Solomon hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the ſun. Who then can paſs for an inventor, if Homer, as well as Virgil, muſt be deprived of that glory? Is Verſailles the leſs a new building, becauſe the architect of that palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, doors and windows, apartments, offices, rooms of convenience and magnificence, are in all great houſes. So deſcriptions, figures, fables, and the reſt, muſt be in all heroic poems; they are the common materials of poetry, furniſhed from the magazine of nature; every poet hath as much right to them, as every man hath to air or water. "Quid "prohibetis aquas? uſus communis aquarum eſt." But the argument of the work, that is to ſay, its principal action, the œconomy and diſpoſition of it; theſe are the things which diſtinguiſh copies from originals. The poet, who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be born; he and the Jews Meſſias will come together. There are parts of the Æneis which reſemble ſome parts both of the Ilias and of the Odyſſes: as, for example, Æneas deſcended into hell, and Ulyſſes had been there before him: Æneas loved Dido, and Ulyſſes loved Calypſo: in few words, Virgil hath imitated Homer's Odyſſes in his firſt ſix books, and in his ſix laſt the Ilias. But from hence can we infer, that the two poets write the ſame hiſtory? Is there no invention in ſome other parts of Virgil's Æneas? The diſpoſition of ſo many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of Homer had Virgil his epiſode of

[illegible]

[illegible] Egyptian [illegible]

[illegible] more [illegible] and his [illegible] memoirs [illegible] for the conduct [illegible] Homer, [illegible] another thing [illegible] from nature. [illegible] Horace [illegible] a name than that of animal; [illegible] allow him to be a man. Raphael [illegible] they who copy one of Raphael's pieces, [illegible] for his work [illegible] their original. They [illegible] I do Virgil; and fall as short of him, as I of Virgil. There is a kind

kind of invention in the imitation of Raphael: for though the thing was in nature, yet the idea of it was his own. Ulysses travelled, so did Æneas; but neither of them were the first travellers: for Cain went into the land of Nod, before they were born: and neither of the poets ever heard of such a man. If Ulysses had been killed at Troy, yet Æneas must have gone to sea, or he could never have arrived in Italy. But the designs of the two poets were as different as the courses of their heroes; one went home, and the other sought a home. To return to my first similitude. Suppose Apelles and Raphael had each of them painted a burning Troy; might not the modern painter have succeeded as well as the ancient, though neither of them had seen the town on fire? For the draughts of both were taken from the ideas which they had of nature. Cities have been burnt, before either of them were in being. But, to close the simile as I began it, they would not have designed it after the same manner: Apelles would have distinguished Pyrrhus from the rest of all the Grecians, and shewed him forcing his entrance into Priam's palace; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his figures; because he was a Grecian, and he would do honour to his country. Raphael, who was an Italian, and descended from the Trojans, would have made Æneas the hero of his piece; and perhaps not with his father on his back; his son in one hand, his bundle of gods in the other; and his wife following (for an act of piety is not half so graceful in a picture as an act of courage).

he would have rather drawn him killing Androgeus, or ſome other, hand to hand; and the blaze of the fires ſhould have darted full upon his face, to make him conſpicuous amongſt his Trojans. This, I think, is a juſt compariſon betwixt the two poets, in the conduct of their ſeveral deſigns. Virgil cannot be ſaid to copy Homer; the Grecian had only the advantage of writing firſt. If it be urged, that I have granted a reſemblance in ſome parts, yet therein Virgil has excelled him. For what are the tears of Calypſo, for being left, to the fury and death of Dido? Where is there the whole proceſs of her paſſion, and all its violent effects to be found, in the languiſhing epiſode of the Odyſſes? If this be a copy, let the critics ſhew us the ſame diſpoſition, features, or colouring, in their original. The like may be ſaid of the deſcent to hell, which was not of Homer's invention neither; he had it from the ſtory of Orpheus and Eurydice. But to what end did Ulyſſes make that journey? Æneas undertook it by the expreſs commandment of his father's ghoſt: there he was to ſhew him all the ſucceeding heroes of his race: and, next to Romulus (mark, if you pleaſe, the addreſs of Virgil), his own patron Auguſtus Cæſar. Anchiſes was likewiſe to inſtruct him how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with his honour; that is, in other words, to lay the foundations of that empire which Auguſtus was to govern. This is the noble invention of our author; but it hath been copied by ſo many ſign-poſt daubers, that now it is grown ful-

fulſome; rather by their want of ſkill, than by the commonneſs.

In the laſt place I may ſafely grant, that by reading Homer, Virgil was taught to imitate his invention; that is, to imitate like him: which is no more than if a painter ſtudied Raphael, that he might learn to deſign after his manner. And thus I might imitate Virgil, if I were capable of writing an heroic poem, and yet the invention be my own: but I ſhould endeavour to avoid a ſervile copying. I would not give the ſame ſtory under other names, with the ſame characters, in the ſame order, and with the ſame ſequel; for every common reader to find me out at the firſt ſight for a plagiary, and cry, This I read before in Virgil, in a better language, and in better verſe. This is like Merry-Andrew on the low rope, copying lubberly the ſame tricks which his maſter is ſo dextrouſly performing on the high.

I will trouble your Lordſhip but with one objection more, which I know not whether found in Le Fevre, or Valais; but I am ſure I have read it in another French critic, whom I will not name, becauſe I think it is not much for his reputation. Virgil, in the heat of action, ſuppoſe for example, in deſcribing the fury of his hero in a battle, when he is endeavouring to raiſe our concernments to the higheſt pitch, turns ſhort on the ſudden into ſome ſimilitude, which diverts, ſay they, your attention from the main ſubject, and miſ-ſpends it on ſome trivial image. He pours cold water into the cauldron, when his buſineſs is to make it boil.

This accuſation is general againſt all who would be thought heroic poets; but I think it touches Virgil leſs than any. He is too great a maſter of his art to make a blot which may ſo eaſily be hit. Similitudes, as I have ſaid, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the paſſions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they ſhould animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue, unleſs in comedy: a metaphor is almoſt all the ſtage can ſuffer, which is a kind of ſimilitude comprehended in a word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroic poetry; there it is employed to raiſe the admiration, which is its proper buſineſs. And admiration is not of ſo violent a nature as fear or hope, compaſſion or horror, or any concernment we can have for ſuch or ſuch a perſon on the ſtage. Not but I confeſs, that ſimilitudes and deſcriptions, when drawn into an unreaſonable length, muſt needs nauſeate the reader. Once I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a ſimilitude of fourteen lines; and his deſcription of Fame is about the ſame number. He is blamed for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his work: but faults are no precedents. This I have obſerved of his ſimilitudes in general, that they are not placed, as our unobſerving critics tell us, in the heat of any action: but commonly in its declining; when he has warmed us in his deſcription as much as poſſibly he can, then, leſt that warmth ſhould languiſh, he renews it by ſome apt ſimilitude, which illuſtrates his ſubject, and yet palls not his audience. I

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need give your Lordſhip but one example of this kind, and leave the reſt to your obſervation, when next you review the whole Æneis in the original, unblemiſhed by my rude tranſlation. It is in the firſt book, where the poet deſcribes Neptune compoſing the ocean, on which Æolus had raiſed a tempeſt, without his permiſſion. He had already chidden the rebellious winds for obeying the commands of their uſurping maſter: he had warned them from the ſeas: he had beaten down the billows with his mace; diſpelled the clouds, reſtored the ſunſhine, while Triton and Cymothoë were heaving the ſhips from off the quick-ſands, before the poet would offer at a ſimilitude for illuſtration.

" Ac, veluti magno in populo cum ſæpe coorta eſt
" Seditio, ſævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
" Jamque faces, & ſaxa volant, furor arma miniſtrat;
" Tum pietate gravem, ac meritis ſi forte virum quem
" Conſpexere, ſilent, arrectiſque auribus adſtant:
" Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet:
" Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, æquora poſtquam
" Proſpiciens genitor, cœloque invectus aperto
" Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora ſecundo."

This is the firſt ſimilitude which Virgil makes in this poem, and one of the longeſt in the whole, for which reaſon I the rather cite it. While the ſtorm was in its fury, any alluſion had been improper; for the poet could have compared it to nothing more impetuous than itſelf; conſequently he could have made no illuſtration. If he could have illuſtrated, it had been an am-

[illegible]

[illegible]

These are the [illegible] of [illegible] been made against the Æneis, by [illegible] or [illegible]. As for the particular [illegible] this or that passage, [illegible] and [illegible] have [illegible] them already. If I [illegible] to appear more learned than I am, it had been as [illegible] to have [illegible] their objections and solutions, as it is for a [illegible] person to take the expositions of the [illegible] out of Junius and Tremellius. Or not to have [illegible] the authors from whence I had them: for so Ramus, otherwise a most judicious commentator on Virgil's works, has used Pontanus, his greatest benefactor; of whom he is very silent, and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next, is no objection; for that implies a fault; and it had been none in Virgil, if he had extended the time of his action beyond a year. At least Aristotle has set no precise limits to it. Homer's, we know, was within two months; Tasso, I am sure, exceeds not a summer: and, if I examined him, perhaps he might be reduced into a much less compass. Bossu leaves it doubtful whether Virgil's actions were within the year, or took up some months beyond it. Indeed the whole dispute is of no more concernment to the common reader, than it is to a ploughman, whether February this year had twenty-eight or twenty-nine days in it. But, for the satisfaction of the more curious, of which

number I am ſure your Lordſhip is one, I will tranſlate what I think convenient out of Segrais, whom perhaps you have not read: for he has made it highly probable, that the action of the Æneis began in the ſpring, and was not extended beyond the autumn. And we have known campaigns that have begun ſooner, and have ended later.

Ronſard, and the reſt whom Segrais names, who are of opinion that the action of this poem takes up almoſt a year and a half, ground their calculation thus: Anchiſes died in Sicily at the end of winter, or beginning of the ſpring. Æneas, immediately after the interment of his father, puts to ſea for Italy: he is ſurprized by the tempeſt deſcribed in the beginning of the firſt book; and there it is that the ſcene of the poem opens, and where the action muſt commence. He is driven by this ſtorm on the coaſts of Afric: he ſtays at Carthage all that ſummer, and almoſt all the winter following: ſets ſail again for Italy juſt before the beginning of the ſpring; meets with contrary winds, and makes Sicily the ſecond time: this part of the action compleats the year. Then he celebrates the anniverſary of his father's funeral, and ſhortly after arrives at Cumæ, and from thence his time is taken up in his firſt treaty with Latinus; the overture of the war; the ſiege of his camp by Turnus; his going for ſuccours to relieve it; his return; the raiſing of the ſiege by the firſt battle; the twelve days truce; the ſecond battle; the aſſault of Laurentum, and the ſingle fight with Turnus; all which, they ſay, cannot take

up

up leſs than four or five months more; by which account we cannot ſuppoſe the intire action to be contained in a much leſs compaſs than a year and half.

Segrais reckons another way; and his computation is not condemned by the learned Rapin, who compiled and publiſhed the commentaries on our poet, which we call the Dauphin's Virgil.

He allows the time of the year when Anchiſes died, to be in the latter end of winter, or in the beginning of the ſpring; he acknowledges that when Æneas is firſt ſeen at ſea afterwards, and is driven by the tempeſt on the coaſt of Africk, is the time when the action is naturally to begin: he confeſſes farther, that Æneas left Carthage in the latter end of winter; for Dido tells him in expreſs terms, as an argument for his longer ſtay,

"Quinetiam hiberno moliris ſidere claſſem."

But whereas Ronſard's followers ſuppoſe that when Æneas had buried his father, he ſet ſail immediately for Italy (though the tempeſt drove him on the coaſt of Carthage), Segrais will by no means allow that ſuppoſition, but thinks it much more probable that he remained in Sicily till the midſt of July, or the beginning of Auguſt, at which time he places the firſt appearance of his hero on the ſea, and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning, to the death of Turnus, which concludes the action, there need not be ſuppoſed above ten months of intermediate time: for, arriving at Carthage in the latter end of ſummer,

ſummer, ſtaying there the winter following, departing thence in the very beginning of the ſpring, making a ſhort abode in Sicily the ſecond time, landing in Italy, and making the war, may be reaſonably judged the buſineſs but of ten months. To this the Ronſardians reply, that having been for ſeven years before in queſt of Italy, and having no more to do in Sicily than to inter his father, after that office was performed, what remained for him, but, without delay, to purſue his firſt adventure? To which Segrais anſwers, that the obſequies of his father, according to the rites of the Greeks and Romans, would detain him for many days: that a longer time muſt be taken up in the refitting of his ſhips, after ſo tedious a voyage, and in refreſhing his weather-beaten ſoldiers on a friendly coaſt. Theſe, indeed, are but ſuppoſitions on both ſides, yet thoſe of Segrais ſeem better grounded. For the feaſt of Dido, when ſhe entertained Æneas firſt, has the appearance of a ſummer's night, which ſeems already almoſt ended when he begins his ſtory: therefore the love was made in autumn; the hunting followed properly, when the heats of that ſcorching country were declining: the winter was paſſed in jollity, as the ſeaſon and their love required; and he left her in the latter end of winter, as is already proved. This opinion is fortified by the arrival of Æneas at the mouth of Tiber, which marks the ſeaſon of the ſpring; that ſeaſon being perfectly deſcribed by the ſinging of the birds, ſaluting the dawn; and by the beauty of the place: which the

poet

thought to derive the rites of their religion, than from the Grecians, becauſe they thought themſelves deſcended from them. Each of thoſe gods had his proper office, and the chief of them their particular attendants. Thus Jupiter had, in propriety, Ganymede and Mercury, and Juno had Iris. It was not for Virgil then to create new miniſters; he muſt take what he found in his religion. It cannot therefore be ſaid that he borrowed them from Homer, any more than Apollo, Diana, and the reſt, whom he uſes as he finds occaſion for them, as the Grecian poet did: but he invents the occaſions for which he uſes them. Venus, after the deſtruction of Troy, had gained Neptune entirely to her party; therefore we find him buſy in the beginning of the Æneis, to calm the tempeſt raiſed by Æolus, and afterwards conducting the Trojan fleet to Cumæ in ſafety, with the loſs only of their pilot, for whom he bargains. I name thoſe two examples amongſt a hundred which I omit: to prove that Virgil, generally ſpeaking, employed his machines in performing thoſe things which might poſſibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a ſtorm at ſea, upon the riſing of Orion? what wonder, if amongſt ſo many ſhips, there ſhould one be overſet, which was commanded by Orontes, though half the winds had not been there which Æolus employed? Might not Palinurus, without a miracle, fall aſleep, and drop into the ſea, having been over-wearied with watching, and ſecure of a quiet paſſage, by his obſervation of the

ſkies;

ſſes? at leaſt Æneas, who knew nothing of the machine of Somnus, takes it plainly in this ſenſe:

"O nimium cœlo & pelago confiſe ſereno,
"Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ."

But machines ſometimes are ſpecious things to amuſe the reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwiſe incredible. And beſides, it ſoothed the vanity of the Romans, to find the gods ſo viſibly concerned in all the actions of their predeceſſors. We who are better taught by our religion, yet own every wonderful accident which befals us for the beſt, to be brought to paſs by ſome ſpecial providence of Almighty God, and by the care of guardian angels: and from hence I might infer, that no heroic poem can be written on the Epicurean principles; which I could eaſily demonſtrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leiſure.

When Venus opens the eyes of her ſon Æneas, to behold the gods who combated againſt Troy in that fatal night when it was ſurprized, we ſhare the pleaſure of that glorious viſion (which Taſſo has not ill copied in the ſacking of Jeruſalem). But the Greeks had done their buſineſs; though neither Neptune, Juno, or Pallas, had given them their divine aſſiſtance. The moſt crude machine which Virgil uſes is, in the epiſode of Camilla, where Opis, by the command of her miſtreſs, kills Aruns. The next is in the twelfth Æneid, where Venus cures her ſon Æneas. But in the laſt of theſe, the poet was driven to a neceſſity; for Turnus

was to be ſlain that very day; and Æneas, wounded as he was, could not have engaged him in ſingle combat, unleſs his hurt had been miraculouſly healed. And the poet had conſidered, that the dittany, which ſhe brought from Crete, could not have wrought ſo ſpeedy an effect, without the juice of ambroſia, which ſhe mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not ſeem too violent, we ſee the hero limping after Turnus. The wound was ſkinned; but the ſtrength of his thigh was not reſtored. But what reaſon had our author to wound Æneas at ſo critical a time? And how came the cuiſſes to be worſe tempered than the reſt of his armour, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his journeymen? Theſe difficulties are not eaſily to be ſolved, without confeſſing that Virgil had not life enough to correct his work; though he had reviewed it, and found thoſe errors which he reſolved to mend; but being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordained, by his laſt teſtament, that his Æneis ſhould be burned. As for the death of Aruns, who was ſhot by a goddeſs, the machine was not altogether ſo outrageous as the wounding Mars and Venus by the ſword of Diomede. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impaſſibility, or at leaſt not have been wounded by any mortal hand. Beſide that the ἰχωρ which they ſhed, were ſo very like our common blood, that it was not to be diſtinguiſhed from it, but only by the name and colour. As for what Horace ſays in his Art of Poetry,

that

that no machines are to be uſed, unleſs on ſome extraordinary occaſion,

" Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus;"

that rule is to be applied to the theatre, of which he is then ſpeaking; and means no more than this, that when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left for making the diſcovery, then, and not otherwiſe, let a god deſcend upon a rope, and clear the buſineſs to the audience: but this has no relation to the machines which are uſed in an epic poem.

In the laſt place, for the Dira, or flying peſt, which flapping on the ſhield of Turnus, and fluttering about his head, diſheartened him in the duel, and preſaged to him his approaching death, I might have placed it more properly amongſt the objections. For the critics, who lay want of courage to the charge of Virgil's hero, quote this paſſage as a main proof of their aſſertion. They ſay our author had not only ſecured him before the duel, but alſo, in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage in impenetrable arms, and in his ſword: that of Turnus was not his own (which was forged by Vulcan for his father), but a weapon which he had ſnatched in haſte, and, by miſtake, belonging to his charioteer Metiſcus. That, after all this, Jupiter, who was partial to the Trojan, and diſtruſtful of the event, though he had hung the balance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down Turnus, thought convenient to give the fates a collateral ſecurity by ſending the ſcreech-owl to diſcourage him. For which they quote theſe words of Virgil:

" ——Non me tua turbida virtus
" Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hoſtis."

In anſwer to which, I ſay, that this machine is one of thoſe which the poet uſes only for ornament, and not out of neceſſity. Nothing can be more beautiful, or more poetical, than this deſcription of the three Diræ, or the ſetting of the balance, which our Milton has borrowed from him, but employed to a different end: for firſt he makes God Almighty ſet the ſcales, for St. Gabriel and Satan, when he knew no combat was to follow: then he makes the good angel's ſcale deſcend; and the devil's mount; quite contrary to Virgil, if I have tranſlated the three verſes according to my author's ſenſe:

" Jupiter ipſe duas æquato examine lances
" Suſtinet; & fata imponit diverſa duorum:
" Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere le-
" thum."

For I have taken theſe words, " Quem damnet labor," in the ſenſe which Virgil gives them in another place; " Damnabis tu quoque votis;" to ſignify a proſperous event. Yet I dare not condemn ſo great a genius as Milton: for I am much miſtaken if he alludes not to the text in Daniel, where Balthazzar was put into the balance, and found too light. This is digreſſion, and I return to my ſubject. I ſaid above, that theſe two machines of the balance and the Dira were only ornamental, and that the ſucceſs of the duel had been the

ſame

ſame without them: for, when Æneas and Turnus ſtood fronting each other before the altar, Turnus looked dejected, and his colour faded in his face, as if he deſponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the ſtrength of the two champions was judged by the proportion of their limbs, concluded it was "impar pugna," and that their chief was over-matched. Whereupon Juturna (who was of the ſame opinion) took this opportunity to break the treaty and renew the war. Juno herſelf had plainly told the nymph before-hand, that her brother was to fight;

"Imparibus fatis; nec Diis, nec viribus æquis;"

ſo that there was no need of an apparition to fright Turnus: he had the preſage within himſelf of his impending deſtiny. The Dira only ſerved to confirm him in his firſt opinion, that it was his deſtiny to die in the enſuing combat. And in this ſenſe are thoſe words of Virgil to be taken;

"——Non mea tua turbida virtus
"Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hoſtis."

I doubt not but the adverb (ſolùm) is to be underſtood, it is not your valour only that gives me this concernment; but I find alſo, by this portent, that Jupiter is my enemy. For Turnus fled before when his firſt ſword was broken, till his ſiſter ſupplied him with a better; which indeed he could not uſe; becauſe Æneas kept him at a diſtance with his ſpear.

I wonder Ruæus ſaw not this, where he charges his author ſo unjuſtly, for giving Turnus a ſecond ſword, to no purpoſe. How could he faſten a blow, or make a thruſt, when he was not ſuffered to approach? Beſides, the chief errand of the Dira was, to warn Juturna from the field, for ſhe could have brought the chariot again, when ſhe ſaw her brother worſted in the duel. I might further add, that Æneas was ſo eager in the fight, that he left the city, now almoſt in his poſſeſſion, to decide his quarrel with Turnus by the ſword; whereas Turnus had manifeſtly declined the combat, and ſuffered his ſiſter to convey him as far from the reach of his enemy as ſhe could. I ſay, not only ſuffered her, but conſented to it; for it is plain he knew her, by theſe words:

"O ſoror & dudum agnovi, cùm prima per artem
Fœdera turbaſti, teque hæc in bella dediſti;
Et nunc nequicquam fallis Dea."

I have dwelt ſo long on this ſubject, that I muſt contract what I have to ſay, in reference to my tranſlation; unleſs I would ſwell my preface into a volume, and make it formidable to your Lordſhip, when you ſee ſo many pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written, either in juſtification or praiſe of Virgil, is againſt myſelf; for preſuming to copy, in my coarſe Engliſh, the thoughts and beautiful expreſſions of this inimitable poet, who flouriſhed in an age when his language was brought to its laſt perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and Horace,

I will

I will give your Lordſhip my opinion, that thoſe two friends had conſulted each other's judgment, wherein they ſhould endeavour to excel; and they ſeem to have pitched on propriety of thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model, Horace writ his Odes and Epods: for his Satires and Epiſtles, being intended wholly for inſtruction, required another ſtyle:

"Ornari res ipſa negat, contenta doceri."

And therefore, as he himſelf profeſſes, are "ſermoni "propriora," nearer proſe than verſe. But Virgil, who never attempted the lyric verſe, is every where elegant, ſweet, and flowing, in his hexameters. His words are not only choſen, but the places in which he ranks them for the ſound; he who removes them from the ſtation wherein their maſter ſet them, ſpoils the harmony. What he ſays of the Sibyl's prophecies, may be as properly applied to every word of his: they muſt be read, in order as they lie; the leaſt breath diſcompoſes them, and ſomewhat of their divinity is loſt. I cannot boaſt that I have been thus exact in my verſes, but I have endeavoured to follow the example of my maſter: and am the firſt Engliſhman, perhaps, who made it his deſign to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the ſweetneſs of the ſound. On this laſt conſideration, I have ſhunned the Cæſura as much as poſſibly I could. For wherever that is uſed, it gives a roughneſs to the verſe; of which we can have little need, in a language which

is over-ſtocked with conſonants. Such is not the Latin, where the vowels and conſonants are mixed in proportion to each other: yet Virgil judged the vowels to have ſomewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their ſweetneſs with Cæſuras. Such difference there is in tongues, that the ſame figure which roughens one, gives majeſty to another: and that was it which Virgil ſtudied in his verſes. Ovid uſes it but rarely; and hence it is that this verſification cannot ſo properly be called ſweet, as luſcious. The Italians are forced upon it, once or twice in every line, becauſe they have a redundancy of vowels in their language. Their metal is ſo ſoft, that it will not coin without alloy to harden it. On the other ſide, for the reaſon already named, it is all we can do to give ſufficient ſweetneſs to our language: we muſt not only chooſe our words for elegance, but for ſound; to perform which, a maſtery in the language is required, the poet muſt have a magazine of words, and have the art to manage his few vowels to the beſt advantage, that they may go the farther. He muſt alſo know the nature of the vowels, which are more ſonorous, and which more ſoft and ſweet; and ſo diſpoſe them as his preſent occaſions require: all which, and a thouſand ſecrets of verſification beſide, he may learn from Virgil, if he will take him for his guide. If he be above Virgil, and is reſolved to follow his own nerve (as the French call it), the proverb will fall heavily upon him: Who teaches himſelf, has a fool for his maſter.

Virgil

Virgil employed eleven years upon his Æneis; yet he left it, as he thought himſelf, imperfect. Which when I ſeriouſly conſider, I wiſh, that inſtead of three years which I have ſpent in the tranſlation of his works, I had four years more allowed me to correct my errors, that I might make my verſion ſomewhat more tolerable than it is: for a poet cannot have too great a reverence for his readers, if he expects his labours ſhould ſurvive him. Yet I will neither plead my age nor ſickneſs, in excuſe of the faults which I have made: that I wanted time, is all that I have to ſay: for ſome of my ſubſcribers grew ſo clamorous, that I could no longer defer the publication. I hope, from the candour of your Lordſhip, and your often experienced goodneſs to me, that, if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with Horace:

"Si plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
"Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
"Aut humana parùm cavit natura."

You may pleaſe alſo to obſerve, that there is not, to the beſt of my remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a Cæſura, in this whole poem; but where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a conſonant, or what is its equivalent; for our W and H aſpirate, and our diphthongs, are plainly ſuch; the greateſt latitude I take is in the letter Y, when it concludes a word, and the firſt ſyllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need I have called this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule:

that

that no vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot ſink the pronunciation of it; as He, She, Me, I, &c. Virgil thinks it ſometimes a beauty to imitate the licence of the Greeks, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verſe of the third Paſtoral:

"Et ſuccus pecori, & lac ſubducitur agnis."

But, "nobis non licet eſſe tam diſertis:" at leaſt, if we ſtudy to refine our numbers. I have long had by me the materials of an Engliſh Proſodia, containing all the mechanical rules of verſification, wherein I have treated with ſome exactneſs of the feet, the quantities, and the pauſes. The French and the Italians know nothing of the two firſt; at leaſt their beſt poets have not practiſed them. As for the pauſes, Malherbe firſt brought them into France, within this laſt century; and we ſee how they adorn their Alexandrians. But, as Virgil propounds a riddle which he leaves unſolved,

"Dic quibus in terris, inſcripti nomina regum
"Naſcantur flores, & Phyllida ſolus habeto,"

ſo will I give your Lordſhip another, and leave the expoſition of it to your acute judgment. I am ſure there are few who make verſes, have obſerved the ſweetneſs of theſe two lines in Cooper's-Hill;

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

And there are yet fewer who can find the reaſon of that ſweetneſs. I have given it to ſome of my friends in

in converſation, and they have allowed the criticiſm to be juſt. But, ſince the evil of falſe quantities is difficult to be cured in any modern language; ſince the French and the Italians, as well as we, are yet ignorant what feet are to be uſed in heroic poetry; ſince I have not ſtrictly obſerved thoſe rules myſelf, which I can teach others; ſince I pretend to no dictatorſhip among my fellow-poets; ſince if I ſhould inſtruct ſome of them to make well-running verſes, they want genius to give them ſtrength as well as ſweetneſs; and above all, ſince your Lordſhip has adviſed me not to publiſh that little which I know, I look on your counſel as your command, which I ſhall obſerve inviolably, till you ſhall pleaſe to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts public. In the mean time, that I may arrogate nothing to myſelf, I muſt acknowledge that Virgil in Latin, and Spenſer in Engliſh, have been my maſters. Spenſer has alſo given me the boldneſs to make uſe ſometimes of his Alexandrian line; which we call, though improperly, the Pindaric, becauſe Mr. Cowley has often employed it in his Odes. It adds a certain majeſty to the verſe, when it is uſed with judgment, and ſtops the ſenſe from overflowing into another line. Formerly the French, like us, and the Italians, had but five feet, or ten ſyllables, in their heroic verſe; but ſince Ronſard's time, as I ſuppoſe, they found their tongue too weak to ſupport their epic poetry, without the addition of another foot. That indeed has given it ſomewhat of the run and meaſure of a trimeter; but it runs with more activity than ſtrength:

ſtrength: their language is not ſtrung with ſinews like our Engliſh: it has the nimbleneſs of a grayhound, but not the bulk and body of a maſtiff. Our men and our verſes overbear them by their weight; and "pondere non numero," is the Britiſh motto. The French have ſet up purity for the ſtandard of their language; and a maſculine vigour is that of ours. Like their tongue is the genius of their poets, light and trifling in compariſon of the Engliſh; more proper for ſonnets, madrigals, and elegies, than heroic poetry. The turn on thoughts and words is their chief talent; but the epic poem is too ſtately to receive thoſe little ornaments. The painters draw their nymphs in thin and airy habits, but the weight of gold and of embroideries is reſerved for queens and goddeſſes. Virgil is never frequent in thoſe turns, like Ovid; but much more ſparing of them in his Æneis, than in his Paſtorals and Georgics:

"Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes."

That turn is beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the ſtory of Orpheus and Eurydice, not in his great poem. I have uſed that licence in his Æneis ſometimes; but I own it as my fault. It was given to thoſe who underſtand no better. It is like Ovid's

"Semivirumque bovem, ſemibovemque virum."

The poet found it before his critics, but it was a darling ſin which he would not be perſuaded to reform. The want of genius, of which I have accuſed the French, is laid to their charge by one of their own great

great authors, though I have forgotten his name, and where I read it. If rewards could make good poets, their great maſter has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful encouragements: for he is wiſe enough to imitate Auguſtus, if he had a Maro. The Triumvir and Proſcriber had deſcended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him and Horace. I confeſs the baniſhment of Ovid was a blot in his eſcutcheon: yet he was only baniſhed; and who knows but his crime was capital, and then his exile was a favour. Arioſto, who, with all his faults, muſt be acknowledged a great poet, has put theſe words into the mouth of an evangeliſt; but whether they will paſs for goſpel now, I cannot tell:

" Non fu ſi ſanto ni benigno Auguſto,
" Come la tuba di Virgilio ſuona;
" L'haver havuto in poeſia buon guſto,
" La proſcrittione iniqua gli pardona."

But heroic poetry is not of the growth of France, as it might be of England, if it were cultivated. Spenſer wanted only to have read the rules of Boſſu; for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to ſupport it. But the performance of the French is not equal to their ſkill: and hitherto we have wanted ſkill to perform better. Segrais, whoſe preface is ſo wonderfully good, yet is wholly deſtitute of elevation; though his verſion is much better than that of the two brothers, or any of the reſt who have attempted

each other, in the tenth Æneid.

—Sorti pater æquus utrique."

it to Turnus, juſt before they fight. Ruæus
the word pater is to be referred to Evander
of Pallas. But how could he imagine that
ſame thing to Evander, if his ſon were ſlain,
reame? The poet certainly intended Jupiter,
n father of mankind; who, as Pallas hoped,
d an impartial ſpectator of the combat, and
e favourable to Turnus, than to him. The
ot long after it, and both before the duel is
hey are the words of Jupiter, who com-
iles for the death of Pallas, which was im-
to enſue, and which Hercules could not
ough the young hero had addreſſed his
him for his aſſiſtance): becauſe the gods
trol deſtiny.——The verſe follows:

t; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis."

ſame Ruæus thus conſtrues: Jupiter, after

[illegible] but Jupiter having confessed that he could not alter fate, and being grieved he could not, in consideration of Hercules, it seems to me that he should avert his eyes, rather than take pleasure in the [illegible]. But of this I am not so confident in the other, though I think I have followed Virgil [illegible].

[illegible] though it has the face of arrogance, [illegible] for the honour of my country; and therefore I [illegible] only own, that this English translation [illegible] Virgil's spirit in it, than either the French or the Italian. Some of our countrymen have translated [illegible] and other parts of Virgil, with great [illegible] particularly your Lordship, whose version of Dryden, and Eurydice is eminently good. Amongst the dead authors, the Silenus of my Lord Roscommon cannot be too much commended. I say nothing of [illegible] Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley [illegible] the utmost of my ambition to be thought [illegible] not to be much inferior to them, and [illegible] of the living. But it is one thing to take pains on a fragment, and translate it [illegible] thing to have the weight of a whole author on my shoulders. They who believe the burden light, let them attempt the fourth, sixth, or eighth Pastoral; the first or fourth Georgic; and amongst the Æneids, the fourth, the fifth, the seventh, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, or the twelfth; for in these I think I have succeeded best.

Long

Long before I undertook this work, I was no ſtranger to the original. I had alſo ſtudied Virgil's deſign, his diſpoſition of it, his manners, his judicious management of the figures, the ſober retrenchments of his ſenſe, which always leaves ſomewhat to gratify our imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleaſure; but, above all, the elegance of his expreſſion, and the harmony of his numbers. For, as I have ſaid in a former diſſertation, the words are in poetry, what the colours are in painting. If the deſign be good, and the draught be true, the colouring is the firſt beauty that ſtrikes the eye. Spenſer and Milton are the neareſt in Engliſh, to Virgil and Horace in the Latin; and I have endeavoured to form my ſtyle in imitating their maſters. I will further own to you, my Lord, that my chief ambition is to pleaſe thoſe readers who have diſcernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other poet in the Latin tongue. Such ſpirits as he deſired to pleaſe, ſuch would I chooſe for my judges, and would ſtand or fall by them alone. Segrais has diſtinguiſhed the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three claſſes (he might have ſaid the ſame of writers too, if he had pleaſed). In the loweſt form he places thoſe whom he calls Les Petits Eſprits: ſuch things as are our upper-gallery audience in a play-houſe: who like nothing but the huſk and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before ſolid ſenſe, and elegant expreſſion: theſe are mob-readers: if Virgil and Martial ſtood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they

make the greateſt appearance in the field, and cry the loudeſt, the beſt on it is, they are but a ſort of French Hugonots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized: who have not land of two pounds per annum in Parnaſſus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the ſame level; fit to repreſent them on a mountebank's ſtage, or to be maſters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Yet theſe are they who have the moſt admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their ſtock of ſenſe (as they may by reading better books, and by converſation with men of judgment), they ſoon forſake them: and when the torrent from the mountains falls no more, the ſwelling writer is reduced into his ſhallow bed, like the Mancanares at Madrid, with ſcarce water to moiſten his own pebbles. There are a middle ſort of readers (as we hold there is a middle ſtate of ſouls), ſuch as have a farther inſight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right (for I ſpeak not of thoſe who are bribed by a party, and know better if they were not corrupted); but I mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived ſo far as to diſcern the difference betwixt fuſtian, or oſtentatious ſentences, and the true ſublime. Theſe are above liking Martial or Owen's epigrams; but they would certainly ſet Virgil below Statius or Lucan. I need not ſay their poets are of the ſame taſte with their admirers. They affect greatneſs in all they write, but it is a bladdered greatneſs, like that of the vain man whom Seneca

neca deſcribes—an ill habit of body, full [illegible] urs, and ſwelled with dropſy. Even theſe too [illegible] their authors, as their judgment ripens. The young gentlemen themſelves are commonly miſled by their pædagogue at ſchool, their tutor at the univerſity, or their governor in their travels: and many of thoſe three ſorts are the moſt poſitive blockheads in the world. How many of thoſe flatulent writers have I known, who have ſunk in their reputation, after ſeven or eight editions of their works! for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great ſucceſs at their firſt appearance; but not being of God, as a wit ſaid formerly, they could not ſtand.

I have already named two ſorts of judges, but Virgil wrote for neither of them; and, by his example, I am not ambitious of pleaſing the loweſt or the middle form of readers.

He choſe to pleaſe the moſt judicious; ſouls of the higheſt rank, and trueſt underſtanding: theſe are few in number; but whoever is ſo happy as to gain their approbation, can never loſe it, becauſe they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetiſm in their judgment, which attracts others to their ſenſe. Every day they gain ſome new proſelyte, and in time become the church. For this reaſon, a well-weighed, judicious poem, which at its firſt appearance gains no more upon the world than to be juſt received, and rather not blamed, than much applauded, inſinuates itſelf by inſenſible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he ſtudies it, the more it grows upon him;

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the elder contended not for the gold, but for the *honour*; "Nec dona moror." For Dampier has informed us, in his voyages, that the air of the country *which produces gold* is never wholesome.

I had, long ſince, conſidered, that the way to pleaſe the beſt judges, is not to tranſlate a poet literally; and Virgil leaſt of any other; for his peculiar beauty lying in his choice of words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compaſs of our heroic verſe, unleſs I would make uſe of monoſyllables only, and thoſe clogged with conſonants, which are the dead weight of our mother tongue. It is poſſible, I confeſs, though it rarely happens, that a verſe of monoſyllables may ſound harmoniouſly; and ſome examples of it I have ſeen. My firſt line of the Æneis is not harſh:

Arms, and the man I ſing, who, forc'd by fate, &c.

But a much better inſtance may be given from the laſt line of Manilius, made Engliſh by our learned and judicious Mr. Creech:

Nor could the world have borne ſo fierce a flame.

Where the many liquid conſonants are placed ſo artfully, that they give a pleaſing ſound to the words, though they are all of one ſyllable.

It is true, I have been ſometimes forced upon it in other places of this work, but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haſte, or Virgil gave me no occaſion for the ornament of words: for it ſeldom happens but a monoſyllable line turns verſe to proſe, and even that proſe is rugged and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes Balzac for placing twenty monoſyllables in file, without one diſſyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken is not ſo ſtrait as meta-

phrase, nor so loose as paraphrase: some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own; yet the omissions, I hope, are but of circumstances, and such as would have no grace in English; and the additions, I also hope, are easily deduced from Virgil's sense. They will seem (at least I have the vanity to think so), not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other poet; but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, besides signs of tenses and cases, and other barbarities on which our speech is built by the fault of our sore-fathers. The Romans founded theirs upon the Greeks and the Greeks, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as they could spare: comprehending in one word, what we are constrained to express in two; which is one reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The word "pater," for example, signifies not only a father, but your father, my father, his or her father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all modern tongues; and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the ancients needed. But having before observed, that Virgil endeavours to be short and at the same time elegant, I pursue the excellence, and forsake the brevity; for there is he like ambergris, a rich

rich perfume, but of ſo cloſe and glutin[ous] dy, that it muſt be opened with inferior ſcents [or] civet, or the ſweetneſs will not be drawn o[ut] into another language.

On the whole matter, I thought fit to ſteer betwixt the two extremes of paraphraſe and literal tranſlation, to keep as near my author as I could, without loſing all his graces, the moſt eminent of which are in the beauty of his words, and thoſe words, I muſt add, are always figurative. Such [as] theſe as would retain their elegance in our tongue [I] have endeavoured to graft on it; but moſt of them are of neceſſity to be loſt, becauſe they will not ſhine in any but their own. Virgil has, ſometimes, two of them in a line; but the ſcantineſs of our heroic verſe is not capable of receiving more than one; and that too muſt expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the languages, or ſu[ch] want of ſkill in chooſing words. Yet I may pr[esume] to ſay, and I hope with as much reaſon as the [F]rench tranſlator, that, taking all the materials of this divine author, I have endeavoured to make Virgil ſpeak ſuch Engliſh, as he would himſelf have ſpoken, if he had been born in England, and in this preſent age. I acknowledge with Segrais, that I have not ſucceeded in this attempt according to my deſire; yet I ſhall not be wholly without praiſe, if in ſome ſort I may be allowed to have copied the clearneſs, the purity, the eaſineſs, and the magnificence of his ſtyle. But I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak farther on this ſubject, before I end the preface.

When I mentioned the Pindaric line, I ſhould have added, that I take another licence in my verſes; for I frequently make uſe of triplet rhymes, and for the ſame reaſon, becauſe they bound the ſenſe: and therefore I generally join theſe two licences together, and make the laſt verſe of the triplet a Pindaric: for, beſides the majeſty which it gives, it confines the ſenſe within the barriers of three lines, which would languiſh if it were lengthened into four. Spenſer is my example for both theſe privileges of Engliſh verſes: and Chapman hath followed him in his tranſlation of Homer. Mr. Cowley has given into them after both, and all ſucceeding writers after him. I regard them now as the Magna Charta of heroic poetry; and am too much an Engliſhman to loſe what my anceſtors have gained for me. Let the French and Italians value themſelves on their regularity: ſtrength and elevation are our ſtandard. I ſaid before, and I repeat it, that the affected purity of the French has unſinewed their heroic verſe. The language of an epic poem is almoſt wholly figurative; yet they are ſo fearful of a metaphor, that no example of Virgil can encourage them to be bold with ſafety. Sure they might warm themſelves by that ſprightly blaze, without approaching it ſo cloſe as to ſinge their wings: they may come as near it as their maſter: not that I would diſcourage that purity of diction in which he excels all other poets. But he knows how far to extend his franchiſes; and advances to the verge, without venturing a foot beyond it. On the other ſide, without being

being injurious to the memory of our Eng[illegible]lar, I will preſume to ſay, that his metaphor[illegible]ne-times too violent, and his language is [illegible]ways pure: but, at the ſame time, I muſt excuſe him; for, through the iniquity of the times, he was forced to travel, at an age when, inſtead of learning foreign languages, he ſhould have ſtudied the beauties of his mother tongue, which, like all other ſpeeches, is to be cultivated early, or we ſhall never write it with any kind of elegance. T[illegible]s by[illegible]abroad, he loſt at home: like the pai[illegible]s Arcadia, who, going to ſee a ſkirmiſh, had h[illegible]s ſnapped off: and return-ed, ſays Sir Philip S[illegible], well inſtructed how to draw a battle, but w[illegible]t a hand to perform his work.

There is another thi[illegible]which I have preſumed to deviate from him and [illegible]er. They both make he-miſtichs (or half verſ[illegible]off in the middle of a line. I confeſs t[illegible].nany ſuch in the Fairy Queen: and eve[illegible]night be occaſioned by his unhappy choice of ſo long a ſtanza. Mr. Cowley had found out, that no kind of ſtaff is proper for an heroic poem, as being all too lyrical: yet though he wrote in couplets, where rhyme is freer from conſtraint, he frequently affects half verſes; of which we find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek poets, or the Latin, excepting only Virgil; and there is no queſtion but he thought he had Virgil's authority for that licence. But, I am confident, our poet never meant to leave him, or any other, ſuch a pre-

precedent; and I ground my opinion on theſe two reaſons: firſt, we find no example of a hemiſtich in any of his Paſtorals or Georgics: for he had given the laſt finiſhing ſtrokes to both theſe poems. But his Æneis he left ſo uncorrect, at leaſt ſo ſhort of that perfection at which he aimed, that we know how hard a ſentence he paſſed upon it; and, in the ſecond place, I reaſonably preſume, that he intended to have filled up all thoſe hemiſtichs, becauſe, in one of them, we find the ſenſe imperfect.

"Quem tibi jam Trojâ——"

which ſome fooliſh grammarian has ended for him with half a line of nonſenſe;

"peperit fumante Creüſa."

For Aſcanius muſt have been born ſome years before the burning of that city, which I need not prove. On the other ſide, we find alſo, that he himſelf filled up one line in the ſixth Æneid, the enthuſiaſm ſeizing him while he was reading to Auguſtus:

"Miſenum Æolidem, quo non præſtantior alter
"Ære ciere viros."

To which he added in that tranſport, "Martemque "accendere cantu:" and never was a line more nobly finiſhed, for the reaſons which I have given in the book of Painting. On theſe conſiderations I have ſhunned hemiſtichs; not being willing to imitate Virgil to a fault; like Alexander's courtiers, who affected

to

to hold their necks awry, becauſe he could help it. I am confident your Lordſhip is, by this time, of my opinion; and that you will look on thoſe many lines hereafter, as the imperfect products of a haſty Muſe: like the frogs and ſerpents in the Nile; part of them kindled into life, and part a lump of unformed unanimated mud.

I am ſenſible that many of my whole verſes are as imperfect as thoſe halv[illegible] time to digeſt him better: but give n[illegible] excuſe of Boccace, who, when h[illegible] ſome of his novels had not the [illegible] urned this anſwer: that Charlem[illegible] adins, was never able to raiſe a[illegible] eaders may be heroes, but the [illegible] muſt co[illegible] of common men.

I am alſo bound to t[illegible] ordſhip, in my own defence, that, from the [illegible] of the firſt Georgic to the end of the laſt Æ[illegible] and the difficulty of tranſlation growing on me in every ſucceeding book: for Virgil, above all poets, had a ſtock, which I may call almoſt inexhauſtible, of figurative, elegant, and ſounding words. I, who inherit but a ſmall portion of his genius, and write in a language ſo much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary phraſes, when the ſame ſenſe returns upon me. Even he himſelf, whether out of neceſſity or choice, has often expreſſed the ſame thing in the ſame words; and often repeated two or three whole verſes, which he had uſed before. Words are not ſo eaſily coined as money; and

and yet we ſee that the credit not only of banks, but of exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. Virgil called upon me in every line for ſome new word; and I paid ſo long, that I was almoſt bankrupt: ſo that the latter end muſt needs be more burdenſome than the beginning or the middle; and conſequently the twelfth Æneid coſt me double the time of the firſt and ſecond. What had become of me, if Virgil had taxed me with another book? I had certainly been reduced to pay the public in hammered money for want of milled; that is, in the ſame old words which I had uſed before. And the receivers muſt have been forced to have taken any thing, where there was ſo little to be had.

Beſides this difficulty (with which I have ſtruggled, and made a ſhift to paſs it over) there is one remaining, which is inſuperable to all tranſlators. We are bound to our author's ſenſe, though with the latitudes already mentioned (for I think it not ſo ſacred, as that one iota muſt not be added or diminiſhed, on pain of an anathema). But ſlaves we are, and labour on another man's plantation: we dreſs the vineyard, but the wine is the owner's: if the ſoil be ſometimes barren, then we are ſure of being ſcourged: if it be fruitful, and our care ſucceeds, we are not thanked; for the proud reader will only ſay, the poor drudge has done his duty. But this is nothing to what follows; for, being obliged to make his ſenſe intelligible, we are forced to untune our own verſes, that we may give his meaning to the reader. He who invents, is maſter

of

of his thoughts and words: he can turn and em as he pleaſes, till he renders them harmonic But the wretched tranſlator has no ſuch privilege: ing tied to thoughts, he muſt make what muſic he can in the expreſſion; and for this reaſon it cannot always be ſo ſweet as that of the original. There is a beauty of ſound, as Segrais has obſerved, in ſome Latin words, which is wholly loſt in any modern language. He inſtances in that "mollis amaracus," on which Venus lays Cupid in the firſt Æneid. If I ſhould tranſlate it ſweet-marjoram, as the word ſignifies, the reader would think I had miſtaken Virgil: for thoſe village-words, as I may call them, give us a mean idea of the thing; but the ſound of the Latin is ſo much more pleaſing, by the juſt mixture of the vowels with the conſonants, that it raiſes our fancies, to conceive ſomewhat more noble than a common herb; and to ſpread roſes under him, and ſtrew lilies over him—a bed not unworthy the grandſon of the goddeſs.

If I cannot copy his harmonious numbers, how ſhall I imitate his noble flights, where his thoughts and words are equally ſublime?

"Quem quiſquis ſtudet æmulari,
"—— ceratis ope Dedalæâ
"Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
"Nomina ponto."

What modern language, or what poet can expreſs the majeſtic beauty of this one verſe amongſt a thouſand others!

"Aude

" Aude hoſpes contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
" Finge Deo."

For my part, I am loſt in the admiration of it: I contemn the world when I think on it, and myſelf when I tranſlate it.

Lay by Virgil, I beſeech your Lordſhip, and all my better ſort of judges, when you take up my verſion, and it will appear a paſſable beauty when the original Muſe is abſent: but, like Spenſer's falſe Florimel, made of ſnow, it melts and vaniſhes when the true one comes in ſight. I will not excuſe, but juſtify myſelf for one pretended crime, with which I am liable to be charged by falſe critics, not only in this tranſlation, but in many of my original poems, that I Latinize too much. It is true, that when I find an Engliſh word ſignificant and ſounding, I neither borrow from the Latin, or any other language: but when I want at home, I muſt ſeek abroad.

If ſounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who ſhall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treaſure of the nation, which is never to return; but what I bring from Italy I ſpend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates; for, if the coin be good, it will paſs from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to ſupply our neceſſity; but if we will have things of magnificence and ſplendor, we muſt get them by commerce. Poetry requires

requires ornament, and that is not to be h[illegible] our old Teuton monoſyllables; therefore if I f[illegible] ele-gant word in a claſſic author, I propoſe it to be naturalized, by uſing it myſelf; and, if the public approves of it, the bill paſſes. But every man cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt pedantry and poetry: every man, therefore, is not fit to innovate. Upon the whole matter, a poet muſt firſt be certain that the word he would introduce is beautiful in the Latin; and is to conſider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the Engliſh idiom: after this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, ſuch as are learned in both languages; and l[illegible]tly, ſince no man is infallible, let him uſe this licen[illegible]e very ſparingly; for if too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were deſigned, not to aſſiſt the natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing t[illegible]rds a concluſion, and ſuſpect your Lordſhip is very [illegible] of it. But permit me firſt to own what helps I have had in this undertaking. The late earl of Lauderdale ſent me over his new tranſlation of the Æneis, which he had ended before I engaged in the ſame deſign; neither did I then intend it: but ſome propoſals being afterwards made me by my bookſeller, I deſired his Lordſhip's leave, that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his letter yet to ſhew for that permiſſion. He reſolved to have printed his work, which he might have done two years before I could publiſh mine; and had performed it, if death had not prevented him.

But

Sir, having the manuſcript in my hands, I conſulted it as often as I doubted of my author's ſenſe: for no man underſtood Virgil better than that learned ſcholeman. His friends, I hear, have yet another and more correct copy of that tranſlation by them; which had they pleaſed to have given the public, the judges muſt have been convinced that I have not flattered him. Beſides this help, which was not inconſiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to review the Æneis, and compare my verſion with the original. I ſhall never be aſhamed to own that this excellent young man has ſhewed me many faults, which I have endeavoured to correct. It is true, he might have eaſily found more, and then my tranſlation had been more perfect.

Two other worthy friends of mine, who deſire to have their names concealed, ſeeing me ſtraitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the life of Virgil; the two prefaces to the Paſtorals and the Georgics, and all the arguments in proſe to the whole tranſlation; which, perhaps, has cauſed a report that the two firſt poems are not mine. If it had been true that I had taken their verſes for my own, I might have gloried in their aid; and, like Terence, have fathered the opinion that Scipio and Lælius joined with me. But the ſame ſtyle being continued through the whole, and the ſame laws of verſification obſerved, are proofs ſufficient that this is one man's work: and your Lordſhip is too well acquainted with my manner to doubt that any part of it is another's.

That

That your Lordſhip may ſee I was in [illegible] hen I promiſed to haſten to an end, I will not [illegible] rea-ſons why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land-ſervice, or in the cant of any profeſſion. I will only ſay, that Virgil has avoided thoſe proprieties, becauſe he writ not to mariners, ſoldiers, aſtronomers, gardeners, peaſants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the firſt quality, who have be[illegible] than to be too nicely knowing in th[illegible] ſu[illegible]s, it is enough for a poet to [illegible] ſo plainly [illegible] may be underſtood by his read[illegible]ty, and not affect to be though[illegible]

I have omitted the f[illegible] he firſt Æneid, becauſe I thi[illegible] four others in the whole p[illegible], and conſequently believe they are not Virgil's. [illegible] too great a gap betwixt the adjective "vicina[illegible] the ſecond line, and the ſubſtantive "arva" i[illegible] latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obſcurity too long; and is contrary to the clearneſs of his ſtyle.

"Ut quamvis avido,"

is too ambitious an ornament to be his; and,

"Gratum opus agricolis,"

are all words unneceſſary, and independent of what he ſaid before.

"Horrentia Martis arma,"

is worth them all of the reſt. "Horrentia" is ſuch a flat epithet as Tully would have given us in his verſes. It is a mere filler, to ſtop a vacancy in the hexameter, and clinketh the preface to the work of Virgil. Our author ſeems to ſound a charge, and begins like the clangor of a trumpet:

"Arma, virumque cano; Trojæ qui primus ab
"oris."

Scarce a word without an R, and the vowels, for the greater part, ſonorous. The prefacer began with "Ille ego," which he was conſtrained to patch up in the fourth line with "At nunc," to make the ſenſe cohere. And if both thoſe words are not notorious botches, I am much deceived, though the French tranſlator thinks otherwiſe. For my own part, I am rather of the opinion, that they were added by Tucca and Varius, than retrenched.

I know it may be anſwered by ſuch as think Virgil the author of the four lines, that he aſſerts his title to the Æneis, in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former, in the laſt lines of the fourth Georgic. I will not reply otherwiſe to this, than by deſiring them to compare theſe four lines with the four others, which we know are his, becauſe no poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot diſtinguiſh creeping from flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid de Ponto in his ſtead. My maſter needed

needed not the aſſiſtance of that prelimi[illegible]et to prove his claim. His own majeſtic mien [illegible]s him to be the king, amidſt a thouſand courtie[illegible] was a ſuperfluous office, and therefore I would [illegible] ſet thoſe verſes in the front of Virgil, but have rej[illegible]d them to my own preface:

"I, who before, with ſhepherds in the groves,
"Sung to my oaten pipe their rural loves,
"And iſſuing thence, compell'd the neighbouring
"field
"A plenteous cro[illegible]g corn to yield,
"Manur'd the gle[illegible]ock'd the fruitful plain,
"(A poem gratef[illegible]he greedy ſwain)," &c.

If there be not a tolerable line in all theſe ſix, the prefacer gave me no [illegible]on to write better. This is a juſt apology in thi[illegible] But I have done great wrong to Virgil in the [illegible]ſlation: want of time, the inferiority of ou[illegible], the inconvenience of rhyme, and all the other excuſes I have made, may alleviate my fault, but cannot juſtify the boldneſs of my undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely, that I have not been able to do him right in any line! For even my own confeſſion makes againſt me; and it will always be returned upon me, Why then did you attempt it? to which no other anſwer can be made, than that I have done him leſs injury than any of his former libellers.

What they called his picture, had been drawn at length ſo many times by the daubers of almoſt all na-

tions, and ſtill ſo unlike him, that I ſnatched up the pencil with diſdain; being ſatisfied beforehand that I could make ſome ſtaff reſemblance of him, though I muſt be content with a worſe likeneſs. A ſtark Peſſeral, a Pharmaceutriz, a ſingle Orpheus, and ſome other features, have been exactly taken; but theſe holiday-authors write for pleaſure, and only ſhewed us what they could have done, if they would have taken pains to perform the whole.

Be pleaſed, my Lord, to accept, with your wonted goodneſs, this unworthy preſent which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its imperfections: and, though ſome part of them are covered in the verſe (as Eriſthonius rode always in a chariot to hide his lameneſs), ſuch of them as cannot be concealed you will pleaſe to connive at, though, in the ſtrictneſs of your judgment, you cannot pardon. If Homer was allowed to nod ſometimes, in ſo long a work, it will be no wonder if I often fall aſleep. You took my Aureng-zeb into your protection, with all his faults; and I hope here cannot be ſo many, becauſe I tranſlate an author who gives me ſuch examples of correctneſs. What my jury may be, I know not; but it is good for a criminal to plead before a favourable judge; if I had ſaid partial, would your Lordſhip have forgiven me? Or will you give me leave to acquaint the world, that I have many times been obliged to your bounty ſince the Revolution? Though I never was reduced to beg a charity, nor ever had the impudence to aſk one, either

of

of your Lordſhip or your noble kinſma[illegible] arl of Dorſet, much leſs of any other; yet, wh[illegible]ſt expected it, you have both remembered me: ſo inherent it is in your family not to forget an old ſervant. It looks rather like ingratitude on my part, that where I have been ſo often obliged, I have appeared ſo ſeldom to return my thanks, and where I was alſo ſo ſure of being well received. Somewhat of lazineſs was in the caſe, and [illegible]t too of modeſty, but nothing of diſreſpect or unthankfulneſs. I will not ſay that your Lordſhip has encouraged me to this preſumption, leſt, if my labours meet with no ſucceſs in public, I may expoſe your judgment to be cenſured. As for my own en[illegible]s, I ſhall never think them worth an anſwer; and if your Lordſhip has any, they will not dare to arraign you for want of knowledge in this art, till they can produce ſomewhat better of their own, than your Eſſay on Poetry. It was on this conſideration that I have drawn out my preface to ſo great a length. Had I not addreſſed to a poet and a critic of the firſt magnitude, I had myſelf been taxed for want of judgment, and ſhamed my patron for want of underſtanding. But neither will you, my Lord, ſo ſoon be tired as any other, becauſe the diſcourſe is on your art: neither will the learned reader think it tedious, becauſe it is "ad clerum." At leaſt, when he begins to be weary, the church-doors are open. That I may purſue the allegory with a ſhort prayer, after a long ſermon,

May you live happily and long, for the service of your country, the encouragement of good letters, and the ornament of poetry! which cannot be wished more earnestly by any man, than by

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most humble, most obliged,

and most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a ſeven years voyage, ſet ſail for Italy; but are overtaken by the dreadful ſtorm, which Æolus raiſes at Juno's requeſt. The tempeſt ſinks one, and ſcatters the reſt. Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the ſea. Æneas, with his own ſhip, and ſix more, arrives ſafe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her ſon's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and ſends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to diſcover the country, meets his mother in the ſhape of an huntreſs, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage; where he ſees his friends whom he thought loſt, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a paſſion for him, and, after ſome diſcourſe with him, deſires the hiſtory of his adventures ſince the ſiege of Troy, which is the ſubject of the two following books.

ARMS and the man I ſing, who forc'd by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate;
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan ſhore;
Long labours, both by ſea and land, he bore;
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the deſtin'd town:
His baniſh'd gods reſtor'd to rites divine,
And ſettled ſure ſucceſſion in his line:
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majeſtic Rome.

O, Muſe! the cauſes and the crimes relate,
What goddeſs was provok'd, and whence her hate;
For what offence the queen of heaven began
To perſecute ſo brave, ſo juſt a man!
Involv'd his anxious life in endleſs cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurry'd into wars!
Can heavenly minds ſuch high reſentment ſhow;
Or exerciſe their ſpite in human woe?

Againſt the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was ſeated on the ſea:
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and ſtudious of their trade.
Carthage the name, belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian ſhore.
Here ſtood her chariot, here, if heaven were kind,
The ſeat of awful empire ſhe deſign'd.
Yet ſhe had heard an ancient rumour fly
(Long cited by the people of the ſky);

That

That times to come ſhould ſee the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface;
Nor, thus confin'd, the yoke of ſovereign ſway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war ſhe wag'd of late,
For conquering Greece againſt the Trojan ſtate.
Beſides, long cauſes working in her mind,
And ſecret ſeeds of envy, lay behind.
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form diſdain'd:
The grace beſtow'd on raviſh'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
Each was a cauſe alone, and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far diſtant from the Latian coaſt,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan hoſt:
And ſeven long years th' unhappy wandering train
Were toſs'd by ſtorms, and ſcatter'd through the main.
Such time, ſuch toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labour for ſo vaſt a frame.
Now ſcarce the Trojan fleet with ſails and oars
Had left behind the fair Sicilian ſhores;
Entering with chearful ſhouts the watery reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When, labouring ſtill with endleſs diſcontent,
The queen of heaven did thus her fury vent.
Then am I vanquiſh'd, muſt I yield, ſaid ſhe,
And muſt the Trojans reign in Italy?

So fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my power divert their happy courſe.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful ſpleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himſelf preſum'd to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath ſhe toſs'd the ſhip,
And bare expos'd the boſom of the deep:
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch yet hiſſing with her father's flame
She ſtrongly ſeiz'd, and, with a burning wound,
Transfix'd and naked, on a rock ſhe bound.
But I, who walk in awful ſtate above,
The majeſty of heaven, the ſiſter-wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitleſs force employ
Againſt the thin remains of ruin'd Troy.
What nations now to Juno's power will pray,
Or offerings on my ſlighted altars lay?

Thus rag'd the goddeſs, and, with fury fraught,
The reſtleſs regions of the ſtorms ſhe ſought;
Where, in a ſpacious cave of living ſtone,
The tyrant Æolus from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the ſtruggling winds,
And ſounding tempeſts in dark priſons binds,
This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
And, preſſing for releaſe, the mountains rend:
High in his hall, th' undaunted monarch ſtands,
And ſhakes his ſceptre, and their rage commands:
Which did he not, their unreſiſted ſway
Would ſweep the world before them in their way:

Earth,

Earth, air, and ſeas, through empty ſpace would roll,
And heaven would fly before the driving ſoul!
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confin'd their fury to thoſe dark abodes,
And lock'd them ſafe within, oppreſs'd with moun-
tain loads:
Impos'd a king, with arbitrary ſway,
To looſe their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the ſuppliant queen her prayers addreſt,
And thus the tenour of her ſuit expreſs'd.
O Æolus! for to thee the king of heaven
The power of tempeſts and of winds has given:
Thy force alone their fury can reſtrain,
And ſmooth the waves, or ſwell the troubled main:
A race of wandering ſlaves abhorr'd by me,
With proſperous paſſage cut the Thuſcan ſea:
To fruitful Italy their courſe they ſteer,
And for their vanquiſh'd gods deſign new temples there.
Raiſe all thy winds, with night involve the ſkies;
Sink or diſperſe my fatal enemies.
Twice ſeven, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my perſon wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wiſh, and ſecond my deſign,
The faireſt, Deiopeia, ſhall be thine;
And make thee father of a happy line.
To this the god—'Tis yours, O queen! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
Theſe airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the preſents of your bounteous hand;

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove againſt his flying ſails,
And rent the ſheets: the raging billows riſe,
And mount the toſſing veſſel to the ſkies:
Nor can the ſhivering oars ſuſtain the blow;
The galley gives her ſide, and turns her prow:
While thoſe aſtern deſcending down the ſteep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep!
Three ſhips were hurry'd by the ſouthern blaſt,
And on the ſecret ſhelves with fury caſt!
Thoſe hidden rocks, th' Auſonian ſailors knew,
They call'd them altars, when they roſe in view,
And ſhow'd their ſpacious backs above the flood!
Three more fierce Eurus in his angry mood
Daſh'd on the ſhallows of the moving ſand,
And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land!
Orontes' bark that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid ſight) ev'n in the hero's view,
From ſtem to ſtern, by waves was overborn:
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd: thrice round, the ſhip was toſt,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was loſt!
And here and there above the waves were ſeen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men!
The ſtouteſt veſſel to the ſtorm gave way,
And ſuck'd through looſen'd planks the ruſhing ſea!
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not leſs: their ſhips, with gaping ſeams,
Admit the deluge of the briny ſtreams!

Mean

Mean time imperial Neptune heard the ſound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground:
Diſpleas'd, and fearing for his watery reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main:
Serene in majeſty, then roll'd his eyes
Around this ſpace of earth, and ſeas, and ſkies.
He ſaw the Trojan fleet diſpers'd, diſtreſs'd,
By ſtormy winds and wintery heaven oppreſs'd.
Full well the god his ſiſter's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts purſue:
He ſummon'd Eurus and the weſtern blaſt,
And firſt an angry glance on both he caſt:
Then thus rebuk'd; Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel inſolence?
Is it for you to ravage ſeas and land,
Unauthoriz'd by my ſupreme command?
To raiſe ſuch mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I—But firſt 'tis fit the billows to reſtrain,
And then you ſhall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence, to your Lord my royal mandate bear,
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his; by fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the ſea.
His power to hollow caverns is confin'd,
There let him reign, the jailor of the wind:
With hoarſe commands his breathing ſubjects call,
And boaſt and bluſter in his empty hall!
He ſpoke; and while he ſpoke, he ſmooth'd the ſea,
Diſpell'd the darkneſs, and reſtor'd the day:

Cymothoë,

Cymothoë, Triton, and the ſea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, and daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the veſſels with their hands;
The god himſelf with ready trident ſtands,
And opes the deep, and ſpreads the moving ſands;
Then heaves them off the ſhoals; where'er he guides
His finny courſers, and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle, and the ſea ſubſides.
As when in tumults riſe the ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And ſtones and brands in rattling vollies fly,
And all the ruſtic arms that fury can ſupply;
If then ſome grave and pious man appear,
They huſh their noiſe, and lend a liſtening ear;
He ſoothes with ſober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate deſire of blood:
So when the father of the flood appears,
And o'er the ſeas his ſovereign trident rears,
Their fury fails: he ſkims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and with looſen'd reins
Majeſtic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
The weary Trojans ply their ſhatter'd oars
To neareſt land, and make the Libyan ſhores.

Within a long receſs there lies a bay,
An iſland ſhades it from the rolling ſea,
And forms a port ſecure for ſhips to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either ſide:
In double ſtreams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks, a ſylvan ſcene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:

A grot

A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
Down through the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls.
No haulsers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors, for no storms they fear.
Seven ships within this happy harbour meet,
The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd repose.
First, good Achates, with repeated strokes
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes;
Short flame succeeds a bed of wither'd leaves
The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
The chearful blaze, or lie along the ground;
Some dry their corn infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
And takes a prospect of the seas below:
If Capys thence, or Antheus he could spy;
Or see the streamers of Caïcus fly.
No vessels there in view: but, on the plain,
Three beamy stags commands a lordly train
Of branching heads; the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
He stood; and while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver, and the trusty bow

Achates

Achates uſed to bear; the leaders firſt
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the ſhady plain
Seven mighty bodies with their blood diſtain.
For the ſeven ſhips he made an equal ſhare,
And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war.
The jars of generous wine (Aceſtes' gift,
When his Trinacrian ſhores the navy left)
He ſet abroach, and for the feaſt prepar'd,
In equal portions with the ven'ſon ſhar'd.
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief,
With chearful words, allay'd the common grief:
Endure, and conquer Jove will ſoon diſpoſe
To future good, our [illegible] and preſent woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have try'd;
Th' inhuman Cyclops, and his den defy'd.
What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
Reſume your courage and diſmiſs your care.
An hour will come, with pleaſure to relate
Your ſorrows paſt, as benefits of fate.
Through various hazards and events we move
To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the ſeat (the promiſe of the ſkies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may riſe.
Endure the hardſhips of your preſent ſtate,
Live, and reſerve yourſelves for better fate.
These words he ſpoke; but ſpoke not from his heart:
His outward ſmiles conceal'd his inward ſmart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the paſt,
The quarry ſhare, their plenteous dinner haſte:

Some ſtrip the ſkin, ſome portion out the ſpoil;
The limbs, yet trembling, in the cauldrons boil:
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
Stretch'd on the graſſy turf, at eaſe they dine;
Reſtore their ſtrength with meat, and chear their ſouls with wine.
Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
The doubtful fortune of their abſent friends;
Alternate hopes and fears their minds poſſeſs,
Whether to deem them dead, or in diſtreſs.
Above the reſt, Æneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain ſtate
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus:
The day, but not their ſorrows, ended thus.
When, from aloft, almighty Jove ſurveys
Earth, air, and ſhores, and navigable ſeas,
At length on Libyan realms he fixt his eyes:
Whom, pondering thus on human miſeries,
When Venus ſaw, ſhe with a lovely look,
Not free from tears, her heavenly ſire beſpoke:
O king of gods and men, whoſe awful hand
Diſperſes thunder on the ſeas and land;
Diſpoſes all with abſolute command:
How could my pious ſon thy power incenſe?
Or what, alas! is vaniſh'd Troy's offence?
Our hope of Italy not only loſt
On various ſeas, by various tempeſts toſt,
But ſhut from every ſhore, and barr'd from every coaſt.
You promis'd once, a progeny divine,
Of Romans, riſing from the Trojan line,

In

In after-times ſhould hold the world in aw[illegible]
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd m[illegible]
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war!
Then fates to fates I could oppoſe; but now,
When fortune ſtill purſues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worſe can ſtill ſucceed?
What end of labours has your will decreed?
Antenor, from the mi[illegible]ian hoſts,
Could paſs ſecure, and [illegible]yrian coaſts:
Where, rolling down t[illegible]ſt [illegible]mavus raves,
And through nine chan[illegible]ſs [illegible]mbogues his waves.
At length he founded [illegible]'s happy ſeat,
And gave his Trojans [illegible]re retreat:
There fix'd their arms, [illegible]here renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rul[illegible]nd crown'd with fame:
But we, deſcended fr[illegible] ſacred line,
Entitled to your heave[illegible] divine,
Are baniſh'd earth, an[illegible]rath of one,
Remov'd from Latium, [illegible] the promis'd throne.
Are theſe our ſceptres? theſe our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?
To whom, the father of immortal race,
Smiling with that ſerene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds and clears the ſkies,
Firſt gave a holy kiſs; then thus replies:
  Daughter, diſmiſs thy fears: to thy deſire
The fates of thine are fix'd, and ſtand entire.
Thou ſhalt behold thy wiſh'd Lavinian walls,
And, ripe for heaven, when fate Æneas calls,

Then ſhalt thou bear him up, ſublime, to me;
No councils have revers'd my firm decree.
And, leſt new fears diſturb thy happy ſtate,
Know, I have ſearch'd the myſtic rolls of fate:
Thy ſon (nor is th' appointed ſeaſon far)
In Italy ſhall wage ſucceſsful war;
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And ſovereign laws impoſe, and cities build.
Till, after every foe ſubdued, the ſun
Thrice through the ſigns his annual race ſhall run:
This is his time prefix'd. Aſcanius then,
Now call'd Iülus, ſhall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown ſhall wear:
Then from Lavinium ſhall the ſeat transfer:
And, with hard labour, Alba-longa build;
The throne with his ſucceſſion ſhall be fill'd,
Three hundred circuits more: then ſhall be ſeen,
Ilia the fair, a prieſteſs and a queen.
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throws
Shall, at a birth, two goodly boys diſcloſe.
The royal babes a tawny wolf ſhall drain,
Then Romulus his grandſire's throne ſhall gain,
Of martial towers the founder ſhall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them, no bounds of empire I aſſign;
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endleſs broils,
Earth, ſeas, and heaven, and Jove himſelf turmoils;
At length aton'd, her friendly power ſhall join,
To cheriſh and advance the Trojan line.

The ſubject world ſhall Rome's dominion
And, proſtrate, ſhall adore the nation of t wn.
An age is ripening in revolving fate,
When Troy ſhall overturn the Grecian ſtate:
And ſweet revenge her conquering ſons ſhall call,
To cruſh the people that conſpir'd her fall.
Then Cæſar from the Julian ſtock ſhall riſe,
Whoſe empire ocean, and whoſe fame the ſkies,
Alone ſhall bound; wl aſtern ſpoils,
Our heaven, the juſt r
Securely ſhall repay w
And incenſe ſhall aſce ſacred ſhrine.
Then dire debate, and ceaſe,
And the ſtern age be ſ into
Then baniſh'd faith ſh ag
And veſtal fires in hal emples b
And Remus with Quir all ſuſtain
The righteous laws, a d force reſtrain.
Janus himſelf before all wait,
And keep the dreadful ues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Impriſon'd fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a trophy rais'd, of uſeleſs arms,
He ſits, and threats the world with vain alarms.
He ſaid, and ſent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan gueſts; leſt, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and ſtate:
Down from the ſteep of heaven Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves, with all his wings, the yielding ſkies.

Ho! ſtrangers! have you lately ſeen, ſh
One of my ſiſters, like myſelf array'd;
Who croſs'd the lawn, or in the foreſt ſt
A painted quiver at her back ſhe bore,
Vary'd with ſpots, a lynx's hide ſhe wore:
And at full cry purſued the tuſky boar?
Thus Venus: Thus her ſon reply'd again,
None of your ſiſters have we heard or ſeen,
O Virgin! or what o ou bear
Above that ſtyle; O mortal fair!
Your voice and mien ıth betray!
If, as you ſeem, the e day;
Or one, at leaſt, of a's train,
Let not an humble ſu ue in vain:
But tell a ſtranger, l empeſts toſs'd,
What earth we tread who commands the coaſt?
Then on your name ıed mortals call,
And offer'd victims s fall.
I dare not, ſhe reply' he name
Of goddeſs, or celeſtial honours claim:
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buſkins o'er their ancles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are:
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The riſing city, which from far you ſee,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phœnician Dido rules the growing ſtate,
Who fled from Tyre, to ſhun her brother's hate:
Great were her wrongs, her ſtory full of fate,

Which I will sum in short. Sichæus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possess'd fair Dido's bed: and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd,
One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
Then strife ensued, and curs'd gold the cause.
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed:
Some tale, some new pretence, the daily coin'd,
To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord: the sepulcre stares,
And with erected eyes his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals:
Then warns the widow and her household gods
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shews her where his hidden treasure lay.
Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight:
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.

The

The veſſels, heavy laden, put to ſea
With proſperous winds, a woman leads th
I know not, if by ſtreſs of weather driven,
Or was their fatal courſe diſpos'd by heaven!
At laſt they landed, where from far you ſeyes
May view the turrets of new Carthage riſe:
There bought a ſpace of ground, which, Byrſa call'd
From the bull's hide, they firſt inclos'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
What ſeek you, ſtrangers, on our Libyan earth?
To whom, with ſorrow ſtreaming from his eyes,
And deeply ſighing, thus her ſon replies:
Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate!
Through ſuch a train of woes if I ſhould run,
The day would ſooner than the tale be done!
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came,
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name:
On various ſeas, by various tempeſts toſs'd,
At length we landed on your Libyan coaſt:
The good Æneas am I call'd, a name,
While fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame:
My houſhold gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I reſcued from our foes;
To fruitful Italy my courſe was bent,
And from the king of heaven is my deſcent.
With twice ten ſail I croſs'd the Phrygian ſea;
Fate and my mother goddeſs led my way.
Scarce ſeven, the thin remainder of my fleet,
From ſtorms preſerv'd, within your harbour meet:

Myſelf

Myſelf diſtreſs'd, an exile, and unknown,
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Aſia thrown,
In Libyan deſerts wander thus alone.
His tender parent could no longer bear;
But, interpoſing, ſought to ſoothe his care.
Whoe'er you are, not unbelov'd by heaven,
Since on our friendly ſhore your ſhips are driven,
Have courage: to the gods permit the reſt,
And to the queen expoſe your juſt requeſt.
Now take this earneſt of ſucceſs, for more:
Your ſcattered fleet is join'd upon the ſhore;
The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free,
Or I renounce my ſkill in augury.
Twelve ſwans behold, in beauteous order move,
And ſtoop, with cloſing pinions, from above:
Whom late the bird of Jove had driven along,
And, through the clouds, purſued the ſcattering throng:
Now all united in a goodly team,
They ſkim the ground, and ſeek the quiet ſtream.
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
And ride the circuits of the ſkies in rings:
Not otherwiſe your ſhips, and every friend,
Already hold the port, or with ſwift ſails deſcend.
No more advice is needful, but purſue
The path before you, and the town in view.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and diſhevel'd hair;
Which, flowing from her ſhoulders, reach'd the ground,
And widely ſpread ambroſial ſcents around:

In

In length of train deſcends her ſweeping
And, by her graceful walk, the queen of l own.
The prince purſued the parting deity,
With words like theſe: Ah! whither doſt thou fly?
Unkind and cruel, to deceive your ſon
In borrow'd ſhapes, and his embrace to ſhun;
Never to bleſs my ſight, but thus unknown;
And ſtill to ſpeak in accents not your own!
Againſt the goddeſs theſe complaints he made;
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
They march obſcure, for Venus kindly ſhrouds,
With miſts, their perſons, and involves in clouds:
That, thus unſeen, th paſſage none might ſtay,
Or force to tell the ca of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddeſs flies ſublime,
To viſit Paphos, and her native clime:
Where garlands ever d ever fair,
With vows are offer'd h ſolemn prayer,
A hundred altars in h empie ſmoke,
A thouſand bleeding hearts her power invoke.

They climb the next aſcent, and, looking down,
Now, at a nearer diſtance, view the town:
The prince, with wonder, ſees the ſtately towers,
Which late were huts, and ſhepherds' homely bowers;
The gates and ſtreets; and hears from every part
The noiſe and buſy concourſe of the mart.
The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their labour: ſome extend the wall;
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or puſh unwieldy ſtones along.

Some

Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
Which first design'd, with ditches they surround.
Some laws ordain, and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre:
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and such unwearied pains,
As exercise the bees in flowery plains;
When winter parts, and summer season began,
Invites them forth to labour in the sun:
Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense.
Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise;
Æneas said; and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty towers: then entering at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate),
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.
Full in the centre of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood:
The Tyrians landed near this holy ground,
Where, a prosperous omen found:

From

From under earth a courſer's head they
Their growth and future fortune to foreſ
This fated ſign their foundreſs Juno gave,
Of a ſoil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with ſolemn ſtate
Did Juno's temple build and conſecrate:
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden ſhrine;
But more the goddeſs made the place divine.
On brazen ſteps the marble threſhold roſe,
And brazen plates the cedar beams incloſe:
The rafters are with brazen coverings crown'd,
The lofty doors on brazen hinges ſound.
What firſt Æneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wandering eyes, and round the temple gaz'd;
Admir'd the fortune of the riſing town,
The ſtriving artiſts and their arts renown:
He ſaw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here he ſpies,
And fierce Achilles who both kings defies.
He ſtopp'd, and weeping ſaid, O friend! ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear!
Our known diſaſters fill ev'n foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam ſtands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim.

He

He ſaid: his tears a ready paſſage find,
Devouring what he ſaw ſo well deſign'd;
And with an empty picture fed his mind.
For there he ſaw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Purſued by fierce Achilles through the plain,
On his high chariot driving o'er the ſlain.
The tents of Rheſus next his grief renew,
By their white ſails betray'd to nightly view.
And wakeful Diomede, whoſe cruel ſword
The centries ſlew, nor ſpar'd their ſlumbering lord.
Then took the fiery ſteeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taſte, or drink the Xanthian flood.
Elſewhere he ſaw where Troïlus defy'd
Achilles, and unequal combat try'd.
Then, where the boy diſarm'd, with looſen'd reins,
Was by his horſes hurry'd o'er the plains:
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around,
The hoſtile ſpear yet ſticking in his wound;
With tracks of blood inſcrib'd the duſty ground.
Mean time the Trojan dames, oppreſs'd with woe,
To Pallas' fane in long proceſſion go,
In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe:
They weep, they beat their breaſts, they rend their hair,
And rich embroider'd veſts for preſents bear:
But the ſtern goddeſs ſtands unmov'd with prayer.
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpſe of Hector, whom in fight he ſlew.

Here

Here Priam ſues; and there, for ſums o
The lifeleſs body of his ſon is ſold.
So ſad an object, and ſo well expreſs'd,
Drew ſighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breaſt:
To ſee the figure of his lifeleſs friend,
And his old ſire, his helpleſs hand extend.
Himſelf he ſaw amidſt the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain:
And ſwarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous enſigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthesilea, there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race;
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, ſuſtains the lunar ſhield.
Athwart her breaſt a golden belt ſhe throws,
Amidſt the preſs alone provokes a thouſand foes:
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppoſe.
Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and ſurprize,
The beauteous Dido with a numerous train,
And pomp of guards, aſcends the ſacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana ſeems; and ſo ſhe charms the ſight,
When in the dance the graceful goddeſs leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
She walks majeſtic, and ſhe looks their queen:
Latona ſees her ſhine above the reſt,
And feeds with ſecret joy her ſilent breaſt.

Such Dido was; with ſuch becoming ſtate,
Amidſt the crowd, ſhe walks ſerenely great.
Their labour to her future ſway ſhe ſpeeds,
And, paſſing with a gracious glance, proceeds:
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the ſhrine;
In crowds around the ſwarming people join.
She takes petitions, and diſpenſes laws,
Hears and determines every private cauſe.
Their taſks, in equal portions, ſhe divides,
And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way, by chance, Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected ſees his friends:
Antheus, Sergeſtus grave, Cleanthus ſtrong,
And, at their backs, a mighty Trojan throng;
Whom late the tempeſt on the billows toſs'd,
And widely ſcatter'd on another coaſt.
The prince, unſeen, ſurpriz'd with wonder ſtands,
And longs, with joyful haſte, to join their hands:
But, doubtful of the wiſh'd event, he ſtays,
And, from the hollow cloud, his friends ſurveys:
Impatient till they told their preſent ſtate,
And where they left their ſhips, and what their fate;
And why they came, and what was their requeſt;
For theſe were ſent, commiſſion'd by the reſt,
To ſue for leave to land their ſickly men,
And gain admiſſion to the gracious queen.
Entering, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:
O queen! indulg'd by favour of the gods,
To found an empire in theſe new abodes;

To

To build a town, with ſtatutes to reſtrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign:
We wretched Trojans, toſs'd on every ſhore,
From ſea to ſea, thy clemency implore:
Forbid the fires our ſhipping to deface,
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And ſpare the remnant of a pious race.
We come not with deſign of waſteful prey,
To drive the country, [illegible] as away:
Nor ſuch our ſtrength, [illegible] ir deſire,
The vanquiſh'd dare n[illegible] oughts aſpire.
A land there is, Heſpe[illegible] old,
The ſoil is fruitful, an[illegible] n are bold:
Th' Oenotrians held i[illegible] ommon-fame,
Now call'd Italia, fron[illegible] s name.
To that ſweet region w[illegible] age bent,
When winds, and eve[illegible] ement
Diſturb'd our courſe, [illegible] ſight of land,
Caſt our torn veſſels o[illegible] ſand:
The ſea came on; the [illegible] with mighty roar,
Diſpers'd and daſh'd the reſt upon the rocky ſhore.
Thoſe few you ſee eſcap'd the ſtorm, and fear,
Unleſs you interpoſe, a ſhipwreck here;
What men, what monſters, what inhuman race,
What laws, what barbarous cuſtoms of the place,
Shut up a deſert ſhore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel ſeas again!
If our hard fortune no compaſſion draws,
Nor hoſpitable rites, nor human laws,
The gods are juſt, and will revenge our cauſe.

Æneas was our prince; a juſter lord,
Or noble warrior, never drew a ſword:
Obſervant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,
Nor we his friends of ſafety ſhall deſpair;
Nor you, great queen, theſe offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coaſts,
Where king Aceſtes Trojan lineage boaſts.
Permit our ſhips a ſhelter on your ſhores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars;
That, if our prince be ſafe, we may renew
Our deſtin'd courſe, and Italy purſue.
But if, O beſt of men! the fates ordain
That thou art ſwallow'd in the Libyan main;
And if our young Iülus be no more,
Diſmiſs our navy from your friendly ſhore;
That we to good Aceſtes may return,
And with our friends our common loſſes mourn.
Thus ſpoke Ilioneus; the Trojan crew
With cries and clamours his requeſt renew.
The modeſt queen a while, with down-caſt eyes,
Ponder'd the ſpeech; then briefly thus replies:
Trojans, diſmiſs your fears: my cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unſettled ſtate,
Force me to guard my coaſt from foreign foes:
Who has not heard the ſtory of your woes?
The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valour of the Phrygian race?

We

We Tyrians are not ſo devoid of ſenſe,
Nor ſo remote from Phœbus' influence.
Whether to Latian ſhores your courſe is bent,
Or, driven by tempeſts from your firſt intent,
You ſeek the good Aceſtes' government;
Your men ſhall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
And ſail, with ſhips of convoy for your guard:
Or, would you ſtay, and join your friendly powers,
To raiſe and to defend the Tyrian towers,
My wealth, my city, [illegible] e yours.
And would to heaven t[illegible] ... you felt, would bring
On Carthaginian coaſt[illegible] ... wandering king.
My people ſhall, by m[illegible] mmand, explore
The ports and creeks [illegible] inding ſhore,
And towns, and wilds, [illegible] woods, in queſt
Of ſo renown'd and ſo [illegible] gueſt.
Rais'd in his mind the [illegible] iero ſtood,
And long'd to break f[illegible] ambient cloud;
Achates found it; an[illegible] l his way:
From whence, O godd[illegible] his long delay?
What more can you deſire, your welcome ſure,
Your fleet in ſafety, and your friends ſecure?
One only wants: and him we ſaw in vain
Oppoſe the ſtorm, and ſwallow'd in the main!
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid,
The reſt agrees with what your mother ſaid.
Scarce had he ſpoken, when the cloud gave way,
The miſts flew upward, and diſſolv'd in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open ſight,
Auguſt in viſage, and ſerenely bright.

His mother goddeſs, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples ſhine;
And given his rolling eyes a ſparkling grace;
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face:
Like poliſh'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold,
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
And thus with manly modeſty he ſpoke:
He whom you ſeek am I: by tempeſts toſt,
And ſav'd from ſhipwreck on your Libyan coaſt:
Preſenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majeſty, the refuge and redreſs
Of thoſe whom fate purſues, and wants oppreſs.
You, who your pious offices employ
To ſave the relics of abandon'd Troy,
Receive the ſhipwreck'd on your friendly ſhore;
With hoſpitable rites relieve the poor;
Aſſociate in your town a wandering train,
And ſtrangers in your palace entertain.
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who ſcatter'd through the world in exile mourn?
The gods (if gods to goodneſs are inclin'd),
If acts of mercy touch their heavenly mind;
And more than all the gods, your generous heart,
Conſcious of worth, requite its own deſert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth:
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
While rolling rivers into ſeas ſhall run,
And round the ſpace of heaven the radiant ſun;

While trees the mountain-tops with ſhade
Your honour, name, and praiſe, ſhall never
Whate'er abode my fortune has aſſign'd,
Your image ſhall be preſent in my mind.
Thus having ſaid; he turn'd with pious haſte,
And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Sereſtus with his left; then to his breaſt
Cloanthus and the no reſs'd;
And ſo by turns deſce reſt.
The Tyrian queen upon his face,
Pleas'd with his motic d with his grace:
Admir'd his fortunes, mir'd the man;
Then recollected ſtooc us began:
What fate, O goddeſs at angry powers
Have caſt you ſhipwre r barren ſhores?
Are you the great Æ n to fame,
Who from celeſtial ſe age claim?
The fame Æneas, w nus bore
To fam'd Anchiſes on th' Idean ſhore?
It calls into my mind, though then a child,
When Teucer came from Salamis exil'd;
And ſought my father's aid, to be reſtor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and ſword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,
And, conquering, finiſh'd the ſucceſsful war.
From him the Trojan ſiege I underſtood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illuſtrious blood.
Your foe himſelf the Dardan valour prais'd,
And his own anceſtry from Trojans rais'd.

Enter, my noble gueſt; and you ſhall find,
If not a coſtly welcome, yet a kind.
For I myſelf, like you, have been diſtreſs'd;
Till heaven afforded me this place of reſt.
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes, ſo like my own.
She ſaid, and to the palace led her gueſt,
Then offer'd incenſe, and proclaim'd a feaſt.
Nor yet leſs careful for her abſent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ſhips ſhe ſends:
Beſides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams.
And jars of generous wine, and ſpacious bowls,
She gives to chear the ſailors drooping ſouls.
Now purple hangings cloath the palace walls,
And ſumptuous feaſts are made in ſplendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of maſſy plate the ſide-boards ſhine.
And antic vaſes all of gold emboſs'd
(The gold itſelf inferior to the coſt):
Of curious work, where on the ſides were ſeen
The fights and figures of illuſtrious men;
From their firſt founder to the preſent queen.

The good Æneas, whoſe paternal care
Iülus' abſence could no longer bear,
Diſpatch'd Achates to the ſhips in haſte,
To give a glad relation of the paſt;
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:

A robe

A robe of tiſſue, ſtiff with golden wire;
An upper veſt, once Helen's rich attire;
From Argos by the fam'd adultreſs brought:
With golden flowers and winding foliage wrought;
Her mother Leda's preſent, when ſhe came
To ruin Troy, and ſet the world on flame.
The ſceptre Priam's eldeſt daughter bore,
Her orient necklace, and the crown ſhe wore;
Of double texture, g[illegible] to[illegible] d;
One order ſet with ge[illegible] with gold.
Inſtructed thus, the [illegible]s goes:
And in his diligence l[illegible] ſhows.
But Venus, anxiou[illegible]'s affairs,
New counſels tries; [illegible]eſigns prepares:
That Cupid ſhould a[illegible] ſhape and face
Of ſweet Aſcanius, a[illegible]ightly grace:
Should bring her pre[illegible] her nephew's ſtead,
And in Eliza's veins [illegible]iſon ſhed.
For much ſhe fear'd t[illegible] double-tongued,
And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
These thoughts by night her golden ſlumbers broke;
And thus alarm'd to winged love ſhe ſpoke:
My ſon, my ſtrength, whoſe mighty power alone
Controls the thunderer, on his awful throne;
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
And on thy ſuccour, and thy faith relies.
Thou know'ſt, my ſon, how Jove's revengeful wife,
By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life.

And often haſt thou mourn'd with me his pains;
Him Dido now with blandiſhment detains;
But I ſuſpect the town where Juno reigns.
For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart.
A love ſo violent, ſo ſtrong, ſo ſure,
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:
Aſcanius, by his father, is deſign'd
To come, with preſents, laden from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleaſing ſleep,
And, raviſh'd, in Idalian bowers to keep?
Or high Cythera: that the ſweet deceit
May paſs unſeen, and none prevent the cheat,
Take thou his form and ſhape. I beg the grace
But only for a night's revolving ſpace;
Thyſelf a boy, aſſume a boy's diſſembled face.
That when, amidſt the fervour of the feaſt,
The Tyrian hugs, and fonds thee on her breaſt,
And with ſweet kiſſes in her arms conſtrains,
Thou may'ſt infuſe thy venom in her veins.
The god of love obeys, and ſets aſide
His bow and quiver, and his plumy pride:
He walks Iülus in his mother's ſight;
And in the ſweet reſemblance takes delight.
The goddeſs then to young Aſcanius flies,
And, in a pleaſing ſlumber, ſeals his eyes;
Lull'd in her lap, amidſt a train of loves,
She gently bears him to her bliſsful groves:

Then

Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his
And ſoftly lays him on a flowery bed.
Cupid, mean time, aſſum'd his form and face,
Following Achates with a ſhorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already ſate,
Amidſt the Trojan lords, in ſhining ſtate,
High on a golden bed: her princely gueſt
Was next her ſide, in order ſate the reſt.
Then caniſters with b… ap'd on high;
Th' attendants water … ds ſupply;
And, having waſh'd, … owels dry.
Next, fifty handmaids … er bore
The cenſers, and with … ies the gods adore.
Then youths, and vir… ce as many, join
To place the diſhes, a… e the wine.
The Tyrian train, ad… the feaſt,
Approach, and on the… ouches reſt.
All on the Trojan gift… nder gaze;
But view the beauteou… h more amaze!
His roſy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and ſhape, and all the gods diſguiſe.
Nor paſs unprais'd the veſt and veil divine,
Which wandering foliage and rich flowers entwine.
But, far above the reſt, the royal dame,
(Already doom'd to love's diſaſtrous flame)
With eyes inſatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the preſents, and admires the boy.
The guileful god, about the hero long,
With childrens' play, and falſe embraces, hung;

Then

Then ſought the queen: ſhe took him to her arms
With greedy pleaſure, and devour'd his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what gueſt,
How dire a god ſhe drew ſo near her breaſt.
But he, not mindleſs of his mother's prayer,
Works in the pliant boſom of the fair;
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love reſign'd,
And all Æneas enters in her mind.

Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
The meat remov'd, and every gueſt was pleas'd,
The golden bowls with ſparkling wine are crown'd,
And through the palace chearful cries reſound.
From gilded roofs depending lamps diſplay
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
A golden bowl, that ſhone with gems divine,
The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine,
The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.
Then, ſilence through the hall proclaim'd, ſhe ſpoke:
O hoſpitable Jove! we thus invoke,
With ſolemn rites, thy ſacred name and power!
Bleſs to both nations this auſpicious hour!
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In laſting concord, from this day combine.
Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
And gracious Juno, both be preſent here:
And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows addreſs
To heaven with mine, to ratify the peace.
The goblet then ſhe took, with nectar crown'd
(Sprinkling the firſt libations on the ground),

And

And rais'd it to her mouth with ſober grace,
Then, ſipping, offer'd to the next in place.
'Twas Bitias, whom ſhe call'd, a thirſty ſoul,
He took the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl:
With pleaſure ſwill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimmer ſaw.
The goblet goes around: Iöpas brought
His golden lyre, and ſung what ancient Atlas taught.
The various labours of the wandering moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipſes of the ſun.
Th' original of men and beaſts; and whence
The rains ariſe, and fires their warmth diſpenſe;
And fix'd and erring ſtars diſpoſe their influence.
What ſhakes the ſolid earth, what cauſe delays
The ſummer nights, and ſhortens winter days.
With peals of ſhouts the Tyrians praiſe the ſong;
Thoſe peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vaſt delight.
Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector more;
Then aſk'd what arms the ſwarthy Memnon wore;
What troops he landed on the Trojan ſhore.
The ſteeds of Diomede vary'd the diſcourſe,
And fierce Achilles, with his matchleſs force.
At length, as fate and her ill ſtars requir'd,
To hear the ſeries of the war deſir'd:
Relate at large, my god-like gueſt, ſhe ſaid,
The Grecian ſtratagems, the town betray'd;
The fatal iſſue of ſo long a war,
Your flight, your wanderings, and your woes, declare.

For,

For, ſince on every ſea, on every coaſt,
Your men have been diſtreſs'd, your navy toſs'd,
Seven times the ſun has either tropic view'd,
The winter baniſh'd, and the ſpring renew'd.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the [illegible] Troy was taken, after a ten years ſiege, by t[illegible]chery of Sinon, and the ſtratagem of a wooden [illegible] He declares the fixed reſolution he had take[illegible] ſurvive the ruins of his country, and the [illegible]entures he met with in the defence of it: [illegible]een before adviſed by Hector's gho[illegible]y the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and ſettle his houſhold gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his ſhoulders, and leads his little ſon by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but miſſes his wife, whoſe ghoſt afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was deſigned for him.

ALL

All [illegible],
When, [illegible] begun:
[illegible],
[illegible],
An empire from its old foundation rent,
And every woe the Troians underwent:
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was:
Nor ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite.
But, since you take such interest in our woes,
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
I will refrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our last and fatal night befell.
By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war:
And, by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
Which, like a steed of monstrous height, appear'd:
The sides were plank'd with pine, they feign'd it made
For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend; but in the hollow side
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load,
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
(While fortune did on Priam's empire smile)

Renown'd for wealth; but ſince a faithleſs
Where ſhips expos'd to winds and weather
There was their fleet conceal'd: we thought for Greece.
The ſails were hoiſted, and our fears releaſe.
The Trojans, coop'd within their walls ſo long,
Unbar their gates, and iſſue in a throng,
Like ſwarming bees, and, with delight, ſurvey
The camp deſerted where the Grecians lay:
The quarters of the ſeveral chiefs they ſhow'd,
Here Phœnix, here Ac[illes] abode,
Here join'd the battles, [there] navy rode.
Part on the pile their wond[ering] eyes employ
(The pile by Pallas rais'd [to] Troy).
Thymætes firſt ('tis do[ubted] whether hir'd,
Or ſo the Trojan deſtin[y] d)
Mov'd that the rampar[ts] be broken down,
To lodge the monſter fa[bric] e town.
But Capys, and the reſt[er] mind,
The fatal preſent to the [waves] deſign'd;
Or to the watery deep: at leaſt to bore
The hollow ſides, and hidden frauds explore:
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noiſe ſay nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoon, follow'd by a numerous crowd,
Ran from the fort; and cry'd, from far, aloud;
O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
What more than madneſs has poſſeſs'd your brains?
Think you the Grecians from your coaſts are gone,
And are Ulyſſes' arts no better known?

This

This hollow fabric either muſt incloſe,
Within its blind receſs, our ſecret foes;
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town,
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is ſure deſign'd; by fraud or force;
Truſt not their preſents, nor admit the horſe.
Thus having ſaid, againſt the ſteed he threw
His forceful ſpear, which, hiſſing as it flew,
Pierc'd through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly ſtood.
The ſides tranſpierc'd return a rattling ſound,
And groans of Greeks inclos'd come iſſuing through the wound.
And had not heaven the fall of Troy deſign'd,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was ſaid and done, t' inſpire a better mind:
Then had our lances pierc'd the treacherous wood,
And Illian towers and Priam's empire ſtood.

Mean time, with ſhouts, the Trojan ſhepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands, before the king:
Taken, to take; who made himſelf their prey,
T' impoſe on their belief, and Troy betray.
Fix'd on his aim, and obſtinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All preſs to ſee, and ſome inſult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles diſguis'd,
Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
Trembling the miſcreant ſtood, unarm'd and bound;
He ſtar'd, and roll'd his hagard eyes around;

Then

Then ſaid, Alas! what earth remains, what ſea
Is open to receive unhappy me!
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends!
He ſaid, and ſigh'd, and caſt a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our paſſions die.
We chear the youth to make his own defence,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart, we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.

His fear at length diſmiſs'd, he ſaid, whate'er
My fate ordains, my words ſhall be ſincere:
I neither can, nor dare, my birth diſclaim;
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name:
Though plung'd by fortune's power in miſery,
'Tis not in fortune's power to make me lye.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who ſuffer'd from the malice of the times;
Accus'd and ſentenc'd for pretended crimes:
Becauſe the fatal wars he would prevent;
Whoſe death the wretched Greeks too late lament;
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
Of other means, committed to his care:
His kinſman and companion in the war.
While fortune favour'd, while his arms ſupport
The cauſe, and rul'd the counſels of the court,
I made ſome figure there; nor was my name
Obſcure, nor I without my ſhare of fame.

But when Ulyſſes, with fallacious arts,
Had made impreſſion in the peoples' hearts;
And forg'd a treaſon in my patron's name
(I ſpeak of things too far diviulg'd by fame),
My kinſman fell; then I, without ſupport,
In private mourn'd his loſs, and left the court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With ſilent grief, but loudly blam'd the ſtate:
And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
'Twas told again, and hence my ruin roſe.
I threaten'd, if indulgent heaven once more
Would land me ſafely on my native ſhore,
His death with double vengeance to return.
This mov'd the murderer's hate, and ſoon enſued
Th' effects of malice from a man ſo proud.
Ambiguous rumours through the camp he ſpread,
And fought, by treaſon, my devoted head:

New crimes invented, left unturn'd no ſtone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own.
Till Calchas was by force and threatening wrought:
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation juſt revenge you ſeek,
And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know,
Aſſuage your thirſt of blood, and ſtrike the blow:
My death will both the kingly brothers pleaſe,
And ſet inſatiate Ithacus at eaſe.
This fair unfiniſh'd tale, theſe broken ſtarts,
Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts;
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.

His

His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus purſued:
Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitleſs care,
And weary'd with an unſucceſsful war)
Reſolv'd to raiſe the ſiege, and leave the town;
And, had the gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the wintery ſeas and ſouthern winds
Withſtood their paſſage [illegible] chang'd their minds.
Portents and prodigies [illegible]uis amaz'd;
But moſt, when this f[illegible]us pile was rais'd:
Then flaming meteors, [illegible] air, were ſeen,
And thunders rattled t[illegible]n'd ſky ſerene:
Diſmay'd, and fearful [illegible]ne dire event,
Eurypylus, t' enquire [illegible]ate, was ſent;
He from the gods this dreadful anſwer brought;
O Grecians! when the [illegible]hores you ſought,
Your paſſage with a vi[illegible]—l was bought!
So muſt your ſafe retu[illegible]t again,
And Grecian blood on[illegible]nore atone the main!
The ſpreading rumour round the people ran;
All fear'd, and each believ'd himſelf the man.
Ulyſſes took th' advantage of their fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open ſight:
Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate
The public victim, to redeem the ſtate.
Already ſome preſag'd the dire event,
And ſaw what ſacrifice Ulyſſes meant.
For twice five days the good old ſeer withſtood
The intended treaſon, and was dumb to blood.

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His

Ye lamps of heaven! he said, and lifted
His hands now free, thou venerable sky
Inviolable powers, ador'd with dread,
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head,
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled,
Be all of you abjur'd; and grant I may,
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray!
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish who ...stly hate!
But you, O king! preserve the faith you gave,
If I, to save myself, ...empire save.
The Grecian hopes, ... all th' attempts they made,
Were only founded ... Minerva's aid.
But from the time w... impious Diomede,
And false Ulysses, t... ventive head,
Her fatal image from ...ple drew,
The sleeping guardians ... castle slew,
Her virgin statue wit... ...body hands
Polluted, and profan'd ...ly bands:
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before:
Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd,
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind, and alienated care:
When first her fatal image touch'd the ground,
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around;
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
Her heavenly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.

Thrice from the ground ſhe leap'd, was ſeen to wield
Her brandiſh'd lance, and ſhake her horrid ſhield!
Then Calchas bade our hoſt for flight prepare,
And hope no conqueſt from the tedious war:
Till firſt they ſail'd for Greece; with prayers beſought
Her injur'd power, and better omens brought.
And now their navy ploughs the watery main,
Yet, ſoon expect it on your ſhores again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.
But firſt, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid,
For her ſtolen ſtatue, and her tower betray'd;
Warn'd by the ſeer, to her offended name
We rais'd, and dedicate this wondrous frame:
So lofty, leſt through your forbidden gates
It paſs, and intercept our better fates.
For, once admitted there, our hopes are loſt;
And Troy may then a new Palladium boaſt.
For ſo religion and the gods ordain;
That if you violate with hands profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flames ſhall burn,
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn)!
But if it climb, with your aſſiſting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city ſtands,
Then Troy ſhall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverſe of fate on us return.
With ſuch deceits he gain'd their eaſy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts,
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater ſon,
A thouſand ſhips, nor ten years ſiege had done:
Falſe tears and fawning words the city won.

A greater

A greater omen, and of worſe portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoon, Neptune's prieſt by lot that year,
With ſolemn pomp then ſacrific'd a ſteer.
When, dreadful to behold, from ſea we ſpy'd
Two ſerpents rank'd abreaſt, the ſeas divide,
And ſmoothly ſweep along the ſwelling tide.
Their flaming creſts above the waves they ſhow,
Their bellies ſeem to burn the ſeas below:
Their ſpeckled tails advance to ſteer their courſe,
And, on the ſounding ſhore, the flying billows force.
And now the ſtrand, and now the plain they held,
Their ardent eyes with bloody ſtreaks were fill'd:
Their nimble tongues they brandiſh'd as they came,
And lick'd their hiſſing jaws, that ſputter'd flame.
We fled amaz'd; their deſtin'd way they take,
And to Laocoon and his children make:
And firſt around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their ſharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haſte, but vain, they next invade:
Twice round his waiſt their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gaſping throat they fold.
The prieſt, thus doubly chok'd, their creſts divide,
And, towering o'er his head, in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labours at the knots,
His holy fillets the blue venom blots:

His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And, with loud bellowings, breaks the yielding ſkies.
Their taſks perform'd, the ſerpents quit their prey,
And to the tower of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
By her large buckler, and protended ſpear.
Amazement ſeizes all; the general cry
Proclaims Laocoon juſtly doom'd to die,
Whoſe hand the will of Pallas had withſtood,
And dar'd to violate the ſacred wood.
All vote t'admit the ſteed, that vows be paid,
And ineenſe offer'd, to th' offended maid.
A ſpacious breach is made, the town lies bare,
Some hoiſting levers, ſome the wheels prepare,
And faſten to the horſes feet: the reſt
With cables hawl along th' unwieldy beaſt.
Each on his fellow for aſſiſtance calls:
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with deſtruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, ſing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then deſcending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threats the town.
O ſacred city! built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he ſtuck; as oft the claſhing ſound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
We hawl along the horſe in ſolemn ſtate;

Then place the dire portent within the to
Caſſandra cry'd, and curs'd the unhappy
Foretold our fate; but, by the gods decree,
All heard, and none believ'd, the prophecy.
With branches we the ſanes adorn, and waſte
In jollity the day ordain'd to be the laſt.
Mean time the rapid heavens roll'd down the light,
And on the ſhaded ocean ruſh'd the night:
Our men, ſecure, nor guards nor centries held,
But eaſy ſleep their weary limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their naval powers
From Tenedos, and ſought our well-known ſhores;
Safe under covert of the ſilent night,
And guided by th' imperial galley's light.
When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horſe, and op'd his dark abodes;
Reſtor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement roſe.
Tyſander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
And dire Ulyſſes, down the cable ſlide:
Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haſte;
Nor was the Podalyrian hero laſt:
Nor injur'd Menelaüs, nor the fam'd
Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd.
A nameleſs crowd ſucceed; their forces join
T' invade the town, oppreſs'd with ſleep and wine.
Thoſe few they find awake, firſt meet their fate,
Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
'Twas in the dead of night, when ſleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,

When

When Hector's ghoſt before my ſight appears:
A bloody ſhroud he ſeem'd, and bath'd in tears.
Such as he was, when, by Pelides ſlain,
Theſſalian courſers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thruſt
Through the bor'd holes, his body black with duſt.
Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
Of war triumphant, in Æacian ſpoils:
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd againſt their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard ſtood ſtiffen'd with his gore;
And all the wounds, he for his country bore,
Now ſtream'd afreſh, and with new purple ran:
I wept to ſee the viſionary man:
And, while my trance continu'd, thus began:
O light of Trojans, and ſupport of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art, thou ſo late return'd for our defence?
Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,
With length of labours, and with toils of war?
After ſo many funerals of thy own,
Art thou reſtor'd to thy declining town?
But ſay, what wounds are theſe? What new diſgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?
To this the ſpectre no reply did frame;
But anſwer'd to the cauſe for which he came:
And, groaning from the bottom of his breaſt,
This warning, in theſe mournful words, expreſs'd:

O god-

O goddeſs-born! eſcape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes, already, have poſſeſs'd the wall,
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone:
Now Troy to thee commends her future ſtate,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their aſſiſtance happier walls expect,
Which, wandering long, at laſt thou ſhalt erect.
He ſaid, and brought me, from their bleſt abodes,
The venerable ſtatues of the gods:
With ancient Veſta from the ſacred choir
The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.
Now peals of ſhouts come thundering from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war!
The noiſe approaches, though our palace ſtood
Aloof from ſtreets, encompaſs'd with a wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries diſtinct, and claſhing arms!
Fear broke my ſlumbers: I no longer ſtay,
But mount the terraſs, thence the town ſurvey:
And hearken what the fruitful ſounds convey!
Thus when a flood of fire by wind is born,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the ſtanding corn:
Or deluges, deſcending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, deſtroy the pains
Of labouring oxen, and the peaſant's gains:

Unroot

Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, fields, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey!
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees, from far,
The wasteful ravage of the watery war.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd;
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd!
The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoaky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright
With splendor not their own; and shine with Trojan light.
New clamours and new clangors now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries!
With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms!
But first to gather friends, with them to oppose,
If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes.
Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd;
With sense of honour, and revenge inspir'd!

Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame;
With relics loaden, to my doors he fled,
And, by the hand, his tender grandson led.
What hope, O Pantheus! whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?
Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a groan,
Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom

Transfers

Transfers the Trojan ſtate to Grecian han
The fire conſumes the town, the foe com[illegible]s!
And armed hoſts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horſe!
Within the gates proud Sinon throws about
The flames, and foes for entrance preſs without.
With thouſand others, whom I fear to name,
More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
To ſeveral poſts their [illegible] they divide;
Some block the narrow [illegible]s, ſome ſcour the wide.
The bold they kill, th' unwary they ſurprize;
Who fights finds death [illegible]nd death finds him who flies.
The warriers of the ga[illegible]t ſcarce maintain
Th' unequal combat, [illegible] in vain.
I heard; and heaven, [illegible]l-born ſouls inſpires,
Prompts me, through [illegible]words and riſing fires,
To run, where claſhin[illegible]nd clamour calls,
And ruſh undaunted t[illegible] the walls!
Ripheus and Iphitus by my ſide engage,
For valour one renown'd, and one for age.
Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
My motions and my mien, and to my party drew;
With young Chorœbus, who by love was led
To win renown, and fair Caſſandra's bed;
And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid:
Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid.
Whom, when I ſaw, reſolv'd in arms to fall,
And that one ſpirit animated all;
Brave ſouls, ſaid I, but brave, alas! in vain:
Come, finiſh what our cruel fates ordain.

You

You ſee the deſperate ſtate of our affairs;
And heaven's protecting powers are deaf to prayers.
The paſſive gods behold the Greeks defile
Their temples, and abandon to the ſpoil
Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conſpire
To ſave a ſinking town involv'd in fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidſt our foes:
Deſpair of life, the means of living ſhows.
So bold a ſpeech encourag'd their deſire
Of death, and added fuel to their fire!

As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
Scour through the fields, nor fear the ſtormy night,
Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,
And long to temper their dry chaps in blood,
So ruſh'd we forth at once, reſolv'd to die,
Reſolv'd in death the laſt extremes to try!
We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare 48
Th' unequal combat in the public ſquare:
Night was our friend, our leader was Deſpair.
What tongue can tell the ſlaughter of that night!
What eyes can weep the ſorrows and affright!
An ancient and imperial city falls,
The ſtreets are fill'd with frequent funerals:
Houſes and holy temples float in blood,
And hoſtile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall, but, in their turn,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victors mourn.
Ours take new courage from deſpair and night;
Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.

rts resound with tumults, plaints, and
grisly death in sundry shapes appears!
geos fell among us, with his band,
thought us Grecians newly come to land:
whence, said he, my friends, this long delay?
biter, while the spoils are borne away.
ips are laden with the Trojan store,
ou, like truants, come too late ashore.
d, but soon corrected his mistake,
by the doubtful answers which we make:
'd he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight,
e, more numerous, intercept his flight.
en some peasant, in a bushy brake,
with unwary footing, has'd a snake,
rts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
sing creft, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
m our arms surpriz'd Androgeos flies!
n; for him and his we compass round,
'd with fear, unknowing of the ground;
f their lives an easy conquest found.
fortune on our first endeavour smil'd;
ebus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
with success, and of a daring mind,
new invention fatally design'd.
iends, said he, since fortune shows the way,
t we should th' auspicious guide obey.
hat has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,
eir destruction, and the Trojans good?
change we shields, and their devices bear,
aud supply the want of force in war.

They

They find us arms. This ſaid, himſelf he dreſs'd
In dead Androgeos' ſpoils, his upper veſt,
His painted buckler, and his plumy creſt.
Thus Rypheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
Lay down their own attire, and ſtrip the ſlain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill preſage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage:
Unknown, aſſaulting whom we blindly meet,
And ſtrew, with Grecian carcaſes, the ſtreet.
Thus while their ſtraggling parties we defeat,
Some to the ſhore and ſafer ſhips retreat:
And ſome, oppreſs'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horſe, and pant in ſecret there.
But ah! what uſe of valour can be made,
When heaven's propitious powers refuſe their aid!
Behold the royal propheteſs, the fair
Caſſandra, dragg'd by her diſhevel'd hair;
Whom not Minerva's ſhrine, nor ſacred bands,
In ſafety could protect from ſacrilegious hands:
On heaven ſhe caſt her eyes, ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe cry'd,
('Twas all ſhe could), her tender arms were ty'd.
So ſad a ſight Chorœbus could not bear;
But, fir'd with rage, diſtracted with deſpair,
Amid the barbarous raviſhers he flew;
Our leader's raſh example we purſue;
But ſtorms of ſtones, from the proud temple's height,
Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow,
Who thought us Grecians, as we ſeem'd in ſhow.

They

They aim at the miſtaken creſts, from high,
And ours beneath the ponderous ruin lie.
Then, mov'd with anger and diſdain, to ſee
Their troops diſpers'd, the royal virgin free:
The Grecians rally, and their powers unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
The brother-kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole ſquadron of Theſſalian horſe.
Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the ſky,
South, eaſt, and weſt, on airy courſers borne,
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus ſtrikes the deep, the billows riſe,
And, mix'd with ooze and ſand, pollute the ſkies.
The troops we ſquander'd firſt, again appear
From ſeveral quarters, and incloſe the rear.
They firſt obſerve, and to the reſt betray,
Our different ſpeech; our borrow'd arms ſurvey.
Oppreſs'd with odds, we fall; Chorœbus firſt,
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
Then Rypheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
Juſt of his word, obſervant of the right:
Heaven thought not ſo: Dymas their fate attends,
With Hypanis, miſtaken by their friends.
Nor Pantheus, thee, thy mitre nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, ſav'd from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames, your teſtimony bear
What I perform'd, and what I ſuffer'd there:
No ſword avoiding in the fatal ſtrife,
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.

Witneſs, ye heavens! I live not by my fault;
I ſtrove to have deſerv'd the death I ſought.
But when I could not fight, and would have dy'd,
Borne off to diſtance by the growing tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamours from th' inveſted palace ring;
We run to die, or diſengage the king.
So hot th' aſſault, ſo high the tumult roſe,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppoſe,
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow ſpace:
Or as all Ilium elſe were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and ſlaughter only there.
Their targets in a tortoiſe caſt, the foes
Secure advancing, to the turrets roſe:
Some mount the ſcaling-ladders; ſome, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by poſts and pillars hold:
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' aſcent,
While with the right they ſeize the battlement.
From the demoliſh'd towers the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of ſtones, that, falling, cruſh the foe:
And heavy beams and rafters from the ſides
(Such arms their laſt neceſſity provides):
And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,
The marks of ſtate and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the paſs, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage, with recover'd breath,
A ſecond time we ran to tempt our death:

To

To clear the palace from the foe, ſucceed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
A poſtern-door, yet unobſerv'd and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
To the king's cloſet led, a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne:
Through which ſhe brought Aſtyanax, unſeen,
To chear his grandſire and his grandſire's queen.
Through this we paſs, a[illegible] the tower from whence,
With unavailing arms, [illegible]ans make defence.
From this the tremblin[illegible]g had oft deſcry'd
The Grecian camp, an[illegible]w their navy ride.
Beams from his lofty [illegible] ſwords we hew;
Then, wrenching wit[illegible], th' aſſault renew.
And, where the rafter[illegible]olumns meet,
We puſh them headlo[illegible]our arms and feet:
The lightning flies not [illegible] the fall,
Nor thunder louder th[illegible] wall:
Down goes the top at [illegible]reeks beneath
Are piece-meal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more ſucceed, and more to death are ſent;
We ceaſe not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate ſtood Pyrrhus, threatening loud,
With glittering arms conſpicuous in the crowd.
So ſhines, renew'd in youth, the creſted ſnake,
Who ſlept the winter in a thorny brake:
And, caſting off his ſlough, when ſpring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns:
Reſtor'd with poiſonous herbs, his ardent ſides
Reflect the ſun, and, rais'd on ſpires, he rides;

High o'er the graſs, hiſſing he rolls along,
And brandiſhes, by fits, his forky tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run
To force the gate: the Scyrian infantry
Ruſh on in crouds, and the barr'd paſſage free.
Entering the court, with ſhouts the ſkies they rend,
And flaming firebrands to the roofs aſcend.
Himſelf, among the foremoſt, deals his blows,
And, with his ax, repeated ſtrokes beſtows
On the ſtrong doors: then all their ſhoulders ply,
Till from the poſts the brazen hinges fly.
He hews apace, the double bars at length
Yield to his ax, and unreſiſted ſtrength.
A mighty breach is made; the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd.
The halls of audience, and of public ſtate,
And where the lonely queen in ſecret ſate.
Arm'd ſoldiers now by trembling maids are ſeen,
With not a door, and ſcarce a ſpace between.
The houſe is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
And ſhrieks of women rend the vaulted ſkies.
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiſs the threſholds, and the poſts embrace.
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
And all his father ſparkles in his eyes.
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force ſuſtain;
The bars are broken, and the guards are ſlain.
In ruſh the Greeks, and all th' apartments fill;
Thoſe few defendants whom they find they kill.

Not

Not with ſo fierce a rage, the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid courſe withſtood:
Bears down the dams with unreſiſted ſway,
And ſweeps the cattle and the cots away.
Theſe eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The brother-kings: I ſaw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam ſtood,
To ſtain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds (ſuch hopes had he,
So large a promiſe of a progeny).
The poſts of plated gold, and hung with ſpoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a ſpace,
The Grecians enter, and poſſeſs the place.
Perhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire:
He, when he ſaw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his entering foes,
On every ſide inevitable woes;
In arms diſus'd, inveſts his limbs decay'd
Like them, with age; a late and uſeleſs aid.
His feeble ſhoulders ſcarce the weight ſuſtain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain;
Deſpairing of ſucceſs: ambitious to be ſlain!
Uncover'd but by heaven, there ſtood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whoſe boughs encompaſs round
The houſhold gods, and ſhade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpleſs train
Of dames, for ſhelter ſought, but ſought in vain.

Driven like a flock of doves along the ſky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen, when ſhe beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his ſide a heavy ſword,
What rage, ſhe cry'd, has ſeiz'd my huſband's mind;
What arms are theſe, and to what uſe deſign'd?
Theſe times want other aids: were Hector here,
Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
With us, one common ſhelter thou ſhalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd.
She ſaid, and with a laſt ſalute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
Behold Polites, one of Priam's ſons,
Purſued by Pyrrhus, there for ſafety runs.
Through ſwords and foes, amaz'd and hurt he flies
Through empty courts, and open galleries:
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, purſues,
And often reaches, and his thruſts renews.
The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
Expires, before his wretched parents' eyes.
Whom, gaſping at his feet, when Priam ſaw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law.
And, ſhaking more with anger than with age,
The gods, ſaid he, requite thy brutal rage:
As ſure they will, Barbarian! ſure they muſt,
If there be gods in heaven, and gods be juſt:
Who tak'ſt in wrongs an inſolent delight,
With a ſon's death t' infect a father's ſight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conſpire
To call thee his: not he, thy vaunted ſire,

Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He chear'd my ſorrows, and, for ſums of gold,
The bloodleſs carcaſe of my Hector ſold.
Pity'd the woes a parent underwent,
And ſent me back in ſafety from his tent.
This ſaid, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, fluttering, ſeem'd to loiter as it flew:
Juſt, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinckled on the brazen ſhield.
Then Pyrrhus thus: Go thou from me to fate;
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die: with that he dragg'd the trembling ſire,
Sliddering through clotter'd blood and holy mire
(The mingled paſte his murder'd ſon had made),
Haul'd from beneath the violated ſhade,
And on the ſacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody fauchion bare;
His left he twiſted in his hoary hair:
Then, with a ſpeeding thruſt, his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came ruſhing through the wound,
And ſanguine ſtreams diſtain'd the ſacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and ſhar'd one common fate
With Troy in aſhes, and his ruin'd ſtate:
He, who the ſceptre of all Aſia ſway'd,
Whom monarchs, like domeſtic ſlaves, obey'd,
On the bleak ſhore now lies th' abandon'd king,
* A headleſs carcaſe, and a nameleſs thing.

* This whole line is taken from Sir John Denham.

Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood
Congeal with fear, my hair with horror ſtood:
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Leſt equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forſaken wife,
And trembled for my ſon's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myſelf alone,
Deſerted at my need, my friends were gone.
Some ſpent with toil, ſome with deſpair oppreſs'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames conſum'd the reſt.
Thus, wandering in my way, without a guide,
The graceleſs Helen in the porch I ſpy'd
Of Veſta's temple; there ſhe lurk'd alone;
Muffled ſhe ſate, and, what ſhe could, unknown:
But, by the flames, that caſt their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy, I found.
For Ilium burnt, ſhe dreads the Trojan's ſword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
Ev'n by thoſe gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd.
Trembling with rage, the ſtrumpet I regard;
Reſolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.
Shall ſhe triumphant ſail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall ſhe her kingdom and her friends review,
In ſtate attended with a captive crew;
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires conſume the Trojan walls?
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were ſwell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood!

'Tis

'Tis true, a ſoldier can ſmall honour gain,
And boaſt no conqueſt from a woman ſlain;
Yet ſhall the fact not paſs without applauſe,
Of vengeance taken in ſo juſt a cauſe.
The puniſh'd crime ſhall ſet my ſoul at eaſe:
And murmuring manes of my friends appeaſe.
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleaſant light
Spread o'er the place, and, ſhining heavenly bright,
My mother ſtood reveal'd before my ſight.
Never ſo radiant did her eyes appear;
Nor her own ſtar confeſs'd a light ſo clear.
Great in her charms, as when the gods above
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their love.
She held my hand, the deſtin'd blow to break:
Then, from her roſy lips, began to ſpeak:
My ſon, from whence this madneſs, this neglect
Of my commands, and thoſe whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? recal to mind
Whom you forſake, what pledges leave behind.
Look if your hapleſs father yet ſurvive;
Or if Aſcanius, or Creüſa, live.
Around your houſe the greedy Grecians err;
And theſe had periſh'd in the nightly war,
But for my preſence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault:
But by the gods was this deſtruction brought.
Now caſt your eyes around; while I diſſolve
The miſts and films that mortal eyes involve:
Purge from your ſight the droſs, and make you ſee
The ſhape of each avenging deity.

Enlighten'd

Enlighten'd thus, my juſt commands fulfil:
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon diſorder'd heap of ruin lies,
Stones rent from ſtones, where clouds of duſt ariſe,
Amid that ſmother, Neptune holds his place:
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace:
And heaves the building from the ſolid baſe.
Look where, in arms, imperial Juno ſtands,
Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands,
Urging on ſhore the tardy Grecian bands.
See Pallas, of her ſnaky buckler proud,
Beſtrides the tower, refulgent through the cloud:
See Jove new courage to the foe ſupplies,
And arms againſt the town the partial deities.
Haſte hence, my ſon; this fruitleſs labour end:
Haſte where your trembling ſpouſe and ſire attend:
Haſte, and a mother's care your paſſage ſhall befriend.
She ſaid: and ſwiftly vaniſh'd from my ſight,
Obſcure in clouds, and gloomy ſhades of night.
I look'd, I liſten'd; dreadful ſounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hoſtile gods appear.
Troy ſunk in flames I ſaw, nor could prevent;
And Ilium from its old foundations rent.
Rent like a mountain aſh, which dar'd the winds;
And ſtood the ſturdy ſtrokes of labouring hinds:
About the roots the cruel ax reſounds,
The ſtumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds.
The war is felt on high, the nodding crown
Now threats a fall, and throws the leafy honours down.

To

To their united force it yields, though late;
And mourns, with mortal groans, th' ap proaching fate:
The roots no more their upper load ſuſtain;
But down ſhe falls, and ſpreads a ruin through the plain.
Deſcending thence, I 'ſcape through foes, and fire:
Before the goddeſs, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he for whoſe only ſake,
Or moſt for his, ſuch toils I undertake,
The good Anchiſes, whom, by timely flight,
I purpos'd to ſecure on Ida's height,
Refus'd the journey; reſolute to die,
And add his funerals to the fate of Troy:
Rather than exile and old age ſuſtain.
Go you, whoſe blood runs warm in every vein:
Had heaven decreed that I ſhould life enjoy,
Heaven had decreed to ſave unhappy Troy.
'Tis ſure enough, if not too much for one,
Twice to have ſeen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haſte to ſave the poor remaining crew;
And give this uſeleſs corpſe a long adieu.
Theſe weak old hands ſuffice to ſtop my breath:
At leaſt the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my ſpoils: and leave my body bare:
As for my ſepulchre let heaven take care.
'Tis long ſince I, for my celeſtial wife,
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a lingering life:
Since every hour and moment I expire,
Blaſted from heaven by Jove's avenging fire.
This oft repeated, he ſtood fix'd to die:
Myſelf, my wife, my ſon, my family,
Intreat, pray, beg, and raiſe a doleful cry.

What,

What, will he ſtill perſiſt, on death reſolve,
And in his ruin all his houſe involve?
He ſtill perſiſts his reaſons to maintain;
Our prayers, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.
Urg'd by deſpair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, reſolv'd in fight to die.
What hope remains, but what my death muſt give?
Can I without ſo dear a father live?
You term it prudence, what I baſeneſs call:
Could ſuch a word from ſuch a parent fall?
If fortune pleaſe, and ſo the gods ordain,
That nothing ſhould of ruin'd Troy remain;
And you conſpire with fortune, to be ſlain;
The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
For ſoon relentleſs Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam's blood: the wretch who ſlew
The ſon (inhuman) in the father's view,
And then the fire himſelf to the dire altar drew.
O goddeſs-mother, give me back to fate;
Your gift was undeſir'd, and came too late.
Did you for this, unhappy me convey
Through foes and fires to ſee my houſe a prey?
Shall I, my father, wife, and ſon, behold
Weltering in blood, each other's arms infold?
Haſte! gird my ſword, though ſpent and overcome:
'Tis the laſt ſummons to receive your doom.
I hear thee, fate, and I obey thy call:
Not unreveng'd the foe ſhall ſee my fall.
Reſtore me yet to the unfiniſh'd fight:
My death is wanting to conclude the night.

Arm'd

Arm'd once again, my glittering ſword I wield!
While th' other hand ſuſtains my weighty ſhield:
And forth I ruſh to ſeek th' abandon'd field.
I went; but ſad Creüſa ſtopp'd my way,
And, croſs the threſhold, in my paſſage lay;
Embrac'd my knees; and when I would have gone,
Shew'd me my feeble ſire, and tender ſon.
If death be your deſign, at leaſt, ſaid ſhe,
Take us along to ſhare your deſtiny.
If any further hopes in arms remain,
This place, theſe pledges of your love maintain.
To whom do you expoſe your father's life,
Your ſon's, and mine, your now-forgotten wife!
While thus ſhe fills the houſe with clamorous cries,
Our hearing is diverted by our eyes;
For while I held my ſon, in the ſhort ſpace,
Betwixt our kiſſes and our laſt embrace,
Strange to relate, from young Iülus' head
A lambent flame aroſe, which gently ſpread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
To quench the ſacred fire, and ſlake his hair;
But old Anchiſes, vers'd in omens, rear'd
His hand to heaven, and this requeſt preferr'd:
If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
Thy will, if piety can prayers commend,
Confirm the glad preſage which thou art pleas'd to ſend.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, on our left, we hear
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:

There

There ſhot a ſtreaming lamp along the ſky,
Which on the winged lightning ſeem'd to fly;
From o'er the roof the blaze began to move;
And trailing vaniſh'd in th' Idean grove.
It ſwept a path in heaven, and ſhone a guide;
Then in a ſteaming ſtench of ſulphur dy'd.
The good old man with ſuppliant hands implor'd
The gods protection, and their ſtar ador'd.
Now, now, ſaid he, my ſon, no more delay,
I yield, I follow where heaven ſhews the way.
Keep (O my country gods) our dwelling-place,
And guard this relick of the Trojan race:
This tender child; theſe omens are your own;
And you can yet reſtore the ruin'd town.
At leaſt accompliſh what your ſigns foreſhow:
I ſtand reſign'd, and am prepar'd to go.
He ſaid; the crackling flames appear on high,
And driving ſparkles dance along the ſky.
With Vulcan's rage the riſing winds conſpire;
And near our palace rolls the flood of fire.
Haſte, my dear father ('tis no time to wait,)
And load my ſhoulders with a willing freight.
Whate'er befals, your life ſhall be my care,
One death, or one deliverance, we will ſhare.
My hand ſhall lead our little ſon; and you,
My faithful conſort, ſhall our ſteps purſue.
Next, you, my ſervants, heed my ſtrict commands:
Without the walls a ruin'd temple ſtands,
To Ceres hallow'd once; a cypreſs nigh
Shoots up her venerable head on high;

By

By long religion kept: there bend your fe
And, in divided parties, let us meet.
Our country gods, the relicks, and the ba
Hold you, my father, in your guiltleſs hands:
In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with ſlaughter, new from war:
Till, in ſome living ſtream, I cleanſe the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle ſpilt.
Thus, ordering all that prudence could provide,
I clothe my ſhoulders
And yellow ſpoils: th g back,
The welcome load of he. ne.
While, on my better l ius hung,
And, with unequal pa ong.
Creüſa kept behind: l ve ſtray
Through every dark a devious way.
I, who ſo bold and da , juſt before,
The Grecian darts an s of lances bore,
At every ſhadow now with fear:
Not for myſelf, but fo age I bear.
Till near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at laſt,
Secure, and deeming all the danger paſt,
A frightful noiſe of trampling feet we hear;
My father, looking through the ſhades with fear,
Cry'd out, Haſte, haſte, my ſon, the foes are nigh;
Their ſwords and ſhining armour I deſcry.
Some hoſtile god, for ſome unknown offence,
Had ſure bereft my mind of better ſenſe:
For while, through winding ways, I took my flight,
And ſought the ſhelter of the gloomy night,

Alas!

Alas! I loſt Creüſa: hard to tell
If by her fatal deſtiny ſhe fell,
Or weary ſtate, or wander'd with affright;
But ſhe was loſt for ever to my ſight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends, at Ceres' now-deſerted ſeat:
We met: not one was wanting, only ſhe
Deceiv'd her friends, her ſon, and wretched me.
What mad expreſſions did my tongue refuſe!
Whom did I not of gods or men accuſe!
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loſs, and raving with deſpair,
Abandoning my now-forgotten care,
Of counſel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My ſire, my ſon, my country gods, I left.
In ſhining armour once again I ſheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And ſeek the danger I was forc'd to ſhun.
I tread my former tracks: through night explore
Each paſſage, every ſtreet I croſs'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the ſilence of the night.
Then to my father's houſe I make repair,
With ſome ſmall glimpſe of hope to find her there:
Inſtead of her, the cruel Grecks I met:
The houſe was fill'd with foes, with flames beſet.
Driven on the wings of winds, whole ſheets of fire,
Through air tranſported, to the roofs aſpire.

From

From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
And search the citadel, and desert court.
Then, unobserv'd, I pass'd by Juno's ch[illegible];
A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch:
There Phœnix and Ulysses watch the prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey.
The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught.
The tables of the gods, the purple vests,
The peoples' treasure, and the pomp of priests.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern[illegible] madness, I proclaim,
Through all the silent [illegible]reets, Creüsa's name.
Creüsa still I call: at [illegible]ngth she hears;
And, sudden, throug[illegible] the shades of night appears.
Appears no more Cre[illegible] nor my wife,
But a pale spectre, la[illegible] than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, a[illegible]truck dumb with fear,
I stood; like bristles [illegible]se my stiffen'd hair,
Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief:
Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief;
Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain:
You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great comptroller of the sky.
Long wandering ways for you the powers decree:
On land hard labours, and a length of sea.
Then, after many painful years are past,
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast:

Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flowery meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils: and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
There fortune ſhall the Trojan line reſtore;
And you for loſt Creüſa weep no more.
Fear not that I ſhall watch, with ſervile ſhame,
Th' imperious looks of ſome proud Grecian dame:
Or, ſtooping to the victor's luſt, diſgrace
My goddeſs-mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewel: the parent of the gods
Reſtrains my fleeting ſoul in her abodes:
I truſt our common iſſue to your care.
She ſaid: and gliding paſs'd unſeen in air.
I ſtrove to ſpeak, but horror ty'd my tongue;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung:
And thrice, deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blaſt of wind, ſhe ruſh'd away.
Thus, having paſs'd the night in fruitleſs pain,
I to my longing friends return again.
Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old:
A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
With arms appointed, and with treaſure fraught.
Reſolv'd, and willing under my command,
To run all hazards both of ſea and land.
The morn began, from Ida, to diſplay
Her roſy cheeks, and Phoſphor led the day:

Before the gates the Grecians took their
And all pretence of late relief were loſt.
I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my fire.

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END OF VOL. V.

John Dickinson

1786

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

VOLUME II.

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneis proceeds in his rel[illegible] he gives an account of the fleet with which [illegible] ceeſs of his firſt voyage to Thr[illegible] directs his courſe to Delos, an[illegible] aſks the oracle what place the Gods had appointe[illegible] for his habitation? By a miſtake of the oracle's [illegible] he ſettles in Crete: his houſhold Gods giv[illegible] the true ſenſe of the oracle in a dream: he follows their advice, and makes the beſt of his way for Italy: he is caſt on ſeveral ſhores, and meets with very ſurprizing adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his father Anchiſes dies. This is the place he was ſailing from, when the tempeſt roſe, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coaſt.

WHEN heaven had overturn'd th' Trojan ſtate,
And Priam's throne, by too ſevere a fate:

When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians prey,
And Ilium's lofty towers in aſhes lay:
Warn'd by celeſtial omens, we retreat,
To ſeek in foreign lands a happier ſeat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The timber of the ſacred groves we cut;
And build our fleet: uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repoſe aſſign'd.
Friends daily flock, and ſcarce the kindly ſpring
Began to cloathe the ground, and birds to ſing:
When old Anchiſes ſummon'd all to ſea:
The crew, my father and the fates obey.
With ſighs and tears I leave my native ſhore,
And empty fields, where Ilium ſtood before.
My ſire, my ſon, our leſs, and greater gods,
All ſail at once; and cleave the briny floods.
Againſt our coaſt appears a ſpacious land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command:
Thracia the name; the people bold in war;
Vaſt are their fields, and tillage is their care.
A hoſpitable realm, while fate was kind;
With Troy in friendſhip and religion join'd.
I land, with luckleſs omens; then adore
Their gods, and draw a line along the ſhore:
I lay the deep foundations of a wall:
And Enos, nam'd from me, the city call.
To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
And all the powers that riſing labours aid;
A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.

Not far, a rising hillock stood in view;
Sharp myrtles, on the sides, and cornels
There, while I went to crop the sylvan scenes,
And shade our altar with their leafy greens,
I pull'd a plant (with horror I relate
A prodigy so strange, and full of fate);
The rooted fibres rose; and from the wound,
Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.
Mute, and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood;
Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood:
Man'd once again, another plant I try,
That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
Then, fearing guilt for some offence unknown,
With prayers and vo the Dryads I atone;
With all the sisters of the woods, and most
The god of arms, w rules the Thracian coast;
That they, or he, th means would avert;
Release our fears, ar impart.
Clear'd, as I though and fix'd at length
To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my strength:
I bent my knees against the ground; once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
A groan as of a troubled ghost renew'd
My fright, and then these dreadful words ensued:
Why dost thou thus my bury'd body rend?
O spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
The tears distil not from the wounded wood;

But every drop this living tree contains
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins:
O fly from this unhoſpitable ſhore,
Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!
Here loads of lances, in my blood embrued,
Again ſhoot upward, by my blood renew'd.
My faltering tongue and ſhivering limbs declare
My horror, and in briſtles roſe my hair.
When Troy with Grecian arms was cloſely pent,
Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
This hapleſs Polydore to Thracia ſent.
Loaded with gold, he ſent his darling far
From noiſe and tumults, and deſtructive war:
Committed to the faithleſs tyrant's care:
Who, when he ſaw the power of Troy decline,
Forſook the weaker, with the ſtrong to join:
Broke every bond of nature, and of truth:
And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
O ſacred hunger of pernicious gold,
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold!
Now, when my ſoul had ſhaken off her fears,
I call my father, and the Trojan peers:
Relate the prodigies of heaven, require
What he commands, and their advice deſire.
All vote to leave that execrable ſhore,
Polluted with the blood of Polydore.
But ere we ſail, his funeral rites prepare;
Then, to his ghoſt, a tomb and altars rear.

In

In mournful pomp the matrons walk the
With baleful cypreſs and blue fillets cr
With eyes dejected, and with hair unbo
Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we
And thrice invoke the ſoul of Polydore.
Now when the raging ſtorms no longe
But ſouthern gales invite us to the main;
We launch our veſſels, with a proſperous wind;
And leave the cities and the ſhores behind.
An iſland in th' A
Neptune and watery
It floated once, till
To rooted earth, an
Here, borne by frie winds, we come aſhore,
With needful eaſe o weary limbs reſtore:
And the ſun's templ and his town adore.
Anius the prieſt, nd king, with laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with ple ts bound,
Who ſaw my ſire th more aſcend,
Came forth with ea to meet his friend:
Invites him to his palace: and in ſign
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.
Then to the temple of the god I went;
And thus before the ſhrine my vows preſent:
Give, O Thymbræus, give a reſting-place
To the ſad relicks of the Trojan race:
A ſeat ſecure, a region of their own,
A laſting empire, and a happier town.
Where ſhall we fix, where ſhall our labours end,
Whom ſhall we follow, and what fate attend?

Let not my prayers a doubtful anſwer find,
But in clear auguries unveil thy mind.
Scarce had I ſaid; he ſhook the holy ground,
The laurels, and the lofty hills around:
And from the tripos ruſh'd a bellowing ſound.
Proſtrate we fell, confeſs'd the preſent god;
Who gave this anſwer from his dark abode:
Undaunted youths, go ſeek that mother earth
From which your anceſtors derive their birth,
The ſoil that ſent you forth, her ancient race,
In her old boſom, ſhall again embrace.
Through the wide world th' Æneian houſe ſhall reign,
And childrens children ſhall the crown ſuſtain.
Thus Phœbus did our future fates diſcloſe:
A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, aroſe.
All are concern'd to know what place the god
Aſſign'd, and where determin'd our abode.
My father, long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
Thus anſwer'd their demands: Ye princes, hear
Your pleaſing fortune; and diſpel your fear.
The fruitful iſle of Crete, well known to fame,
Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,
In the mid ocean lies with large command;
And on its plains a hundred cities ſtand.
Another Ida riſes there; and we
From thence derive our Trojan anceſtry.
From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,
To the Rhætean ſhores old Teucer came:

There

There fix'd, and there the ſeat of empire
Ere Ilium and the Trojan towers aroſe.
In humble vales they built their ſoft abodes:
Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
With tinkling cymbals, charm'd th' Idean woods.
She ſecret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the ſavage lions brought.
Let us the land, which heaven appoints, explore;
Appeaſe the winds, and ſeek the Gnoſſian ſhore.
If Jove aſſiſt the paſſage of our fleet,
The third propitious dawn diſcovers Crete.
Thus having ſaid, the ſacrifices laid
On ſmoaking altars, to the gods he paid.
A bull to Neptune, an oblation due,
Another bull to bright Apollo ſlew:
A milk-white ewe the weſtern winds to pleaſe:
And one coal black to calm the ſtormy ſeas.
Ere this, a flying rumour had been ſpread,
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled;
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coaſt was free
From foreign or domeſtic enemy:
We leave the Delian ports, and put to ſea.
By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way:
Then green Donyſa paſs; and ſail in ſight
Of Paros iſle, with marble quarries white.
We paſs the ſcatter'd iſles of Cyclades,
That, ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd, ſeem to ſtud the ſeas.
The ſhouts of ſailors double near the ſhores;
They ſtretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.

All hands aloft, for Crete, for Crete they cry,
And ſwiftly through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore,
With joy deſcending on the Cretan ſhore.
With eager haſte a riſing town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
The name itſelf was grateful; I exhort
To found their houſes, and erect a fort.
Our ſhips are haul'd upon the yellow ſtrand.
The youth begin to till the labour'd land.
And I myſelf new marriages promote,
Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot.
When riſing vapours choke the wholeſom air,
And blaſts of noiſom winds corrupt the year:
The trees, devouring caterpillars burn:
Parch'd was the graſs, and blighted was the corn.
Nor ſcape the beaſts: for Sirius from on high
With peſtilential heat infects the ſky:
My men, ſome fall, the reſt in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me ſeek the ſhore
Of ſacred Delos and the god implore:
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary courſe direct.
'Twas night, when every creature, void of cares,
The common gift of balmy ſlumber ſhares:
The ſtatues of my gods (for ſuch they ſeem'd),
Thoſe gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me ſtood; majeſtically bright,
Full in the beams of Phœbe's entering light.

Then

Then thus they ſpoke; and eas'd my troubled mind:
What from the Delian god thou go'ſt to find,
He tells thee here; and ſends us to relate:
Thoſe powers are we, companions of thy fate,
Who from the burning town by thee were brought;
Thy fortune follow'd, and thy ſafety wrought.
Through ſeas and lands as we thy ſteps attend,
So ſhall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain;
A town, that o'er the conquer'd world ſhall reign.
Thou mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:
But change thy ſeat; for not the Delian god,
Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our abode.
A land there is, Heſperia call'd of old,
The ſoil is fruitful, and the natives bold.
Th' Oenotrians held it once; by later fame,
Now call'd Italia from the leader's name.
Jaſius there, and Dardanus were born:
From thence we came, and thither muſt return.
Riſe, and thy ſire with theſe glad tidings greet;
Search Italy, for Jove denies thee Crete.
Aſtoniſh'd at their voices, and their ſight,
Nor were they dreams, but viſions of the night;
I ſaw, I knew their faces, and deſcry'd
In perfect view their hair with fillets ty'd);
I ſtarted from my couch, and clammy ſweat
On all my limbs and ſhivering body ſate.
To heaven I lift my hands with pious haſte,
And ſacred incenſe in the flames I caſt.

Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,
More chearful to my good old fire I run,
And tell the pleasing news: in little space
He found his error of the double race.
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful seat.
Then said, O son! turmoil'd in Trojan fate,
Such things as these Cassandra did relate;
This day revives within my mind, what she
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
And Latian lands: but who could then have thought
That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought?
Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught?
Now let us go, where Phœbus leads the way,
He said, and we with glad consent obey:
Forsake the seat; and, leaving few behind,
We spread our sails before the willing wind.
Now from the sight of land our gallies move,
With only seas around, and skies above.
When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,
And night, with sable clouds, involves the main;
The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise;
The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to several ways;
The face of heaven is ravish'd from our eyes,
And, in redoubled peals, the roaring thunder flies.
Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;
No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found
Betwixt the night and day, such darkness reign'd around.

Three

Three ſtarleſs nights the doubtful navy ſtr
Without diſtinction, and three ſunleſs day
The fourth renews the light, and, from ou... ...rouds,
We view a riſing land like diſtant clouds:
The mountain-tops confirm the pleaſing ſight,
And curling ſmoke aſcending from their height.
The canvaſs falls, their oars the ſailors ply,
From the rude ſtrokes the whirling waters fly.
At length I land upon ...des,
Safe from the danger o... ...ſeas:
Thoſe iſles are compaſ... ...ian main,
The dire abode where ... ...ign:
Forc'd by the winged ... ...te ...
To their old homes, a...
Monſters more fierce, ...t
From hell's abyſs, for ... ...a pa...
With virgin-faces, but ... ...vo ... obſcene,
Foul paunches, and w... ...unclean:
With claws for hands, ...ever lean.
We landed at the pe... ...beheld
Fat herds of oxen graze the flowery field:
And wanton goats without a keeper ſtray'd;
With weapons we the welcome prey invade.
Then call the gods for partners of our feaſt:
And Jove himſelf the chief invited gueſt.
We ſpread the tables on the greenſword ground:
We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round:
When from the mountain tops, with hideous cry,
And clattering wings, the hungry harpies fly:

They ſnatch the meat, defiling all they find;
And, parting, leave a loathſome ſtench behind.
Cloſe by a hollow rock again we ſit,
New dreſs the dinner, and the beds refit;
Secure from ſight, beneath a pleaſing ſhade,
Where tufted trees a native arbour made.
Again the holy fires on altars burn,
And once again the ravenous birds return:
Or from the dark receſſes where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the ſky;
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
And mix their loathſome ordures with their meat.
I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
And with the helliſh nation wage the war.
They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
And in the graſs their glittering weapons hide:
Then, when along the crooked ſhore we hear
Their clattering wings, and ſaw the foes appear,
Miſenus ſounds a charge: we take th' alarm,
And our ſtrong hands with ſwords and bucklers arm.
In this new kind of combat all employ
Their utmoſt force the monſters to deſtroy.
In vain; the fated ſkin is proof to wounds:
And, from their plumes, the ſhining ſword rebounds.
At length, rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
And their ſtretch'd pinions to the ſkies diſplay.
Yet one remain'd the meſſenger of Fate,
High on a craggy cliff Celæno ſate,
And thus her diſmal errand did relate:

What,

What, not contented with our own ſhun,
Dare you with heaven an impious war maintain,
And drive the harpies from their native reign?
Hard, therefore, what I ſhy, and keep in mind
What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has deſign'd:
And I, the Fury's queen, from both relate:
You ſeek th' Italian ſhores, foredoom'd by fate:
Th' Italian ſhores are granted you to find,
And a ſafe paſſage to the port aſſign'd.
But know, that ere your promis'd walls you build,
My curſes ſhall ſeverely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot, for this miſdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.
She ſaid, and to the neighbouring foreſt flew:
Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
Hopeleſs to win by war, to prayers we fall,
And on th' offended harpies humbly call.
And whether gods or birds obſcene they were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.
But old Anchiſes, offering ſacrifice,
And lifting up to heaven his hands and eyes,
Ador'd the greater gods: Avert, ſaid he,
Theſe omens; render vain this prophecy;
And, from th' impending curſe, a pious people free.
Thus having ſaid, he bids us put to ſea;
We looſe from ſhore our hauſers and obey,
And ſoon, with ſwelling ſails, purſue our watery way.
Amidſt our courſe Zacynthian woods appear;
And next by rocky Neritos we ſteer:

We fly from Ithaca's deteſted ſhore,
And curſe the land which dire Ulyſſes bore.
At length Leucate's cloudy top appears,
And the ſun's temple, which the ſailor fears.
Reſolv'd to breathe a while from labour paſt,
Our crooked anchors from the prow we caſt,
And joyful to the little city haſte.
Here ſafe, beyond our hopes, our vows we pay
To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.
The cuſtoms of our country we purſue,
And Trojan games on Actian ſhores renew.
Our youth their naked limbs beſmear with oil,
And exerciſe the wreſtlers noble toil.
Pleas'd to have ſail'd ſo long before the wind,
And left ſo many Grecian towns behind.
The ſun had now fulfill'd his annual courſe,
And Boreas on the ſeas diſplay'd his force:
I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
The brazen ſhield which vanquiſh'd Abas bore:
The verſe beneath my name and action ſpeaks,
Theſe arms Æneas took from conquering Greeks.
Then I command to weigh; the ſeamen ply
Their ſweeping oars, the ſmoking billows fly.
The ſight of high Phæacia ſoon we loſt,
And ſkim'd along Epirus' rocky coaſt.
Then to Chaonia's port our courſe we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus, heights aſcend.
Here wondrous things were loudly blaz'd by fame,
How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,

And reign'd in Greece: That Priam's captive ſon
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne.
And fair Andromache, reſtor'd by fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate.
I leave my gallies riding in the port,
And long to ſee the new Dardanian court.
By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then ſolemniz'd her former huſband's fate.
Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts ſhe crown'd,
And ſacred prieſts in order ſtand around,
And thrice the name of hapleſs Hector ſound.
The grove itſelf reſembles Ida's wood,
And Simois ſeem'd the well-diſſembled flood.
But when, at nearer diſtance, ſhe beheld
My ſhining armour, and my Trojan ſhield,
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight, the vital heat
Forſakes her limbs, her veins no longer beat:
She faints, ſhe falls; and, ſcarce recovering ſtrength,
Thus, with a faultering tongue, ſhe ſpeaks at length:
Are you alive, O goddeſs-born! ſhe ſaid,
Or if a ghoſt, then where is Hector's ſhade?
At this ſhe caſt a loud and frightful cry:
With broken words I made this brief reply:
All of me that remains appears in ſight,
I live; if living be to loath the light.
No phantom; but I drag a wretched life;
My fate reſembling that of Hector's wife.
What have you ſuffer'd ſince you loſt your lord?
By what ſtrange bleſſings are you now reſtor'd?

Still

Still are you Hector's, or is Hector fled,
And his remembrance loſt in Pyrrhus' bed?
With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modeſt pauſe, ſhe thus begun:
Oh only happy maid of Priam's race,
Whom death deliver'd from the foes embrace!
Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,
Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity;
Or in a haughty maſter's a to lie.
In Grecian ſhips unh ere borne:
Endur'd the victor's l in'd the ſcorn:
Thus I ſubmitted to t 's pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a than a bride.
Cloy'd with poſſeſſio ok my bed,
And Helen's lovely ught to wed.
The ſign'd:
arriage join'd.
[illegible] Orestes, pierc'd with deep deſpair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
Before Apollo's altar ſlew the raviſher.
By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd:
At leaſt one half with Helenus remain'd;
Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls:
And names, from Pergamus, his riſing walls.
But you, what Fates have landed on our coaſt,
What gods have ſent you, or what ſtorms have toſs'd?
Does young Aſcanius life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?

O tell

O tell me how his mother's loſs he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,
How much of Hector in his face appears?
She ſpoke: and mix'd her ſpeech with mournful cries:
And fruitleſs tears came trickling from her eyes.
At length her lord deſcends upon the plain,
In pomp attended with a numerous train:
Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
And tears of joy amidſt his welcome ſheds.
Proceeding on, another Troy I ſee;
Or, in leſs compaſs, Troy's epitome.
A rivulet by the name of Xanthus ran:
And I embrace the Scæan gate again.
My friends in porticos were entertain'd,
And feaſts and pleaſures through the city reign'd.
The tables fill'd the ſpacious hall around,
And golden bowls with ſparkling wine were crown'd.
Two days we paſs'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the ſouth, ſupply'd our ſwelling ſails.
Then to the royal ſeer I thus began:
O thou who know'ſt, beyond the reach of man,
The laws of heaven, and what the ſtars decree,
Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,
From his own tripod, and his holy tree:
Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
What auſpices their notes and flights declare:
O ſay; for all religious rites portend
A happy voyage, and a proſperous end;
And every power and omen of the ſky
Direct my courſe for deſtin'd Italy.

But only dire Celæno, from the gods,
A dismal famine fatally forebodes:
O say what dangers I am first to shun,
What toils to vanquish, and what course to run.
The prophet first with sacrifice adores
The greater gods; their pardon then implores:
Unbinds the fillet from his holy head;
To Phœbus next my trembling steps he led,
Full of religious doubts, and awful dread.
Then, with his god possess'd, before the shrine,
These words proceeded from his mouth divine:
O goddess-born (for heaven's appointed will,
With greater auspices of good than ill,
Fore-shows thy voyage, and thy course directs;
Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects):
Of many things, some few I shall explain,
Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main,
And how at length the promis'd shore to gain.
The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal;
And Juno's angry power forbids to tell.
First then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh,
Will far from your deluded wishes fly:
Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy.
For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
And stem the currents with your struggling oars:
Then round th' Italian coast your navy steer,
And, after this, to Circe's island veer.
And last, before your new foundations rise,
Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether skies

Now mark the ſigns of future eaſe and re
And bear them ſafely treaſur'd in thy br
When in the ſhady ſhelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou ſhalt behold a ſow upon the ground,
With thirty ſucking young encompaſs'd round;
The dam and offspring white as falling ſnow:
Theſe on thy city ſhall their name beſtow,
And there ſhall end thy labour and thy woe.
Nor let the threat'ned famine fright thy mind,
For Phœbus will aſſiſt and fate the way will find.
Let not thy courſe to that ill coaſt be bent,
Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent;
Thoſe parts are all by Grecian foes poſſeſs'd:
The ſavage Locrians tore the ſhores infeſt.
There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards, with arms, the Salentinian fields.
And on the mountain's brow Petilia ſtands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the ſhore,
And prieſts with holy vows the gods adore;
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes;
Let hoſtile faces blaſt the ſacrifice.
Theſe rites and cuſtoms to the reſt commend,
That to your pious race they may deſcend.

When parted hence, the wind that ready waits
For Sicily, ſhall bear you to the ſtraits:
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Tack to the larboard, and ſtand off to ſea:

Veer ſtarboard ſea and land. Th' Italian ſhore,
And fair Sicilia's coaſt were one, before
An earthquake caus'd the ſlaw, the roaring tides
The paſſage broke, that land from land divides:
And where the lands retir'd, the ruſhing ocean rides.
Diſtinguiſh'd by the ſtraits, on either hand,
Now riſing cities in long order ſtand,
And fruitful fields (ſo much can time invade
The mouldering work that beauteous nature made).
Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides:
Charybdis roaring on the left preſides;
And in her greedy whirlpool ſucks the tides:
Then ſpouts them from below; with fury driven,
The waves mount up, and waſh the face of heaven.
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
The ſinking veſſel in her eddy draws;
Then daſhes on the rocks: a human face,
And virgin-boſom, hides her tail's diſgrace.
Her parts obſcene below the waves deſcend,
With dogs inclos'd, and in a dolphin end.
'Tis ſafer, then, to bear aloof to ſea,
And coaſt Pachynus, though with more delay;
Than once to view miſhapen Scylla near,
And the loud yell of watery wolves to hear.
Beſides, if faith to Helenus be due,
And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,
Do not this precept of your friend forget:
Which therefore more than once I muſt repeat.
Above the reſt, great Juno's name adore:
Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.

Let

Let gifts be to the mighty queen deſign'd;
And mollify with prayers her haughty mind,
Thus, at the length, your paſſage ſhall be free,
And you ſhall ſafe deſcend on Italy.
Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the flood
Of black Avernus, and the ſounding wood,
The mad prophetic ſibyl you ſhall find,
Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.
She ſings the fates, and, in her frantic fits,
The notes and names inſcrib'd, to leaves commits.
What ſhe commits to leaves, in order laid,
Before the cavern's entrance are diſplay'd:
Unmov'd they lie: but if a blaſt of wind
Without, or vapours iſſue from behind,
The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air,
And ſhe reſumes no more her muſeful care:
Nor gathers from the rocks her ſcatter'd verſe:
Nor ſets in order what the winds diſperſe.
Thus, many not ſucceeding, moſt upbraid
The madneſs of the viſionary maid;
And, with loud curſes, leave the myſtic ſhade.
Think it not loſs of time a while to ſtay;
Though thy companions chide thy long delay:
Though ſummon'd to the ſeas, though pleaſing gales
Invite thy courſe, and ſtretch thy ſwelling ſails,
But beg the ſacred prieſteſs to relate
With ſwelling words, and not to write thy fate.
The fierce Italian people ſhe will ſhow;
And all thy wars and all thy future woe;
And what thou may'ſt avoid, and what muſt undergo.

She ſhall direct thy courſe; inſtruct thy mind;
And teach thee how the happy ſhores to find.
This is what heaven allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; purſue thy better fate,
And raiſe, by ſtrength of arms, the Trojan ſtate;
This when the prieſt with friendly voice declar'd,
He gave me licenſe, and rich gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of treaſure, he ſupply'd my want
With heavy gold, and poliſh'd elephant.
Then Dodonæan caldrons put on board,
And every ſhip with ſums of ſilver ſtor'd.
A truſty coat of mail to me he ſent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for uſe and ornament:
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the reſt,
Then flouriſh'd with a plume and waving creſt.
Nor was my ſire forgotten, nor my friends:
And large recruits he to my navy ſends;
Men, horſes, captains, arms, and warlike ſtores:
Supplies new pilots, and new ſweeping oars.
Mean time my ſire commands to hoiſt our ſails;
Leſt we ſhould loſe the firſt auſpicious gales.
The prophet bleſt the parting crew: and laſt,
With words like theſe, his ancient friend embrac'd.
Old happy man, the care of gods above,
Whom heavenly Venus honour'd with her love,
And twice preſerv'd thy life when Troy was loſt,
Behold from far the wiſh'd Auſonian coaſt:
There land; but take a larger compaſs round;
For that before is all forbidden ground.

The

The ſhore that Phœbus has deſign'd for
At farther diſtance lies, conceal'd from
Go happy hence, and ſeek your new abo
Bleſs'd in a ſon, and favour'd by the god
For I with uſeleſs words prolong your ſta
When ſouthern gales have ſummon'd you away.
Nor leſs the queen our parting thence deplor'd;
Nor was leſs bounteous than her Trojan lord.
A noble preſent to m ught,
A robe with flowers n tiſue wrought;
A Phrygian veſt; an ide
Of precious texture, f
Accept, ſhe ſaid, the onuments of love;
Which in my youth h happier hands I wove:
Regard theſe trifles f e giver's ſake;
'Tis the laſt preſent or's wife can make.
Thou call'ſt my loſt nax to mind:
In thee his features s form I find.
His eyes ſo ſparkled a lively flame;
Such were his motio uch was all his frame;
And, ah! had heaven ſo pleas'd, his years had been the ſame.

With tears I took my laſt adieu, and ſaid,
Your fortune, happy fair, already made,
Leaves you no farther wiſh: my different ſtate,
Avoiding one, incurs another fate.
To you a quiet ſeat the gods allow,
You have no ſhores to ſearch, no ſeas to plow,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chace:
(Deluding viſions, and a vain embrace!)

You ſee another Simois, and enjoy
The labour of your hands, another Troy;
With better auſpice than her ancient towers,
And leſs obnoxious to the Grecian powers.
If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my ſteps to Tiber's happy ſhore:
If ever I aſcend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own,
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lines in concord live;
And both in acts of equal friendſhip ſtrive.
Our fortunes, good or bad, ſhall be the ſame,
The double Troy ſhall differ but in name:
That what we now begin, may never end;
But long, to late poſterity deſcend.
Near the Ceraunian rocks our courſe we bore
(The ſhorteſt paſſage to th' Italian ſhore).
Now had the ſun withdrawn his radiant light,
And hills were hid in duſky ſhades of night,
We land: and, on the boſom of the ground,
A ſafe retreat and a bare lodging found;
Cloſe by the ſhore we lay; the ſailors keep
Their watches, and the reſt ſecurely ſleep.
The night, proceeding on with ſilent pace,
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
Her ſteepy riſe, and her declining race.
Then wakeful Palinurus roſe, to ſpy
The face of heaven, and the nocturnal ſky;
And liſten'd every breath of air to try;

Obſervers

Obſerves the ſtars, and notes their ſliding
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their watery for
And both the bears is careful to behold;
And bright Orion arm'd with burniſh'd gold.
Then, when he ſaw no threatening tempeſt nigh,
But a ſure promiſe of a ſettled ſky;
He gave the ſign to weigh: we break our ſleep;
Forſake the pleaſing ſhore, and plow the deep.
And now the riſing morn, with roſy light,
Adorns the ſkies, and puts the ſtars to flight:
When we from far, li bluiſh miſts, deſcry
The hills, and then the plains of Italy.
Achates firſt pronounc'd the joyful ſound;
Then Italy the chearfu crew rebound;
My ſire Anchiſes crown'd a cup with wine,
And offering, thus im plor'd the powers divine:
Ye gods, preſiding over lands and ſeas,
And you who raging inds and waves appeaſe,
Breathe on our ſwellin ſails a proſperous wind,
And ſmooth our paſſage to the port aſſign'd.
The gentle gales their flagging force renew;
And now the happy harbour is in view.
Minerva's temple then ſalutes our ſight;
Plac'd as a land-mark, on the mountain's height;
We furl our ſails, and turn the prows to ſhore;
The curling waters round the galleys roar;
The land lies open to the raging eaſt,
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compreſs'd,
Shuts out the ſtorms; the winds and waves complain,
And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.

The

The port lies hid within; on either ſide
Two towering rocks the narrow mouth divide.
The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To diſtance flies, and ſeems to ſhun the ſhore.
Scarce landed, the firſt omens I beheld
Were four white ſteeds that cropp'd the flowery field.
War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground,
(My father cry'd) where warlike ſteeds are found.
Yet, ſince reclaim'd to chariots they ſubmit,
And bend to ſtubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
Peace may ſucceed to war. Our way we bend
To Pallas, and the ſacred hills aſcend.
There proſtrate to the fierce virago pray;
Whoſe temple was the land-mark of our way.
Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head;
And all commands of Helenus obey'd;
And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid.
Theſe dues perform'd, we ſtretch our ſails, and ſtand
To ſea, forſaking that ſuſpected land.
From hence Tarèntum's bay appears in view;
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
Juſt oppoſite, Lacinian Juno ſtands:
Caulonian towers, and Scylacæan ſtrands
For ſhipwricks fear'd: Mount Ætna thence we ſpy,
Known by the ſmoky flames which cloud the ſky.
Far off we hear the waves with ſurly ſound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
The billows break upon the ſounding ſtrand;
And roll the riſing tide, impure with ſand.

Then thus Anchiſes, in experience old,
'Tis that Charybdis which the ſeer foretold:
And thoſe the promis'd rocks; bear off to ſea:
With haſte the frighted mariners obey.
Firſt Palinurus to the larboard veer'd;
Then all the fleet by his example ſteer'd.
To heaven aloft on ridgy waves we ride;
Then down to hell de[ſ]cend when they divide.
And thrice our gallies ſtrook'd the ſtony ground,
And thrice the hollow returna'd the ſound,
And thrice we ſaw the ſtars, that ſtood with dews around.
The flagging winds forſake us with the ſun;
And, weary'd, on Cyclopian ſhores we run.
The port capacious, and from wind,
Is to the foot of thundring Ætna join'd.
By turns a pitchy cloud rolls on high;
By turns hot embers and entrails fly;
And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the ſky.
Oft from her bowels maſſy rocks are thrown,
And ſhiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
Oft liquid lakes of burning ſulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery ſprings that boil below.
Enceladus, they ſay, transfix'd by Jove,
With blaſted limbs came trembling from above:
And where he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw:
As often as he turns his weary ſides,
He ſhakes the ſolid iſle, and ſmoke the heavens hides.

In

In ſhady woods we paſs the tedious night,
Where bellowing ſounds and groans our ſouls affright;
Of which no cauſe is offer'd to the ſight.
For not one ſtar was kindled in the ſky;
Nor could the moon her borrow'd light ſupply:
For miſty clouds involv'd the firmament;
The ſtars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
Scarce had the riſing ſun the day reveal'd;
Scarce had his heat the pearly-dews diſpell'd;
When from the woods there bolts, before our ſight,
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a ſpright.
So thin, ſo ghaſtly meagre, and ſo wan,
So bare of fleſh, he ſcarce reſembled man.
This thing, all tatter'd, ſeem'd from far t'implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the ſhore.
We look behind; then view his ſhaggy beard;
His cloaths were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his limbs beſmear'd;
The reſt, in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek, and ſuch indeed he was.
He caſt on us, from far, a frightful view,
Whom ſoon for Trojans and for foes he knew:
Stood ſtill, and paus'd; thence all at once began
To ſtretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus, with tears and ſighs, for pity calls:
Now by the powers above, and what we ſhare
From nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans, take me hence; I beg no more,
But bear me far from this unhappy ſhore!

'Tis

'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own,
Among your foes beſieg'd th' imperial town;
For ſuch demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I ſue:
This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
Since nothing more than death my crime demands:
I die content, to die by human hands.
He ſaid, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune paſt;
His preſent ſtate, his lineage, and his name;
Th' occaſion of his fears, and whence he came.
The good Anchiſes rais'd him with his hand;
Who, thus encourag'd, anſwer'd our demand:
From Ithaca my native ſoil I came
To Troy, and Achæmenides my name.
Me, my poor father with Ulyſſes ſent;
(Oh had I ſtay'd with poverty content!)
But, fearful for themſelves, my countrymen
Left me forſaken in the Cyclops' den.
The cave, though large, was dark; the diſmal floor
Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monſtrous hoſt, of more than human ſize,
Erects his head, and ſtares within the ſkies,
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.
Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of ſlaughter'd wretches are his food:
And for his wine he quaffs the ſtreaming blood.
Theſe eyes beheld, when with his ſpacious hand
He ſeiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;

Stretch'd on his back, he daſh'd againſt the ſtones
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
With ſpouting blood the purple pavement ſwims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
Not unreveng'd, Ulyſſes bore their fate
Nor thoughtleſs of his own unhappy ſtate;
For, gorg'd with fleſh, and drunk with human wine,
While faſt aſleep the giant lay ſupine:
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
His indigeſted foam, and morſels raw:
We pray, we caſt the lots, and then ſurround
The monſtrous body, ſtretch'd along the ground:
Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand
To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand:
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye
(For only one did the vaſt frame ſupply);
But that a globe ſo large, his front it fill'd,
Like the ſun's diſk, or like a Grecian ſhield.
The ſtroke ſucceeds; and down the pupil bends;
This vengeance follow'd for our ſlaughter'd friends.
But haſte, unhappy wretches, haſte to fly;
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely.
Such and ſo vaſt as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated iſland bears:
Like him, in caves they ſhut their woolly ſheep;
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty ſtrides, they ſtalk from ſteep to ſteep.
And now three moons their ſharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obſcure from view,

I drag

I drag my loathſome days with mortal frig
And, in deſerted caverns, lodge by night.
Oft from the rocks a dreadful proſpect ſee
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thundering voice reſound;
And trampling feet that ſhake the ſolid ground.
Cornels and ſavage berries of the wood,
And roots and herbs, have been my meagre food.
While all around my longing eyes are caſt,
I ſaw your happy ſhips appear at laſt:
On thoſe I fix'd my hopes, to theſe I run,
'Tis all I aſk, this cruel race to ſhun:
What other death you pleaſe yourſelves, beſtow.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, on the mountain's brow,
We ſaw the giant-ſhepherd ſtalk before
His following flock, and leading to the ſhore.
A monſtrous bulk, de rm'd, depriv'd of ſight,
His ſtaff a trunk of p to guide his ſteps aright.
His ponderous whiſtle om his neck deſcends;
His woolly care their penſive lord attends:
This only ſolace his hard fortune ſends.
Soon as he reach'd the ſhore, and touch'd the waves,
From his bor'd eye the guttering blood he laves:
He gnaſh'd his teeth and groan'd; through ſeas he ſtrides,
And ſcarce the topmaſt billows touch his ſides.
Seiz'd with a ſudden fear, we run to ſea,
The cables cut, and ſilent haſte away:
The well-deſerving ſtranger entertain;
Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the main.

The

The giant hearken'd to the daſhing ſound:
But when our veſſels out of reach he found,
He ſtrided onward; and in vain eſſay'd
Th' Iönian deep, and durſt no farther wade.
With that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
Shakes earth, and air, and ſeas; the billows fly,
Before the bellowing noiſe, to diſtant Italy.
The neighbouring Ætna trembling all around:
The winding caverns echo to the ſound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar;
And, ruſhing down the mountains, croud the ſhore.
We ſaw their ſtern diſtorted looks from far.
And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threat'ned war.
A dreadful council with their heads on high;
The miſty clouds about their foreheads fly:
Not yielding to the towering tree of Jove,
Or talleſt cypreſs of Diana's grove.
New pangs of mortal fear our minds aſſail,
We tug at every oar, and hoiſt up every ſail;
And take th' advantage of the friendly gale.
Forewarn'd by Helenus, we ſtrive to ſhun
Charybdis' gulph, nor dare to Scylla run.
An equal fate on either ſide appears;
We, tacking to the left, are free from fears:
For from Pelorus' point, the north aroſe,
And drove us back where ſwift Pantagias flows.
His rocky mouth we paſs, and make our way
By Thapſus, and Megara's winding bay;
This paſſage Achæmenides had ſhown,
Tracing the courſe which he before had run.

Right

Right o'er againſt Plemmyrium's watery ſt
There lies an iſle, once call'd th' Ortygian ____.
Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found
From Greece a ſecret paſſage under ground:
By love to beauteous Arethuſa led,
And mingling here, they roll in the ſame ſacred bed.
As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's name, protectreſs of the ſhore.
With proſperous gales we paſs the quiet ſounds
Of ſtill Elorus, and his fruitful bounds.
Then doubling Cape Pachynus, we ſurvey
The rocky ſhore extended to the ſea.
The town of Camarine from far we ſee:
And fenny lake undrain'd by fates decree.
In ſight of the Geloan fields we paſs,
And the large walls, where mighty Gela was:
Then Agragas with lo ty ſummits crown'd;
Long for the race of w arlike ſteeds renown'd:
We paſs'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
And widely ſhun the Lilybean ſtrand,
Unſafe, for ſecret rocks, and moving ſand.
At length on ſhore the weary fleet arriv'd:
Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd.
Here, after endleſs labours, often toſt
By raging ſtorms, and driven on every coaſt,
My dear, dear father, ſpent with age, I loſt.
Eaſe of my cares and ſolace of my pain,
Sav'd through a thouſand toils, but ſav'd in vain.
The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
Yet this, the greateſt and the worſt conceal'd.

And dire Celæno, whoſe foreboding ſkill
Denounc'd all elſe, was ſilent of this ill:
This my laſt labour was. Some friendly god
From thence convey'd us to your bleſt abode.
Thus, to the liſtening queen, the royal gueſt
His wandering courſe, and all his toils expreſs'd,
And here concluding, he retir'd to reſt.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido diſcovers to her ſiſter her paſſion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him: ſhe prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's conſent, raiſes a ſtorm, which ſeparates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the ſame cave, where their marriage is ſuppoſed to be compleated. Jupiter diſpatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage: Æneas ſecretly prepares for his voyage: Dido finds out his deſign; and, to put a ſtop to it, makes uſe of her own and her ſiſter's intreaties, and diſcovers all the variety of paſſions that are incident to a neglected lover: when nothing would prevail upon him, ſhe contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT anxious cares already ſeiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unſeen:

The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inſpire
Her ſoul with love, and fan the ſecret fire.
His words, his looks imprinted in her heart,
Improve the paſſion, and increaſe the ſmart.
Now when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy ſhadows, and reſtor'd the day,
Her ſiſter firſt with early care ſhe ſought,
And thus, in mournful accents, eas'd her thought:
My deareſt Anna, what new dreams affright
My labouring ſoul; what viſions of the night
Diſturb my quiet, and diſtract my breaſt
With ſtrange ideas of our Trojan gueſt?
His worth, his actions, and majeſtic air,
A man deſcended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind,
His birth is well aſſerted by his mind.
Then what he ſuffer'd, when by Fate betray'd,
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
Such were his looks, ſo gracefully he ſpoke,
That, were I not reſolv'd againſt the yoke
Of hapleſs marriage, never to be curs'd
With ſecond love, ſo fatal was my firſt,
To this one error I might yield again:
For ſince Sichæus was untimely ſlain,
This only man is able to ſubvert
The fix'd foundations of my ſtubborn heart.
And, to confeſs my frailty, to my ſhame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the ſame,
Too like the ſparkles of my former flame.

But

But firſt, let yawning earth a paſſage r
And let me through the dark abyſs deſcer
Firſt let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether ſky,
Condemn'd with ghoſts in endleſs night to lie,
Before I break the plighted faith I gave:
No; he who had my vows, ſhall ever have;
For whom I lov'd on earth, I worſhip in the grave.

She ſaid: the tears ran guſhing from her eyes,
And ſtopp'd her ſpeech. Her ſiſter thus replies:
O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath?
Condemn'd to waſte in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother or of wife?
Think you theſe tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valued by the ghoſt below?
I grant, that while yo[illegible] ſorrows yet were green,
It well became a wom[illegible] and a queen
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To ſcorn Iärbas, and his love reject;
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name;
But will you fight againſt a pleaſing flame?
This little ſpot of land, which heaven beſtows,
On every ſide is hemm'd with warlike foes:
Gætulian cities here are ſpread around;
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;
Here lies a barren waſte of thirſty land,
And there the Syrtes raiſe the moving ſand:
Barcæan troops beſiege the narrow ſhore,
And from the ſea Pygmalion threatens more.

Propitious heaven, and gracious Juno, lead
This wandering navy to your needful aid;
How will your empire ſpread, your city riſe
From ſuch an union, and with ſuch allies!
Implore the favour of the powers above,
And leave the conduct of the reſt to love.
Continue ſtill your hoſpitable way,
And ſtill invent occaſions of their ſtay;
Till ſtorms and winter winds ſhall ceaſe to threat,
And planks and oars repair their ſhatter'd fleet.
These words, which from a friend and ſiſter came,
With eaſe reſolv'd the ſcruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inſpir'd with hope, the project they purſue;
On every altar ſacrifice renew:
A choſen ewe of two-years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day:
Preferring Juno's power: for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage joys.
The beauteous queen before her altar ſtands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
A milk-white heifer ſhe with flowers adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And while the prieſts with prayer the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabæan ſmoke.
With hourly care the ſacrifice renews,
And anxiouſly the panting entrails views.
What prieſtly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!

A gentle fire ſhe feeds within her veins,
Where the ſoft god ſecure in ſilence rei
Sick with deſire, and ſeeking him ſhe loves,
From ſtreet to ſtreet the raving Dido roves.
So when the watchful ſhepherd from the blind,
Wounds with a random ſhaft the careleſs hind,
Diſtracted with her pain ſhe flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and ſeeks the ſilent floods;
With fruitleſs care; for ſtill the fatal dart
Sticks in her ſide, and rankles in her heart.
And now ſhe leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidſt the buſy throng;
Diſplays her Tyrian wealth and riſing town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
This pomp ſhe ſhows to tempt her wandering gueſt;
Her faltering tongue forbids to ſpeak the reſt.
When day declines, and feaſts renew the night,
Still on his face ſhe eds her famiſh'd ſight:
She longs again to h..r the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate:
He tells it o'er and o'er: but ſtill in vain;
For ſtill ſhe begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the ſpeaker's mouth depends;
And thus the tragic ſtory never ends.
Thus, when they part, when Phœbe's paler light
Withdraws, and falling ſtars to ſleep invite,
She laſt remains, when every gueſt is gone,
Sits on the bed he preſs'd, and ſighs alone;
Abſent, her abſent hero ſees and hears,
Or in her boſom young Aſcanius bears:

And ſeeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeneſs might be ſo beguil'd.
Mean time the riſing towers are at a ſtand:
No labours exerciſe the youthful band:
Nor uſe of arts nor toils of arms they know;
The mole is left unfiniſh'd to the foe.
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height that ſeem'd to threat the ſky.
But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love;
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no ſenſe of ſhame to be reclaim'd,
With ſoothing words to Venus ſhe begun:
High praiſes, endleſs honours you have won,
And mighty trophies with your worthy ſon:
Two gods a ſilly woman have undone.
Nor am I ignorant, you both ſuſpect
This riſing city, which my hands erect:
But ſhall celeſtial diſcord never ceaſe?
'Tis better ended in a laſting peace.
You ſtand poſſeſs'd of all your ſoul deſir'd;
Poor Dido, with conſuming love, is fir'd:
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join,
So Dido ſhall be yours, Æneas mine:
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza ſhall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dower convey.

Then

Then Venus, who her hidden fraud defcr
(Which would the ſceptre of the world n
To Libyan ſhores), thus artfully reply'd:
Who but a fool would wars with Juno chooſe,
And ſuch alliance and ſuch gifts refuſe?
If Fortune with our joint deſires comply:
The doubt is all from Jove, and Deſtiny;
Leſt he forbid with abſolute command,
To mix the people in one common land.
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In laſting leagues and ſure ſucceſſion join?
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind; my wiſhes are your own.
Mine, ſaid imperial Juno, be the care;
Time urges now to perfect this affair:
Attend my counſel, and the ſecret ſhare.
When next the ſun his riſing light diſplays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays;
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the ſhady woods, for ſylvan game, reſort.
There, while the huntſmen pitch their toils around,
And chearful horns, from ſide to ſide, reſound,
A pitchy cloud ſhall cover all the plain
With hail and thunder, and tempeſtuous rain:
The fearful train ſhall take their ſpeedy flight,
Diſpers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night:
One cave a grateful ſhelter ſhall afford
To the fair princeſs and the Trojan lord.
I will myſelf the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bleſs the nuptials, will be there:

So

So ſhall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
And Hymen ſhall be preſent at the rites.
The queen of love conſents, and cloſely ſmiles
At her vain project, and diſcover'd wiles.
The roſy morn was riſen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
They iſſue early through the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntſmen ready wait,
With nets, and toils, and darts, beſide the force
Of Spartan dogs, and ſwift Maſſylian horſe.
The Tyrian peers and officers of ſtate
For the ſlow queen in anti-chambers wait:
Her lofty courſer in the court below
(Who his majeſtic rider ſeems to know),
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and ſpreads the foam around.
The queen at length appears: on either hand
The brawny guards in martial order ſtand.
A flower'd cymarr, with golden fringe ſhe wore;
And at her back a golden quiver bore:
Her flowing hair a golden caul reſtrains;
A golden claſp the Tyrian robe ſuſtains.
Then young Aſcanius, with a ſprightly grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chace.
But far above the reſt in beauty ſhines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins:
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the froſt
Of wintery Xanthus, and the Lycian coaſt:

When

When to his native Delos he reſorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the ſports:
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands.
Himſelf, on Cynthus walking, ſees below
The merry madneſs of the ſacred ſhow.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair incloſe;
A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
His quiver ſounds: not leſs the prince is ſeen
In manly preſence, or in lofty mien.

Now had they reach'd the hills, and ſtorm'd the ſeat
Of ſavage beaſts, in dens, their laſt retreat:
The cry purſues the mountain-goats; they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
Quite otherwiſe the ſtags, a trembling train,
In herds unſingled, ſcour the duſty plain;
And a long chace, in open view, maintain.
The glad Aſcanius, as his courſer guides,
Spurs through the vale, and theſe and thoſe outrides.
His horſe's flanks and ſides are forc'd to feel
The clanking laſh, and goring of the ſteel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wiſhing ſome nobler beaſt to croſs his way;
And rather would the tuſky boar attend,
Or ſee the tawny lion downward bend.

Mean time the gathering clouds obſcure the ſkies:
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunder rolls: and Juno pours
A wintery deluge down, and ſounding ſhowers.

The

The company diſpers'd, to coverts riſe,
And ſeek the homely cots, or mountains hollow ſide.
The rapid rains, deſcending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raiſe the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
One common cavern in her boſom hides.
Then firſt the trembling earth the ſignal gave;
And flaſhing fires enlighten all the cave:
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conſcious to their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour, in time aroſe
Debate and death, and all ſucceeding woes.
The queen, whom ſenſe of honour could not move,
No longer made a ſecret of her love;
But call'd it marriage, by that ſpecious name
To veil the crime, and ſanctify the ſhame.
The loud report through Libyan cities goes;
Fame, the great ill, from ſmall beginnings grows.
Swift from the firſt; and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pygmy to gigantic ſize;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the ſkies:
Inrag'd againſt the gods revengeful earth
Produc'd her laſt of the Titanian birth.
Swift in her walk, more ſwift her winged haſte:
A monſtrous phantom, horrible and vaſt;
As many plumes as raiſe her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her ſight:

Millions

Millions of opening mouths to fame belon
And every mouth is furniſh'd with a tong
And round with liſtening ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful univerſe with cries;
No ſlumbers ever cloſe her wakeful eyes.
By day from lofty towers her head ſhe ſhews:
And ſpreads, through trembling crouds, diſaſtrous news.
With court-informers haunts, and royal ſpies,
This done relates, nor done ſhe feigns; and mingles truth with lies.
Talk is her buſineſs; and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cauſe affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name;
Who, loſt to honour, and the ſenſe of ſhame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wandering gueſt, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him ſhe paſſes in delights;
And waſtes in luxury long winter nights.
Forgetful of her fame, and royal truſt;
Diſſolv'd in eaſe, abandon'd to her luſt.
The goddeſs widely ſpreads the loud report;
And flies at length to king Hiarba's court.
When firſt poſſeſs'd with this unwelcome news,
Whom did he not of men and gods accuſe?
This prince, from raviſh'd Garamantis born,
A hundred temples did with ſpoils adorn,
In Ammon's honour, his celeſtial fire,
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And through his vaſt dominions prieſts ordain'd,
Whoſe watchful care theſe holy rites maintain'd.

The

The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beasts enrich the ground.
He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love,
His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire;
Mad with despair, impatient with desire.
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with prayers implor'd his sire divine:
Great Jove, propitious to the Mooriſh race,
Who feast on painted beds, with offerings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy power divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine;
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign?
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance,
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?
A wandering woman builds, within our state,
A little town, bought at an easy rate;
She pays me homage, and my grants allow
A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough.
Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a baniſh'd Trojan to her bed:
And now this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign!
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess;
Their locks with oil perform'd, their Libyan dress:)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name.
His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns: the mighty thunderer heard,
Then

Then caſt his eyes on Carthage, where he
The luſtful pair, in lawleſs pleaſure drown
Loſt in their loves, inſenſible of ſhame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends;
By whom his menacing command he ſends:
Go, mount the weſtern winds, and cleave the ſky;
Then, with a ſwift deſcent, to Carthage fly:
There find the Trojan chief, who waſtes his days
In ſlothful riot and inglorious eaſe,
Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate;
To him this meſſage from my mouth relate:
Not ſo, fair Venus hop'd, when twice ſhe won
Thy life with prayers; nor promis'd ſuch a ſon.
Her's was a hero, deſtin'd to command
A martial race; and rule the Latian land.
Who ſhould his ancient line from Teucer draw;
And, on the conquer'd world, impoſe the law.
If glory cannot move a mind ſo mean,
Nor future praiſe from fading pleaſure wean,
Yet why ſhould he defraud his ſon of fame;
And grudge the Romans their immortal name!
What are his vain deſigns? what hopes he more,
From his long lingering on a hoſtile ſhore?[a]
Regardleſs to redeem his honour loſt,
And for his race to gain th' Auſonian coaſt!
Bid him with ſpeed the Tyrian court forſake;
With this command the ſlumbering warrior wake.
Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the weſtern winds:

And

And whether o'er the ſeas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the ſkies.
But firſt he graſps, within his awful hand,
The mark of ſovereign power, his magic wand:
With this he draws the ghoſts from hollow graves,
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
With this he ſeals in ſleep the wakeful ſight;
And eyes, though clos'd in death, reſtores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid ſpace.
Now ſees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,
Whoſe brawny back ſupports the ſtarry ſkies;
Atlas, whoſe head, with piny foreſts crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his ſhoulders; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling ſtreams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breaſt depends:
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god deſcends:
Then, reſted thus, he from the towering height
Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight:
Lights on the ſeas, and ſkims along the flood:
As water-fowl, who ſeek their fiſhy food,
Leſs, and yet leſs, to diſtant proſpect ſhow,
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
Like theſe, the ſteerage of his wings he plies,
And near the ſurface of the water flies:
Till, having paſs'd the ſeas, and croſs'd the ſands,
He clos'd his wings, and ſtoop'd on Libyan lands:
Where ſhepherds once were hous'd in homely ſheds,
Now towers within the clouds advance their heads.

Arriving

Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raiſing for the town's defence:
A purple ſcarf, with gold embroider'd o'er
(Queen Dido's gift), about his waſte he wore;
A ſword with glittering gems diverſify'd,
For ornament, not uſe, hung idly by his ſide.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began
(Reſuming his own ſhape): Degenerate man,
Thou woman's property, what mak'ſt thou here,
Theſe foreign walls and Tyrian towers to rear?
Forgetful of thy own? All-powerful Jove,
Who ſways the world below, and heaven above,
Has ſent me down, with this ſevere command:
What means thy lingering in the Libyan land?
If glory cannot move a mind ſo mean,
Nor future praiſe, from flitting pleaſure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy riſing heir;
The promis'd crown let young Aſcanius wear;
To whom th' Auſonian ſceptre and the ſtate
Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by fate.
So ſpoke the god; and ſpeaking took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds; and vaniſh'd out of ſight.
The pious prince was ſeiz'd with ſudden fear;
Mute was his tongue, and upright ſtood his hair;
Revolving in his mind the ſtern command,
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
What ſhould he ſay, or how ſhould he begin,
What courſe, alas! remains, to ſteer between
Th' offended lover, and the powerful queen!

This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can find:
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means;
After long thought, to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ſhip their men with ſilent care:
Some plauſible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in ſecret he deſign'd.
Himſelf, meantime, the ſofteſt hours would chooſe,
Before the love-ſick lady heard the news;
And move her tender mind, by ſlow degrees,
To ſuffer what the ſovereign power decrees:
Jove will inſpire him, when, and what to ſay.
They hear with pleaſure, and with haſte obey.
But ſoon the queen perceives the thin diſguiſe:
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)
She was the firſt to find the ſecret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad,
Love, the firſt motions of the lover hears,
Quick to preſage, and ev'n in ſafety fears.
Nor impious fame was wanting, to report
The ſhips repair'd; the Trojans thick reſort,
And purpoſe to forſake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, ſhe roves the city round:
Leſs wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
And howl about the hills, and ſhake the wreathy ſpear.
At length ſhe finds the dear perfidious man;
Prevents his form'd excuſe, and thus began:

Baſe

Baſe and ungrateful, could you hope to fl
And undiſcover'd 'ſcape a lover's eye?
Nor could my kindneſs your compaſſion [illegible],
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
Or is the death of a deſpairing queen
Not worth preventing, though too well foreſeen?
Ev'n when the wintery winds command your ſtay,
You dare the tempeſt, and defy the ſea.
Falſe as you are, ſuppoſe you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coaſts to found;
Were Troy reſtor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durſt you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
See whom you fly; am I the foe you ſhun?
Now, by thoſe holy vows ſo late begun,
By this right hand (ſince I have nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave before),
I beg you by theſe tear[illegible]o truly ſhed,
By the new pleaſures o[illegible] nuptial bed;
If ever Dido, when yo[illegible]ſt were kind,
Were pleaſing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
By theſe my prayers, if prayers may yet have place;
Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate;
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian ſtate;
For you alone I ſuffer in my fame;
Bereft of honour, and expos'd to ſhame:
Whom have I now to truſt? (ungrateful gueſt!
That only name remains of all the reſt!)
What have I left, or whither can I fly;
Muſt I attend Pygmalion's cruelty?

Or till Hiarbas ſhall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly ſcorn'd his proffer'd bed?
Had you deferr'd, at leaſt, your haſty flight,
And left behind ſome pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bleſs the mother's mournful ſight;
Some young Æneas to ſupply your place;
Whoſe features might expreſs his father's face;
I ſhould not then complain, to live bereft
Of all my huſband, or be wholly left!
Here paus'd the queen; unmov'd he holds his eyes,
By Jove's command; nor ſuffer'd love to riſe;
Though heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies:
Fair queen, you never can enough repeat,
Your boundleſs favours, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
While vital breath inſpires this mortal frame.
This only let me ſpeak in my defence;
I never hop'd a ſecret flight from hence:
Much leſs pretended to the lawful claim
Of ſacred nuptials, or a huſband's name.
For if indulgent heaven would leave me free,
And not ſubmit my life to fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan ſhore,
Thoſe relics to review, their duſt adore;
And Priam's ruin'd palace to reſtore.
But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd place to which I ſteer,
And all my vows are terminated there.

If

If you, a Tyrian, and a ſtranger born,
With walls and towers a Libyan town adorn;
Why may not we, like you a foreign race,
Like you ſeek ſhelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obſcures the ſkies
With humid ſhades, or twinkling ſtars ariſe,
Anchiſes' angry ghoſt in dreams appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my ſoul with fears;
And young Aſcanius juſtly may complain,
Of his defrauded fate, and deſtin'd reign.
Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd,
Waking I ſaw him, and his meſſage heard.
From Jove he came commiſſion'd, heavenly bright
With radiant beams, and manifeſt to ſight.
The ſender and the ſent, I both atteſt,
Theſe walls he enter'd, and thoſe words expreſs'd:
Fair queen, oppoſe not what the gods command;
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.
Thus while he ſpoke, already ſhe began,
With ſparkling eyes, to view the guilty man:
From head to foot ſurvey'd his perſon o'er,
Nor longer theſe outrageous threats forbore:
Falſe as thou art, and more than falſe, forſworn;
Not ſprung from noble blood, nor goddeſs-born,
But hewn from hard'ned entrails of a rock;
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee ſuck.
Why ſhould I fawn? what have I worſe to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a liſtening ear;
Sigh'd when I ſobb'd, or ſhed one kindly tear?

All ſymptoms of a baſe ungrateful mind,
So foul, that which is worſe, 'tis hard to find.
Of man's injuſtice, why ſhould I complain?
The gods, and Jove himſelf, behold in vain
Triumphant treaſon, yet no thunder flies:
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;
Faithleſs is earth, and faithleſs are the ſkies!
Juſtice is fled, and truth is now no more;
I ſav'd the ſhipwreck'd exile on my ſhore:
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed:
I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was!—'tis little to repeat
The reſt, I flor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads!
And makes heaven acceſſary to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful ſtate
Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate!
But go; thy flight no longer I detain;
Go ſeek thy promis'd kingdom through the main:
Yet, if the heavens will hear my pious vow,
The faithleſs waves, not half ſo falſe as thou,
Or ſecret ſands, ſhall ſepulchres afford
To thy proud veſſels and their perjur'd lord.
Then ſhalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
Dido ſhall come, in a black ſulphury flame;
When death has once diſſolv'd her mortal frame:

Shall

Shall ſmile to ſee the traitor vainly weep
Her angry ghoſt, ariſing from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and diſturb thy ſleep.
At leaſt my ſhade thy puniſhment ſhall know;
And fame ſhall ſpread the pleaſing news below.
  Abruptly here ſhe ſtops: then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and ſhuns the ſight of day.
Amaz'd he ſtood, revolving in his mind
What ſpeech to frame, ... what excuſe to find.
Her fearful maids thei ..nting miſtreſs led;
And ſoftly laid her or ..i
  But good Æneas, ..gl ..
To give that pity, wh ..
Though much he mou ..n his love,
Reſolv'd at length, ob ..
Reviews his forces; t..y ..
Unmoor their veſſels, ..nd for ſea prepare.
The fleet is ſoon afloa ..i pride:
And well-caulk'd gal ..... harbour ride.
Then oaks for oars th ..en d; or, as they ſtood,
Of its green arms deſpoil'd the growing wood,
Studious of flight: the beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the ſhore:
On every ſide are ſeen, deſcending down,
Thick ſwarms of ſoldiers loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.

The ſable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
Some ſet their ſhoulders on the ponderous grain;
Some guard the ſpoil; ſome laſh the lagging train;
All ply their ſeveral taſks, and equal toil ſuſtain.
What pangs the tender breaſt of Dido tore,
When, from the tower, ſhe ſaw the cover'd ſhore;
And heard the ſhouts of ſailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the watery war!
All-powerful love, what changes canſt thou cauſe
In human hearts, ſubjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty ſoul the tyrant bends;
To prayers and mean ſubmiſſions ſhe deſcends.
No female arts or aids ſhe left untry'd,
Nor counſels unexplor'd, before ſhe dy'd.
Look, Anna, look; the Trojans croud to ſea:
They ſpread their canvaſs, and their anchors weigh:
The ſhouting crew, their ſhips with garlands bind,
Invoke the ſea-gods, and invite the wind.
Could I have thought this threatening blow ſo near,
My tender ſoul had been forewarn'd to bear.
But do not you my laſt requeſt deny,
With yon perfidious man your intereſt try;
And bring me news, if I muſt live or die.
You are his favourite, you alone can find
The dark receſſes of his inmoſt mind:
In all his truſty ſecrets you have part,
And know the ſoft approaches to his heart.
Haſte then, and humbly ſeek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go;

Nor

Nor did my fleet againſt his friends empl
Nor ſwore the ruin of unhappy Troy;
Nor mov'd with hands prophane his father's duſt;
Why ſhould he then reject a ſuit ſo juſt!
Whom does he ſhun, and whither would he fly?
Can he this laſt, this only prayer deny!
Let him at leaſt his dangerous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer ſea.
The nuptials he diſclaims, I urge no more;
Let him purſue the promis'd Latian ſhore.
A ſhort delay is all I aſk him now,
A pauſe of grief, an interval from woe:
Till my ſoft ſoul be temper'd to ſuſtain
Accuſtom'd ſorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one requeſt,
My death ſhall glut the hatred of his breaſt.
This mournful meſſage pious Anna bears,
And ſeconds, with he own, her ſiſter's tears:
But all her arts are ſti employ'd in vain;
Again ſhe comes, and is refus'd again.
His harden'd heart nor prayers nor threatenings move;
Fate, and the god, had ſtopp'd his ears to love.
As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Juſtling from every quarter of the ſky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend,
His boughs they ſhatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling maſt they ſpread the ground,
The hollow valleys echo to the ſound;
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, ſhaken, clings more cloſely to the rocks:

Far as he ſhoots his towering head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie:
No leſs a ſtorm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick meſſages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandy'd words ſtill beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans and tears, proclaim his inward pains,
But the firm purpoſe of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, purſued by cruel fate,
Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,
And loaths to live: then dire portents ſhe ſees,
To haſten-on the death her ſoul decrees;
Strange to relate: for when, before the ſhrine,
She pours, in ſacrifice, the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire preſage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her ſiſter, ſhe conceal'd.
A marble temple ſtood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honour'd chapel ſhe had hung around
With ſnowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when ſhe viſited this lonely dome,
Strange voices iſſued from her huſband's tomb:
She thought ſhe heard him ſummon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her ſtay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when, with a boding note,
The ſolitary ſcreech-owl ſtrains her throat:
And on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
With ſongs obſcene diſturbs the ſilence of the night.

Beſides,

Beſides, old prophecies augment her fear
And ſtern Æneas in her dreams appears
Diſdainful as by day: ſhe ſeems alone
To wander in her ſleep, through ways unknown,
Guideleſs and dark: or, in a deſert plain,
To ſeek her ſubjects, and to ſeek in vain.
Like Pentheus, when, diſtracted with his fear,
He ſaw two ſuns, and double Thebes appear:
Or mad Oreſtes, when his mother's ghoſt
Full in his face infernal torches toſs'd;
And ſhook her ſnaky locks: he ſhuns the ſight,
Flies o'er the ſtage, ſurpriz'd with mortal fright;
The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
Now, ſinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone ſhe ſeeks her laſt relief:
The time and means reſolv'd within her breaſt,
She to her mournful ſiſter thus addreſs'd
(Diſſembling hope, her cloudy front ſhe clears,
And a falſe vigour in her eyes appears):
Rejoice, ſhe ſaid, inſtructed from above,
My lover I ſhall gain, or loſe my love.
Nigh riſing Atlas, next the falling ſun,
Long tracts of Æthiopian climates run:
There a Maſſylian princeſs I have found,
Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd;
Th' Heſperian temple was her truſted care;
'Twas ſhe ſupply'd the wakeful dragon's fare.
She poppy-ſeeds in honey taught to ſteep,
Reclaim'd his rage, and ſooth'd him into ſleep.

She

She watch'd the golden fruit; her charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind.
She stops the torrents, leaves the charmed dry;
Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call,
Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.
Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,
How loth I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court, with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:
Hang on the topmast part the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms and poisons of my faithless guest.
Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:
All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire,
For so the priestess and her charms require.
Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears;
A mortal paleness in her face appears:
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
The secret funeral in these rites design'd,
Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,
She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell:
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear
Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high;
And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
Sad cypress, vervain, eugh, compose the wreath,
And every baleful green denoting death.

The

The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
The ſpoils and ſword he left, in order ſpr
And the man's image on the nuptial bed.
And now (the ſacred altars plac'd around)
The prieſteſs enters, with her hair unbound,
And thrice invokes the powers below the ground.
Night, Erebus, and Chaos, ſhe proclaims,
And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names,
And three Dianas: next ſhe ſprinkles round,
With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground:
Culls hoary ſimples, found by Phœbe's light,
With brazen ſickles reap'd at noon of night.
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal;
Robbing the mother's love. The deſtin'd queen
Obſerves, aſſiſting at the rites obſcene:
A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
She holds, and next th higheſt altar ſtands:
One tender foot was sh d, her other bare,
Girt was her gather'd gown, and looſe her hair.
Thus dreſs'd, ſhe ſummon'd, with her dying breath,
The heavens and planets, conſcious of her death;
And every power, if any rules above,
Who minds, or who revenges, injur'd love.
'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies cloſe
Their eyes in balmy ſleep and ſoft repoſe:
The winds no longer whiſper through the woods,
Nor murmuring tides diſturb the gentle floods.

The ſtars in ſilent order mov'd around,
And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.
The flocks and herds, and particolour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or ſwim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth ſecurely lay,
Forgetting the paſt labours of the day.
All elſe of nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor ſleep nor eaſe the furious queen can find;
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Deſpair, and rage, and love, divide her heart:
Deſpair and rage had ſome, but love the greater part.
Then thus ſhe ſaid within her ſecret mind:
What ſhall I do; what ſuccour can I find?
Become a ſuppliant to Hiarba's pride,
And take my turn, to court and be deny'd!
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forſake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himſelf I refug'd, and his train reliev'd;
'Tis true: but am I ſure to be receiv'd?
Can gratitude in Trojan ſouls have place?
Laomedon ſtill lives in all his race!
Then, ſhall I ſeek alone the churliſh crew,
And with my fleet their flying ſails purſue?
What force have I but thoſe, whom ſcarce before
I drew reluctant from their native ſhore?
Will they again embark at my deſire,
Once more ſuſtain the ſeas, and quit their ſecond Tyre?

Rather with ſteel thy guilty breaſt invade,
And take the fortune thou thyſelf haſt ma
Your pity, ſiſter, firſt ſeduc'd my mind;
Or ſeconded too well what I deſign'd.
Theſe dear-bought pleaſures had I never known,
Had I continued free, and ſtill my own;
Avoiding love, I had not found deſpair:
But ſhar'd, with ſavage beaſts, the common air;
Like them a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor diſturb'd the dead.
Theſe thoughts ſhe brooded in her anxious breaſt;
On board, the Trojan found more eaſy reſt.
Reſolv'd to ſail, in ſleep he paſs'd the night;
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom once more the winged god appears:
His former youthful mien and ſhape he wears,
And, with this new alarm, invades his ears:
Sleep'ſt thou, O goddeſ-born! and canſt thou drown
Thy needful cares, ſo car a hoſtile town,
Beſet with foes? nor hear'ſt the weſtern gales
Invite thy paſſage, and inſpire thy ſails?
She harbours in her heart a furious hate;
And thou ſhalt find the dire effects too late;
Fix'd on revenge, and obſtinate to die:
Haſte ſwiftly hence, while thou haſt power to fly.
The ſea with ſhips will ſoon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the ſhore.
Prevent her rage, while night obſcures the ſkies;
And ſail before the purple morn ariſe.

Who

Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful thing.
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in air unſeen; and mix'd with night.
Twice warn'd by the celeſtial meſſenger,
The pious prince aroſe with haſty fear:
Then rouz'd his drowſy train without delay,
Haſte to your banks; your crooked anchors weigh;
And ſpread your flying ſails, and ſtand to ſea.
A god commands; he ſtood before my ſight;
And urg'd us once again to ſpeedy flight.
O ſacred power, what power ſoe'er thou art,
To thy bleſs'd orders I reſign my heart:
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
And proſper the deſign thy will commands.
He ſaid, and, drawing forth his flaming ſword,
His thundering arm divides the many-twiſted cord:
An emulating zeal inſpires his train;
They run, they ſnatch; they ruſh into the main.
With headlong haſte they leave the deſert ſhores,
And bruſh the liquid ſeas with labouring oars.
Aurora now had left her ſaffron bed,
And beams of early light the heavens o'erſpread,
When from a tower the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the roſy ſkies:
She look'd to ſeaward, but the ſea was void,
And ſcarce in ken the ſailing ſhips deſcry'd:
Stung with deſpight, and furious with deſpair,
She ſtruck her trembling breaſt, and tore her hair.

And

And ſhall th' ungrateful traitor go, ſhe ſai
My land forſaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm, not ruſh from every ſtreet,
To follow, ſink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?
Haſte; haul my gallies out; purſue the foe:
Bring flaming brands; ſet ſail, and ſwiftly row.
What have I ſaid? Where am I? Fury turns
My brain, and my diſtemper'd boſom burns.
Then, when I gave my perſon and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely ſhown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, ruſhing through the flame,
Preſerv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian ſhore
The burden of his feeble father bore!
I ſhould have torn him piece-meal; ſtrow'd in floods
His ſcatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods:
Deſtroy'd his friends and ſon; and, from the fire,
Have ſet the reeking boy before the fire.
Events are doubtful which on battle wait;
Yet where's the doubt to ſouls ſecure of fate!
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toſs'd their fires amid the Trojan band:
At once extinguiſh'd all the faithleſs name;
And I myſelf, in vengeance of my ſhame,
Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the funeral flame.
Thou ſun, who view'ſt at once the world below,
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow,
Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes;
Ye furies, fiends, and violated gods,

All powers invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curſes, and avenge her death.
If ſo the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch ſhould find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppoſe;
Oppreſs'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men diſcourag'd, and himſelf expell'd;
Let him for ſuccour ſue from place to place,
Torn from his ſubjects, and his ſon's embrace:
Firſt let him ſee his friends in battle ſlain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when, at length, the cruel war ſhall ceaſe,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy ſupreme command,
But fall untimely by ſome hoſtile hand,
And lie unbury'd on the barren ſand.
Theſe are my prayers, and this my dying will:
And you, my Tyrians, every curſe fulfil;
Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim
Againſt the prince, the people, and the name.
Theſe grateful offerings on my grave beſtow,
Nor league, nor love, the hoſtile nations know:
Now, and from hence in every future age,
When rage excites your arms, and ſtrength ſupplies the rage,
Riſe ſome avenger of our Libyan blood;
With fire and ſword purſue the perjur'd brood:
Our arms, our ſeas, our ſhores oppos'd to theirs,
And the ſame hate deſcend on all our heirs.

This ſaid, within her anxious mind ſh
The means of cutting ſhort her odious d
Then to Sichæus' nurſe ſhe briefly ſaid
(For when ſhe left her country her's was dead),
Go, Barce, call my ſiſter; let her care
The ſolemn rites of ſacrifice prepare:
The ſheep, and all the atoning offerings bring,
Sprinkling her body from the cryſtal ſpring.
With living drops: then let her come, and thou
With ſacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my diſaſtrous love.
Then caſt the Trojan image on the fire,
And, as that burns, my paſſion ſhall expire.
The nurſe moves onward, with officious care,
And all the ſpeed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty miſchief ſhe reſolv'd.
With livid ſpots diſtinguiſh'd was her face,
Red were her rolling eyes, and diſcompos'd her pace:
Ghaſtly ſhe gaz'd, with pain ſhe drew her breath,
And nature ſhiver'd at approaching death.
Then ſwiftly to the fatal place ſhe paſs'd,
And mounts the funeral pile, with furious haſte:
Unſheaths the ſword the Trojan left behind
(Not for ſo dire an enterprize deſign'd).
But when ſhe view'd the garments looſely ſpread,
Which once he wore, and ſaw the conſcious bed,

She paus'd, and, with a ſigh, the robes embrac'd;
Then on the couch her trembling body caſt,
Repreſs'd the ready tears, and ſpoke her laſt:
Dear pledges of my love, while heaven ſo pleas'd,
Receive a ſoul, of mortal anguiſh eas'd:
My fatal courſe is finiſh'd, and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghoſts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion puniſh'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the falſe Trojan never touch'd my ſhore?
Then kiſs'd the couch; and muſt I die, ſhe ſaid,
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleaſure I receive;
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
Theſe flames from far may the falſe Trojan view;
Theſe boding omens his baſe flight purſue.
She ſaid, and ſtruck. Deep enter'd in her ſide
The piercing ſteel, with reeking purple dy'd:
Clog'd in the wound the cruel weapon ſtands;
The ſpouting blood came ſtreaming on her hands.
Her ſad attendants ſaw the deadly ſtroke,
And, with loud cries, the ſounding palace ſhook.
Diſtracted from the fatal ſight they fled,
And through the town the diſmal rumour ſpread.
Firſt from the frighted court the yell began,
Redoubled thence from houſe to houſe it ran:
The groans of men, with ſhrieks, laments, and cries,
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted ſkies.

Not

Not leſs the clamour, than if ancient T
Or the new Carthage, ſet by foes on fire.
The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.
Her ſiſter hears, and, furious with deſpair,
She beats her breaſt, and rends her yellow hair:
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathleſs to the place, and breaks the crowd.
Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,
Theſe fires, this funeral pile, theſe altars rear'd?
Was all this train of plots contriv'd, ſaid ſhe,
All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worſt? Didſt thou in death pretend
To ſcorn thy ſiſter, or delude thy friend?
Thy ſummon'd ſiſter, and thy friend, had come;
One ſword had ſerv'd us both, one common tomb.
Was I to raiſe the pile, the powers invoke,
Not to be preſent at the fatal ſtroke?
At once thou haſt deſtroy'd thyſelf and me;
Thy town, thy ſenate, and thy colony!
Bring water, bathe the wound; while I in death
Lay cloſe my lips to her's, and catch the flying breath.
This ſaid, ſhe mounts the pile with eager haſte,
And in her arms the gaſping queen embrac'd:
Her temples chaf'd, and her own garments tore,
To ſtaunch the ſtreaming blood, and cleanſe the gore.
Thrice Dido try'd to raiſe her drooping head,
And fainting thrice, fell groveling on the bed.

Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and ſaw the light,
But, having found it, ſicken'd at the ſight,
And clos'd her lids at laſt in endleſs night.
Then Juno, grieving that ſhe ſhould ſuſtain
A death ſo lingering, and ſo full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the ſtrife
Of labouring nature, and diſſolve her life.
For, ſince ſhe dy'd, not doom'd by heaven's decree,
Or her own crime, but human caſualty,
And rage of love, that plung'd her in deſpair,
The ſiſters had not cut the topmoſt hair,
Which Proſerpine and they can only know,
Nor made her ſacred to the ſhades below.
Downward the various goddeſs took her flight,
And drew a thouſand colours from the light:
Then ſtood above the dying lover's head,
And ſaid, I thus devote thee to the dead.
This offering to th' infernal gods I bear:
Thus while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cut the fatal hair:
The ſtruggling ſoul was loos'd, and life diſſolv'd in air.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, ſetting ſail from Afric, is driven, by a ſtorm, on the coaſt of Sicily: where he is hoſpitably received by his friend Aceſtes, king of part of the iſland, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himſelf to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours: and accordingly inſtitutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for thoſe who ſhould conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno ſends Iris to perſuade the Trojan women to burn the ſhips; who, upon her inſtigation, ſet fire to them, which burnt four, and would have conſumed the reſt, had not Jupiter, by a miraculous ſhower, extinguiſhed it. Upon this Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a viſion of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and ſails for Italy: Venus procures of Neptune a ſafe voyage for him

him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately loſt.

MEANTIME the Trojan cuts his watery way,
Fix'd on his voyage through the curling ſea:
Then, caſting back his eyes, with dire amaze,
Sees, on the Punic ſhore, the mounting blaze.
The cauſe unknown; yet his preſaging mind
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd:
He knew the ſtormy ſouls of woman-kind,
What ſecret ſprings their eager paſſions move,
How capable of death for injur'd love.
Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw,
Till neither fires nor ſhining ſhores they ſaw.
Now ſeas and ſkies their proſpect only bound,
An empty ſpace above, a floating field around.
But ſoon the heavens with ſhadows were o'erſpread;
A ſwelling cloud hung hovering o'er their head:
Livid it look'd, the threatening of a ſtorm;
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cry'd aloud,
What guſts of weather from that gathering cloud
My thoughts preſage! Ere yet the tempeſt roars
Stand to your tackle, mates, and ſtretch your oars;
Contract your ſwelling ſails, and luff to wind:
The frighted crew perform the taſk aſſign'd.
Then, to his fearleſs chief, Not heaven, ſaid he,
Though Jove himſelf ſhould promiſe Italy,
Can ſtem the torrent of this raging ſea!

Mark

Mark how the ſhifting winds from weſt;
And what collected night involves the ſkie
Nor can our ſhaken veſſels live at ſea;
Much leſs againſt the tempeſt force their way;
'Tis fate diverts our courſe, and fate we muſt obey.
Not far from hence, if I obſerv'd aright
The ſouthing of the ſtars, and polar light,
Sicilia lies; whoſe hoſpitable ſhores
In ſafety we may reach with ſtruggling oars.
Æneas then reply'd, Too ſure I find,
We ſtrive in vain againſt the ſeas and wind:
Now ſhift your ſails: what place can pleaſe me more
Than what you promiſe, the Sicilian ſhore;
Whoſe hallow'd earth Anchiſes' bones contains,
And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns!
The courſe reſolv'd, before the weſtern wind
They ſcud amain, and make the port aſſign'd.
Meantime Aceſtes, from a lofty ſtand,
Beheld the fleet deſcending on the land;
And, not unmindful of his ancient race,
Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace,
And held the hero in a ſtrict embrace.
Of a rough Libyan bear the ſpoils he wore;
And either hand a pointed javelin bore.
His mother was a dame of Dardan blood;
His ſire Criniſius, a Sicilian flood;
He welcomes his returning friends aſhore
With plenteous country cates, and homely ſtore.
Now, when the following morn had chac'd away
The flying ſtars, and light reſtor'd the day,

Æneas

Æneas call'd the Trojan troops around,
And thus beſpoke them from a riſing ground:
Offſpring of heaven, divine Dardanian race,
The ſun revolving through th' ethereal ſpace,
The ſhining circle of the year has fill'd,
Since firſt this iſle my father's aſhes held:
And now the riſing day renews the year
(A day for ever ſad, for ever dear).
This would I celebrate with annual games,
With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
Though baniſh'd to Getulia's barren ſands,
Caught on the Grecian ſeas, or hoſtile lands:
But ſince this happy ſtorm our fleet has driven
(Not, as I deem, without the will of heaven)
Upon theſe friendly ſhores and flowery plains,
Which hide Anchiſes, and his bleſt remains,
Let us with joy perform his honours due,
And pray for proſperous winds, our voyage to renew.
Pray, that in towns and temples of our own,
The name of great Anchiſes may be known,
And yearly games may ſpread the god's renown.
Our ſports, Aceſtes, of the Trojan race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
Two ſteers on every ſhip the king beſtows;
His gods and ours ſhall ſhare your equal vows.
Beſides, if nine days hence, the roſy morn
Shall, with uncloudcd light, the ſkies adorn,
That day with ſolemn ſports I mean to grace:
Light gallies on the ſeas ſhall run a watery race.

Some

Some ſhall in ſwiftneſs for the goal contend,
And others try the twanging bow to bend:
The ſtrong with iron gauntlets arm'd ſhall ſtand,
Oppos'd in combat on the yellow ſand.
Let all be preſent at the games prepar'd,
And joyful victors wait the juſt reward.
But now aſſiſt the rites, with garlands crown'd;
He ſaid, and firſt his brows with myrtle bound.
Then Helymus, by his example led,
And old Aceſtes, each adorn'd his head;
Thus young Aſcanius, with a ſprightly grace,
His temples ty'd, and all the Trojan race.
Æneas then advanc'd amidſt the train,
By thouſands follow'd through the flowery plain,
To great Anchiſes' tomb: which, when he found,
He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd ground,
Two bowls of ſparkling wine, of milk two more,
And two from offer'd bulls of purple gore.
With roſes then the ſepulchre he ſtrow'd;
And thus his father's ghoſt beſpoke aloud:
Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again
Paternal aſhes, now review'd in vain!
The gods permitted not that you, with me,
Should reach the promis'd ſhores of Italy;
Or Tyber's flood, what flood ſoe'er it be.
Scarce had he finiſh'd, when, with ſpeckled pride,
A ſerpent from the tomb began to glide;
His hugy bulk on ſeven high volumes roll'd;
Blue was his breadth of back, but ſtreak'd with ſcaly gold:

Thus

Thus, riding on his curls, he ſeem'd to paſs
A rolling fire along, and ſinge the graſs.
More various colours through his body run,
Than Iris, when her bow imbibes the ſun:
Betwixt the riſing altars, and around,
The ſacred monſter ſhot along the ground;
With harmleſs play amidſt the bowls he paſs'd,
And, with his lolling tongue, eſſay'd the taſte:
Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous gueſt
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to reſt.
The pious prince, ſurpriz'd at what he view'd,
The funeral honours with more zeal renew'd:
Doubtful if this the place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's ſepulchre.
Five ſheep, according to the rites, he ſlew,
As many ſwine, and ſteers of ſable hue;
Now generous wine he from the goblets pour'd,
And call'd his father's ghoſt, from hell reſtor'd.
The glad attendants in long order come,
Offering their gifts at great Anchiſes' tomb;
Some add more oxen; ſome divide the ſpoil;
Some place the chargers on the graſſy ſoil;
Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil.
Now came the day deſir'd: the ſkies were bright
With roſy luſtre of the riſing light:
The bordering people, rouz'd by ſounding fame
Of Trojan feaſts, and great Aceſtes' name,
The crowded ſhore with acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their ſkill.

And

And firſt the gifts in public view they place
Green laurel wreaths, and palm (the victor's
Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold, and ſilver heap'd on high,
And veſts embroider'd of the Tyrian dye.
The trumpet's clangor then the feaſt proclaims,
And all prepare for their appointed games.
Four gallies firſt, which equal rowers bear,
Advancing, in the watery liſts appear.
The ſpeedy Dolphin, that outſtrips the wind,
Bore Mneſtheus, author of the Memmian kind:
Gyas the vaſt Chimæra's bulk commands,
Which riſing like a towering city ſtands:
Three Trojans tug at every labouring oar;
Three banks in three degrees the ſailors bore;
Beneath their ſturdy ſtrokes the billows roar.
Sergeſthus, who began the Sergian race,
In the great Centaur took the leading place:
Cloanthus on the ſea-green Scylla ſtood,
From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.
Far in the ſea, againſt the foaming ſhore,
There ſtands a rock; the raging billows roar
Above his head in ſtorms; but, when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
In peace below the gentle waters run;
The cormorants above lie baſking in the ſun.
On this the hero fix'd an oak in ſight,
The mark to guide the mariners aright.
To bear with this, the ſeamen ſtretch their oars;
Then round the rock they ſteer, and ſeek the former ſhores.

The

The lots decide their place: above the reſt,
Each leader ſhining in his Tyrian veſt:
The common crew, with wreaths of poplar boughs,
Their temples crown, and ſhade their ſweaty brows.
Beſmear'd with oil, their naked ſhoulders ſhine:
All take their ſeats, and wait the ſounding ſign.
They gripe their oars, and every panting breaſt
Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear depreſs'd.
The clangor of the trumpet gives the ſign;
At once they ſtart advancing in a line.
With ſhouts the ſailors rend the ſtarry ſkies;
Laſh'd with their oars, the ſmoky billows riſe;
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.
Exact in time, with equal ſtrokes they row:
At once the bruſhing oars and brazen prow
Daſh up the ſandy waves, and ope the depths below.
Not fiery courſers, in a chariot race,
Invade the field with half ſo ſwift a pace.
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
The ſounding laſh; and, ere the ſtroke deſcends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
.nd aid, with eager ſhouts, the favour'd ſide.
s, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing ſound,
i woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound.
midſt the loud applauſes of the ſhore,
Gyas outſtrip'd the reſt, and ſprung before;
Cloanthus, better mann'd, purſued him faſt;
But his o'er-maſted galley check'd his haſte.

The

The Centaur, and the Dolphin bruſh the l
With equal oars, advancing in a line:
And now the mighty Centaur ſeems to lead,
And now the ſpeedy Dolphin gets a-head:
Now board to board the rival veſſels row;
The billows lave the ſkies, and ocean groans below.
They reach'd the mark: proud Gyas and his train
In triumph rode the victors of the main:
But ſteering round, he charg'd his pilot ſtand
More cloſe to ſhore, and ſkim along the ſand.
Let others bear to ſea. Menætes heard,
But ſecret ſhelves too cautiouſly he fear'd:
And, fearing, fought the deep; and ſtill aloof he
ſteer'd.
With louder cries the captain call'd again;
Bear to the rocky ſhor and ſhun the main.
He ſpoke, and, ſpeak g at his ſtern, he ſaw
The bold Cloanthus n r the ſhelvings draw:
Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla ſtood,
And, in a cloſer compaſs, plow'd the flood:
He paſs'd the mark, and wheeling got before:
Gyas blaſphem'd the gods, devoutly ſwore,
Cry'd out for anger, and his hair he tore.
Mindleſs of others lives (ſo high was grown
His riſing rage) and careleſs of his own,
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoiſted up, and over-board he threw:
This done he ſeiz'd the helm, his fellows cheer'd,
Turn'd ſhort upon the ſhelves, and madly ſteer'd.

Hardly

Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
Clogg'd with his cloaths, and cumber'd with his years:
Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain;
The crowd, that ſaw him fall, and float again,
Shout from the diſtant ſhore, and loudly laugh'd,
To ſee his heaving breaſt diſgorge the briny draught.
The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
Their vaniſh'd hopes of victory renew:
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,
To reach the mark: Sergeſthus takes the place:
Mneſtheus purſues; and, while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his galley's length behind.
Then on the deck amidſt his mates appear'd,
And thus their drooping courages he chear'd:
My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore,
Exert your vigour; tug the labouring oar;
Stretch to your ſtrokes, my ſtill-unconquer'd crew,
Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.
In this, our common intereſt, let me find
That ſtrength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you ſtemm'd the ſtrong Malæan flood,
And o'er the Syrtes broken billows row'd.
I ſeek not now the foremoſt palm to gain;
Though yet—But ah, that haughty wiſh is vain!
Let thoſe enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
[illegible] be laſt, the lags of all the race,
[illegible]n yourſelves and me from that diſgrace.
[illegible]ne and all, they tug amain; they row
[illegible] full ſtretch, and ſhake the brazen prow.

The

The ſea beneath them ſinks: their labouri
Are ſwell'd, and ſweat runs guttering do ades.
Chance aids their daring with unhop'd ſucceſs;
Sergeſthus, eager with his beak, to preſs
Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
Shuts th' unweildy Centaur in the lock.
The veſſel ſtruck; and, with the dreadful ſhock,
Her oars ſhe ſhiver'd, and her head ſhe broke.
The trembling rowers from their banks ariſe,
And, anxious for themſelves, renounce the prize.
With iron poles they heave her off the ſhores;
And gather, from the ſea, their floating oars.
The crew of Mneſtheus, with elated minds,
Urge their ſucceſs, and call the willing winds:
Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
In larger compaſs on the roomy ſea.
As when the dove her rocky hold forſakes,
Rouz'd in a fright, her ſounding wings ſhe ſhakes,
The cavern rings with clattering; out ſhe flies,
And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the ſkies;
At firſt ſhe flutters; but at length ſhe ſprings
To ſmoother flight, and ſhoots upon her wings;
So Mneſtheus in the Dolphin cuts the ſea,
And, flying with a force, that force aſſiſts his way.
Sergeſthus in the Centaur ſoon he paſs'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky ſhoals, and ſticking faſt.
In vain the victor he with cries implores,
And practiſes to row with ſhatter'd oars.
Then Mneſtheus bears with Gyas, and out-flies:
The ſhip without a pilot yields the prize.

Unvanquiſh'd Scylla now alone remains;
Her he purſues, and all his vigour ſtrains.
Shouts from the favouring multitude ariſe,
Applauding echo to the ſhouts replies;
Shouts, wiſhes, and applauſe, run rattling through the ſkies.
Theſe clamours with diſdain the Scylla heard,
Much grudg'd the praiſe, but more the robb'd reward:
Reſolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace;
All obſtinate to die, or gain the race.
Rais'd with ſucceſs, the Dolphin ſwiftly ran
(For they can conquer who believe they can):
Both urge their oars, and fortune both ſupplies,
And both perhaps had ſhar'd an equal prize:
When to the ſeas Cloanthus holds his hands,
And ſuccour from the watery powers demands:
Gods of the liquid realms, on which I row,
If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
Aſſiſt to make me guilty of my vow.
A ſnow-white bull ſhall on your ſhore be ſlain,
His offer'd entrails caſt into the main:
And ruddy wine, from golden goblets thrown,
Your graceful gift and my return ſhall own.
The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus from below,
With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
And old Portunos, with his breadth of hand,
Puſh'd on, and ſped the galley to the land.
Swift as a ſhaft, or winged wind, ſhe flies;
And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.

The

The herald ſummons all, and then proclaims
Cloanthus conqueror of the naval games.
The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head,
And three fat ſteers are to his veſſel led;
The ſhip's reward: with generous wine beſide,
And ſums of ſilver, which the crew divide.
The leaders are diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
The victor honour'd with a nobler veſt:
Where gold and purple ſtrive in equal rows,
And needle-work it's happy coſt beſtows.
There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,
Chacing through Ida's groves the trembling hart;
Breathleſs he ſeems, yet eager to purſue:
When from aloft deſcends, in open view,
The bird of Jove; and, ſouſing on his prey,
With crooked talons bears the boy away.
In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,
His guards behold him ſoaring through the ſkies,
And dogs purſue his flight, with imitated cries.
Mneſtheus the ſecond victor was declar'd;
And ſummon'd there, the ſecond prize he ſhar'd:
A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
More brave Æneas from his ſhoulders tore,
In ſingle combat on the Trojan ſhore.
This was ordain'd for Mneſtheus to poſſeſs,
In war for his defence; for ornament in peace:
Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold;
But yet, ſo pondero with its plates of gold,

That ſcarce two ſervants could the weight ſuſtain,
Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
Purſued, and lightly ſeiz'd the Trojan train.
The third ſucceeding to the laſt reward,
Two goodly bowls of maſſy ſilver ſhar'd;
With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
And two braſs cauldrons from Dodona brought.
Thus, all rewarded by the hero's hands,
Their conquering temples bound with purple bands.
And now Sergeſthus, clearing from the rock,
Brought back his galley ſhatter'd with the ſhock.
Forlorn ſhe look'd without an aiding oar,
And, hooted by the vulgar, made to ſhore.
As when a ſnake, ſurpriz'd upon the road,
Is cruſh'd athwart her body by the load
Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground,
In vain, with looſen'd curls, ſhe crawls along,
Yet fierce above, ſhe brandiſhes her tongue:
Glares with her eyes, and briſtles with her ſcales,
But, groveling in the duſt, her parts unſound ſhe trails!
So ſlowly to the port the Centaur tends,
But what ſhe wants in oars with ſails amends:
Yet, for his galley ſav'd, the grateful prince
Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompenſe.
Pholoe, the Cretan ſlave, rewards his care,
Beauteous herſelf, with lovely twins, as fair.
From thence his way the Trojan hero bent,
Into the neighbouring plain, with mountains pent,

Whoſe

Whoſe ſides were ſhaded with ſurrounding wood:
Full in the midſt of this fair valley ſtood
A native theatre, which riſing ſlow,
By juſt degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
High on a ſylvan throne the leader ſate,
A numerous train attend in ſolemn ſtate
Here thoſe, that in the rapid courſe delight,
Deſire of honour and the prize invite:
The rival runners without order ſtand,
The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band.
Firſt Niſus with Euryalus appears,
Euryalus a boy of blooming years;
With ſprightly grace, and equal beauty crown'd:
Niſus, for friendſhip to the youth renown'd.
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,
Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place:
But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius his from Acarnanian earth.
Then two Sicilian youths, the names of theſe
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes,
Both jolly huntſmen, both in foreſt bred,
And owning old Aceſtes for their head.
With ſeveral others of ignobler name,
Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.
To theſe the hero thus his thoughts explain'd:
In words, which general approbation gain'd:
One common largeſs is for all deſign'd;
The vanquiſh'd and the victor ſhall be join'd.
Two darts of poliſh'd ſteel and Gnoſian wood,
A ſilver-ſtudded ax alike beſtow'd.

The foremoſt three have olive wreaths decreed;
The firſt of theſe obtains a ſtately ſteed
Adorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feather'd Thracian arrows well ſupply'd;
A golden belt ſhall gird his manly ſide,
Which with a ſparkling diamond ſhall be ty'd:
The third this Grecian helmet ſhall content,
He ſaid: to their appointed baſe they went:
With beating hearts th' expected ſign receive,
And, ſtarting all at once, the barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,
And ſeiz'd the diſtant goal with greedy view.
Shot from the crowd, ſwift Niſus all o'er-paſs'd;
Nor ſtorms, nor thunder, equal half his haſte.
The next, but though the next yet far diſjoin'd,
Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
Then Helymus, whom young Diores ply'd,
Step after ſtep, and almoſt ſide by ſide:
His ſhoulders preſſing, and in longer ſpace
Had won, or left at leaſt a dubious race.
Now ſpent, the goal they almoſt reach at laſt;
When eager Niſus, hapleſs in his haſte,
Slipp'd firſt, and, ſlipping, fell upon the plain,
Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly ſlain:
The careleſs victor had not mark'd his way;
But, treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
His heels flew up; and, on the graſſy floor,
He fell, beſmear'd with filth and holy gore.

Nor

Not mindleſs then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the ſacred bonds of amity,
He ſtrove th' immediate rival's hope to croſs,
And caught the foot of Salius as he roſe:
So Salius lay extended on the plain;
Euryalus ſprings out, the prize to gain,
And leaves the crowd: applauding peals attend
The victor to the goal, who vanquiſh'd by his friend.
Next Helymus, and then Diores came,
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.
But Salius enters; and, exclaiming loud
For juſtice, deafens and diſturbs the crowd:
Urges his cauſe may in the court be heard;
And pleads, the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
But favour for Euryalus appears;
His blooming beauty, with his tender years,
Had brib'd the judge or the promis'd prize;
Beſides, Diores fills the court with cries:
Who vainly reaches the laſt reward,
If the firſt palm on Salius be conferr'd.
Then thus the prince: Let no diſputes ariſe:
Where fortune plac'd it, I award the prize.
But fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
At leaſt to pity my deſerving friend.
He ſaid: and, from among the ſpoils, he draws
(Ponderous with ſhaggy main and golden paws)
A lion's hide, to Salius this he gives;
Niſus with envy ſees the gift, and grieves.
If ſuch rewards to vanquiſh'd men are due,
He ſaid, and falling is to riſe by you.

What prize may Niſus from your bounty claim,
Who merited the firſt rewards and fame?
In falling, both an equal fortune try'd;
Would fortune for my fall ſo well provide!
With this he pointed to his face, and ſhow'd
His hands, and all his habit ſmear'd with blood.
Th' indulgent father of the people ſmil'd,
And caus'd to be produc'd an ample ſhield
Of wondrous art by Didymaon wrought,
Long ſince from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
This giv'n to Niſus, he divides the reſt;
And equal juſtice, in his gifts expreſs'd.
The race thus ended, and rewards beſtow'd,
Once more the prince beſpeaks the attentive crowd:
If there be here, whoſe dauntleſs courage dare
In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,
His oppoſite ſuſtain in open view,
Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.
Two prizes I propoſe, and thus divide;
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets ty'd,
Shall be the portion of the conquering chief;
A ſword and helm ſhall chear the loſer's grief.
Then haughty Dares in the lifts appears;
Stalking he ſtrides, his head erected bears:
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield,
And loud applauſes echo through the field.
Dares alone in combat us'd to ſtand,
The match of mighty Paris hand to hand;
The ſame at Hector's funerals undertook
Gigantic Butes, of th' Amician ſtock;

And,

And, by the ſtroke of his reſiſtleſs hand,
Stretch'd the vaſt bulk upon the yellow ſand.
Such Dares was; and ſuch he ſtrod along,
And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.
His brawny back, an ample breaſt he ſhows;
His lifted arms around his head he throws;
And deals in whiſtling air his empty blows.
His match is ſought; but through the trembling band,
Not one dares anſwer to the proud demand.
Preſuming of his force, with ſparkling eyes,
Already he devours the promis'd prize.
He claims the bull with awleſs inſolence;
And, having ſeiz'd his horns, accoſts the prince:
If none my matchleſs valour dares oppoſe,
How long ſhall Dares wait his daſtard foes?
Permit me, chief, permit without delay,
To lead this uncontended gift away.
The crowd aſſents; and, with redoubled cries,
For the proud challenger demands the prize.

Aceſtes, fir'd with juſt diſdain, to ſee
The palm uſurp'd without a victory,
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who ſate beſide,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the Trojan's pride:
Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
So tamely can you bear the raviſh'd crown?
A prize in triumph, borne before your ſight,
And ſhun for fear the danger of the fight;
Where is our Eryx now, the boaſted name,
The god who taught your thundering arm the game?

Where

Where now your baffled honour, where the ſpoil
That fill'd your houſe, and fame that fill'd our iſle?
Entellus, thus: My ſoul is ſtill the ſame;
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame:
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
And ſcarce the ſhadow of a man remains.
Oh, could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime, of which this boaſter is ſo vain!
The brave who this decrepit age defies,
Should feel my force, without the promis'd prize.
He ſaid, and, riſing at the word, he threw
Two ponderous gauntlets down, in open view;
Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
And ſheath his hands with in the liſted field.
With fear and wonder ſeiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with ſeven diſtinguiſh'd folds
Of tough bull hides; the ſpace within is ſpread
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead.
Dares himſelf was daunted at the ſight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
Aſtoniſh'd at their weight the hero ſtands,
And pois'd the ponderous engines in his hands.
What had your wonder, ſaid Entellus, been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides ſeen,
Or view'd the fiern debate on this unhappy green!
Theſe which I bear, your brother Eryx bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
With theſe he long ſuſtain'd th' Herculean arm;
And theſe I wielded while my blood was warm:

This

This languish'd frame while better spirits fed,
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd my head.
But, if the challenger these arms refuse,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use;
If great Æneas and Acestes join
In his request, these gauntlets I resign:
Let us with equal arms perform the fight,
And let him leave to fear, since I resign my right.
This said, Entellus for the strife prepares;
Stript of his quilted coat, his body bares:
Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn he stands,
A goodly towering object on the sands.
Then just Æneas equal arms supply'd,
Which round their shoulders to their wrists they ty'd;
Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent;
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;
Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;
One on his sinews and his giant size.
The last is stiff with age, his motion slow,
He heaves for breath: he staggers to and fro;
And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils loudly blow.
Yet, equal in success, they ward, they strike;
Their ways are different, but their art alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound:
A storm of strokes well-meant with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes:

Nor

Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws
A ſweeping ſtroke, along the crackling jaws.
Heavy with age, Entellus ſtands his ground,
But, with his warping body, wards the wound:
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace;
While Dares traverſes, and ſhifts his place;
And, like a captain, who beleaguers round
Some ſtrong-built caſtle, on a riſing ground,
Views all th' approaches with obſerving eyes,
This, and that other part, in vain he tries;
And more on induſtry than force relies.
With hands on high, Entellus threats the foe;
But Dares watch'd the motion from below,
And ſlipt aſide, and ſhunn'd the long-deſcending blow.
Entellus waſtes his forces on the wind;
And thus deluded of the ſtroke deſign'd,
Headlong and heavy fell: his ample breaſt,
And weighty limbs, his ancient mother preſs'd.
So falls a hollow pine, that long had ſtood
On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood,
Torn from the roots: the differing nations riſe,
And ſhouts, and mingled murmurs, rend the ſkies.
Aceſtes runs, with eager haſte, to raiſe
The fall'n companion of his youthful days:
Dauntleſs he roſe, and to the fight return'd,
With ſhame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury burn'd:
Diſdain and conſcious virtue fir'd his breaſt,
And, with redoubled force, his foe he preſs'd.

He

He lays on load with either hand, amain,
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain,
Nor ſtops, nor ſtays; nor reſt nor breath allows,
But ſtorms of ſtrokes deſcend about his brows;
A rattling tempeſt, and a hail of blows.
But now the prince, who ſaw the wild increaſe
Of wounds, commands the combatants to ceaſe:
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.
Firſt to the Trojan, ſpent with toil, he came,
And ſooth'd his ſorrow for the ſuffer'd ſhame.
What fury ſeiz'd my friend? the gods, ſaid he,
To him propitious, and averſe to thee,
Have giv'n his arm ſuperior force to thine;
'Tis madneſs to contend with ſtrength divine.
The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the ſhore
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore:
His mouth and noſtrils pour'd a purple flood;
And pounded teeth came ruſhing with his blood.
Faintly he ſtagger'd through the hiſſing throng;
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
The ſword and caſque are carry'd by his train;
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.

The champion, then, before Æneas came;
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame:
O goddeſs-born! and you Dardanian hoſt,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boaſt:
Learn what I was, by what remains; and know
From what impending fate, you ſav'd my foe.

Sternly

Sternly he ſpoke; and then confronts the bull;
And, on his ample forehead, aiming full,
The deadly ſtroke deſcending, pierc'd the ſkull.
Down drops the beaſt; nor needs the ſecond wound;
But ſprawls in pangs of death, and ſpurns the ground.
Then thus. In Dares' ſtead I offer this;
Eryx, accept a nobler ſacrifice:
Take the laſt gift my wither'd arms can yield;
Thy gauntlets I reſign, and here renounce the field.
This done, Æneas orders, for the cloſe,
The ſtrife of archers with contending bows.
The maſt, Sergeſthus' ſhatter'd galley bore,
With his own hands he raiſes on the ſhore:
A fluttering dove upon the top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance;
Their turn of ſhooting to receive from chance.
A helmet holds their names. The lots are drawn;
On the firſt ſcroll was read Hippocoon:
The people ſhout; upon the next was found
Young Mneſtheus, late with naval honours crown'd:
The third contain'd Eurytian's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame:
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound,
And ſend among the Greeks a feather'd wound.
Aceſtes in the bottom laſt remain'd;
Whom not his age from youthful ſports reſtrain'd.
Soon all with vigour bend their truſty bows,
And, from the quiver, each his arrow choſe:

Hippocoon's

coon's was the firſt: with forceful ſway
, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
in the maſt the feather'd weapon ſtands;
earful pigeon flutters in her bands;
he tree trembled; and the ſhouting cries
e pleas'd people rend the vaulted ſkies.
Mneſtheus to the head his arrow drove,
lifted eyes, and took his aim above;
ade a glancing ſhot, and miſs'd the dove.
iſs'd ſo narrow, that he cut the cord
h faſten'd, by the foot, the flitting bird.
aptive thus releas'd, away ſhe flies,
eats, with clapping wings, the yielding ſkies.
ow already bent, Eurytian ſtood,
having firſt invok'd his brother god,
inged ſhaft with eager haſte he ſped;
ital meſſage reach'd her as ſhe fled:
aves her life aloft: ſhe ſtrikes the ground,
enders back the weapon in the wound.
s, grudging at his lot, remains
ut a prize to gratify his pains.
ooting upward, ſends his ſhaft, to ſhow
:her's art, and boaſt his twanging bow.
:ather'd arrow gave a dire portent:
atter augurs judge from this event.
l by the ſpeed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
l of following flames aſcending drew:
ng they mount, and mark the ſhiny way
the ſkies, as falling meteors play,
aniſh into wind, or in a blaze decay.

The

The Trojans and Sicilians wildly ſtare;
And, trembling, turn their wonder into prayer.
The Dardan prince put on a ſmiling face,
And ſtrain'd Aceſtes with a cloſe embrace:
Then, honouring him with gifts above the reſt,
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confeſs'd.
The gods, ſaid he, this miracle have wrought;
And order'd you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet rough with figur'd gold,
Which Thracian Ciſſeus gave my ſire of old:
This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my ſecond ſire I juſtly give.
He ſaid, and, with the trumpet's chearful ſound,
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.
Nor good Eurytian envy'd him the prize;
Though he tranſfix'd the pigeon in the ſkies.
Who cut the line, with ſecond gifts was grac'd;
The third was his, whoſe arrow pierc'd the maſt.
The chief, before the games were wholly done,
Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his ſon;
And whiſper'd thus: With ſpeed Aſcanius find,
And if his childiſh troop be ready join'd,
On horſe-back let him grace his grandſire's day;
And lead his equals arm'd in juſt array.
He ſaid, and, calling out, the cirque he clears:
The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.
And now the noble youths, of form divine,
Advance before their fathers in a line:
The riders grace the ſteeds; the ſteeds with glory ſhine.

Thus

Thus marching on, in military pride,
Shouts of applauſe reſound from ſide to ſid
Their caſques, adorn'd with laurel wreaths, they wear,
Each brandiſhing aloft a cornel ſpear.
Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore;
Their chains of burniſh'd gold hung down before:
Three graceful troops they form'd upon the green;
Three graceful leaders at their head were ſeen;
Twelve follow'd every chief, and left a ſpace between.
The firſt young Priam [illegible] lovely boy,
Whoſe grandſire was th[illegible]ppy king of Troy:
His race, in after-time[illegible] known to fame,
New honours adding t[illegible]ian name;
And well the royal boy[illegible]acian ſteed became.
White were the fetloc[illegible] his feet before,
And on his front a ſno[illegible] bore:
Then beauteous Atis,[illegible],
Of equal age, the ſeco[illegible].
The laſt in order, but [illegible]ace,
Firſt in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Aſcanius on a fiery ſteed,
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
Sure courſers for the reſt the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.
The pleas'd ſpectators peals of ſhouts renew,
And all the parents in the children view:
Their make, their motions, and their ſprightly grace:
And hopes and fears alternate in their face.

Th' unfledg'd commanders, and their martial train,
Firſt make the circuit of the ſandy plain,
Around their fires: and, at th' appointed ſign,
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.
The ſecond ſignal ſounds: the troop divides
In three diſtinguiſh'd parts, with three diſtinguiſh'd guides.
Again they cloſe, and once again disjoin,
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line.
They meet, they wheel, they throw their darts afar
With harmleſs rage, and well-diſſembled war.
Then in a round the mingled bodies run;
Flying they follow, and purſuing ſhun.
Broken they break, and rallying, they renew
In other forms the military ſhew.
At laſt, in order, undiſcern'd they join;
And march together, in a friendly line.
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wandering ways, and many a winding fold,
Involv'd the weary feet, without redreſs,
In a round error, which deny'd receſs;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd, and return'd, and ſtill a different way.
Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chace,
In circles, when they ſwim around the watery race.
This game, theſe carouſals, Aſcanius taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought.
Shew'd what he learn'd: the Latin ſires impart,
To their ſucceeding ſons, the graceful art:

From

From theſe imperial Rome receiv'd the game;
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they name.
Thus far the ſacred ſports they celebrate:
But Fortune ſoon reſum'd her ancient hate:
For while they pay the dead his annual dues,
Thoſe envy'd rites Saturnian Juno views;
And ſends the goddeſs of the various bow,
To try new methods of revenge below:
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way;
Where in the port ſecure the navy lay.
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch deſcends;
And, undiſcern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She ſaw the gathering crowd; and gliding thence,
The deſert ſhore, and fleet without defence.
The Trojan matrons on the ſands alone,
With ſighs and tears, Anchiſes' death bemoan.
Then, turning to the ſea their weeping eyes,
Their pity to themſelves, renews their cries.
Alas! ſaid one, what oceans yet remain
For us to ſail; what labours to ſuſtain!
All take the word; and, with a general groan,
Implore the gods for peace; and places of their own.
The goddeſs, great in miſchief, views their pains;
And, in a woman's form, her heavenly limbs reſtrains.
In face and ſhape, old Beroë ſhe became,
Doriclus' wife, a venerable dame;
Once bleſs'd with riches, and a mother's name.
Thus chang'd, amidſt the crying crowd ſhe ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and theſe words began:

O wretched we, whom not the Grecian power,
Nor flames deſtroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
O wretched we, reſerv'd by cruel fate,
Beyond the ruins of the ſinking ſtate!
Now ſeven revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improſperous voyage we begun:
Since toſs'd from ſhores to ſhores, from lands to lands,
Inhoſpitable rocks and barren ſands;
Wandering in exile, through the ſtormy ſea,
We ſearch in vain for flying Italy.
Now caſt by fortune on this kindred land,
What ſhould our reſt, and riſing walls withſtand;
Or hinder here to fix our baniſh'd band?
O, country loſt! and gods redeem'd in vain,
If ſtill in endleſs exile we remain!
Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
Or ſtreams of ſome diſſembled Simois view?
Haſte, join with me, th' unhappy fleet conſume:
Caſſandra bids, and I declare her doom.
In ſleep I ſaw her; ſhe ſupply'd my hands
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands:
With theſe, ſaid ſhe, theſe wandering ſhips deſtroy;
Theſe are your fatal ſeats, and this your Troy.
alls you now, the precious hour employ.
ot the good preſage, while heaven inſpires
ods to dare, and gives the ready fires.
ptune's altars miniſter their brands;
his pleas'd; the god ſupplies our hands.
rom the pile, a flaming fir ſhe drew,
toſs'd in air, amidſt the gallies threw.

Wrap'd in amaze, the matrons wildly ſtare:
Then Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
Pyrgo, the nurſe of Priam's numerous race,
No Beroë this, though ſhe belies her face:
What terrors from her frowning front ariſe;
Behold a goddeſs in her ardent eyes!
What rays around her heavenly face are ſeen,
Mark her majeſtic voice, and more than mortal mien!
Beroë but now I left; whom, pin'd with pain,
Her age and anguiſh from theſe rites detain.
She ſaid; the matrons, ſeiz'd with new amaze,
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze:
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
The goddeſs, having done her taſk below,
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted bow.
Struck with the ſight, and ſeiz'd with rage divine,
The matrons proſecute their mad deſign:
They ſhriek aloud, they ſnatch, with impious hands,
The food of altars, firs, and flaming brands.
Green boughs, and ſaplings, mingled in their haſte;
And ſmoking torches on the ſhips they caſt.
The flame, unſtopp'd at firſt, more fury gains;
And Vulcan rides at large with looſen'd reins:
Triumphant to the painted ſterns he ſoars,
And ſeizes in his way the banks and crackling oars.
Eumelus was the firſt the news to bear,
While yet they crowd the rural theatre.
Then what they hear, is witneſs'd by their eyes;
A ſtorm of ſparkles and of flames ariſe.

Aſcanius took th' alarm, while yet he led
His early warriors on his prancing ſteed.
And ſpurring on, his equals ſoon o'erpaſs'd,
Nor could his frighted friends reclaim his haſte.
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He ſent his voice before him as he flew;
What madneſs moves you, matrons, to deſtroy
The laſt remainders of unhappy Troy?
Not hoſtile fleets, but [illegible] hopes you burn,
And on your friends [illegible] fury turn.
Behold your own Aſca[illegible]hile he ſaid,
He drew his glitterin[illegible]om his head;
In [illegible] the youth[illegible] arms he led.
By [illegible]neas an[illegible]ppear;
And [illegible] th ſhame and fear,
[illegible] s take their flight;
[illegible] the light:
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find;
And ſhake the goddeſs from their alter'd mind.

Not ſo the raging fires their fury ceaſe;
But lurking in the ſeams, with ſeeming peace,
Work on their way, amid the ſmouldering tow,
Sure in deſtruction, but in motion ſlow.
The ſilent plague through the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
Down to the keels, and upward to the ſails,
The fire deſcends, or mounts; but ſtill prevails:
Nor buckets pour'd, nor ſtrength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withſtand.

The

The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To heaven his hands, and with his hands his vows:
O Jove, he cry'd, if prayers can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'ſt not all the Dardan race;
If any ſpark of pity ſtill remain;
If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet ſpare the relics of the Trojan train.
Yet from the flames our burning veſſels free;
Or let thy fury fall alone on me.
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And ſend the willing ſacrifice below.
Scarce had he ſaid, when ſouthern ſtorms ariſe;
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
Loud rattling ſhakes the mountains and the plain;
Heaven bellies downward, and deſcends in rain;
Whole ſheets of water from the clouds are ſent,
Which, hiſſing through the planks, the flames prevent:
And ſtop the fiery peſt: four ſhips alone
Burn to the waſte, and for the fleet atone.
But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide;
If he ſhould ſtill in Sicily reſide,
Forgetful of his fates; or tempt the main,
In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
Then Nautes, old and wiſe, to whom alone
The will of heaven by Pallas was fore-ſhown;
Vers'd in portents, experienc'd and inſpir'd
To tell events, and what the Fates requir'd:
Thus while he ſtood, to neither part inclin'd,
With chearful words reliev'd his labouring mind:

O goddeſs-born, reſign'd in every ſtate,
With patience bear, with prudence puſh your fate.
By ſuffering well, our fortune we ſubdue;
Fly when ſhe frowns, and when ſhe calls purſue.
Your friend Aceſtes is of Trojan kind;
To him diſcloſe the ſecrets of your mind:
Truſt in his hands your old and uſeleſs train,
Too numerous for the ſhips which yet remain:
The feeble, old, indulgent of their eaſe,
The dames who dread the dangers of the ſeas,
With all their daſtard crew, who dare not ſtand
The ſhock of battle with your foes by land;
Here you may build a common town for all;
And, from Aceſtes' name, Aceſta call.
The reaſons, with his friend's experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more diſturb'd his mind.
'Twas dead of night; when to his ſlumbering eyes,
His father's ſhade deſcended from the ſkies;
And thus he ſpoke: O more than vital breath,
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death;
O ſon, in various toils and troubles toſt,
The king of heaven employs my careful ghoſt
On his commands; the God who ſav'd from fire
Your flaming fleet, and heard your juſt deſire:
The wholſome counſel of your friend receive;
And here the coward train, and women leave:
The choſen youth, and thoſe who nobly dare
Tranſport, to tempt the dangers of the war.
The ſtern Italians with their courage try;
Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.

But

But firſt to Pluto's palace you ſhould go,
And ſeek my ſhade among the bleſt below
For not with impious ghoſts my ſoul remains,
Nor ſuffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,
But breathes the living air of ſoft Elyſian plains.
The chaſte Sibylla ſhall your ſteps convey;
And blood of offer'd victims free the way;
There ſhall you know what realms the gods aſſign;
And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
But now, farewell: I vaniſh with the night;
And feel the blaſt of heaven's approaching light:
He ſaid, and mix'd with ſhades, and took his airy flight.
Whither ſo faſt, the filial duty cry'd,
And why, ah why, the wiſh'd embrace deny'd!
He ſaid, and roſe: as holy zeal inſpires,
He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires.
His country gods and [illegible]a then adores
With cakes and incen[illegible], and their aid implores.
Next for his friends and royal hoſt he ſent,
Reveal'd his viſion and the gods intent,
With his own purpoſe. All, without delay,
The will of Jove and his deſires obey.
They liſt with women each degenerate name,
Who dares not hazard life, for future fame.
Theſe they caſhier: the brave remaining few,
Oars, banks, and cables half conſum'd renew.
The prince deſigns a city with the plough;
The lots their ſeveral tenements allow.

This

This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
And the new king aſcends the throne with joy.
A choſen ſenate from the people draws;
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
Then on the top of Eryx, they begin
A riſing temple to the Paphian queen:
Anchiſes, laſt, is honour'd as a god;
A prieſt is added, annual gifts beſtow'd;
And groves are planted roun[d] his bleſt abode.
Nine days they paſs in feaſts, [th]eir temples crown'd;
And fumes of incenſe in the [sh]rines abound.
Then, from the ſouth aroſ[e] gentle breeze,
That curl'd the ſmoothneſs of the glaſſy ſeas:
The riſing winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mari[ners] aboard.
Now loud laments alo[ng] the ſhores reſound,
Of parting friends in cloſe embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degenerate train,
Who ſhunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
Ev'n thoſe deſire to ſail, and take their ſhare
Of the rough paſſage, and the promis'd war.
Whom good Æneas chears; and recommends
To their new maſter's care, his fearful friends.
On Eryx', altars three fat calves he lays;
A lamb new fallen to the ſtormy ſeas;
Then ſlips his haulers, and his anchors weighs.
High on the deck the godlike hero ſtands;
With olive crown'd; a charger in his hands;
Then caſt the reeking entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the ſacrifice of purple wine.

The tempeſts fly before their father's face;
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
And monſter whales before their maſter play,
And choirs of tritons crowd the watery way.
The martial'd powers in equal troops divide
To right and left: the gods his better ſide
Incloſe, and on the worſe the nymphs and nereids ride.
Now ſmiling hope, with ſweet viciſſitude,
Within the hero's mind, his joys renew'd.
He calls to raiſe the maſts, the ſheets diſplay;
The chearful crew with diligence obey;
They ſcud before the wind, and ſail in open ſea.
A-head of all the maſter pilot ſteers,
And, as he leads, the following navy veers.
The ſteeds of night had travel'd half the ſky,
The drowſy rowers on their benches lie;
When the ſoft god of ſleep, with eaſy flight,
Deſcends, and draws behind a trail of light.
Thou, Palinurus, art his deſtin'd prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire dreams to thee, and iron ſleep he bears;
And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas wears.
Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
The winds, my friend, inſpire a pleaſing gale;
The ſhips, without thy care, ſecurely ſail.
Now ſteal an hour of ſweet repoſe; and I
Will take the rudder, and thy room ſupply.
To whom the yawning pilot, half aſleep;
Me doſt thou bid to truſt the treacherous deep!

The harlot-ſmiles of her diſſembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
Shall I believe the ſyren ſouth again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the monſter main?
He ſaid, his faſten'd hands the rudder keep,
And, fix'd on heaven, his eyes repel invading ſleep.
The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
A branch in Lethe dip'd, and drunk with Stygian dew:
The pilot, vanquiſh'd by the power divine,
Soon cloſ'd his ſwimming eyes, and lay ſupine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
The god, inſulting with ſuperior ſtrength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the ſea,
And, with the ſtern, the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and, ſtruggling in the main,
Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain:
The victor dæmon mounts obſcure in air;
While the ſhip ſails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:
But what the man forſook, the god ſupplies;
And o'er the dangerous deep ſecure the navy flies:
Glides by the ſyren's cliffs, a ſhelfy coaſt,
Long infamous for ſhips and ſailors loſt;
And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars;
And rocks rebellow from the ſounding ſhores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found
The toſſing veſſel ſail'd on ſhoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loſs, he takes himſelf
The helm, and ſteers aloof, and ſhuns the ſhelf.

Inly

Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain exp
For faith repos'd on ſeas, and on the flattering ſky,
Thy naked corpſe is doom'd on ſhores unknown to lie.

THE

THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas the adventures he ſhould meet with in Italy: ſhe attends him to hell: deſcribing to him the various ſcenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchiſes: who inſtructs him in thoſe ſublime myſteries of the ſoul of the world, and the tranſmigration: and ſhews him that glorious race of heroes which was to deſcend from him and his poſterity.

HE ſaid, and wept: then ſpread his ſails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cuman ſhore:
Their anchors dropt, his crew the veſſels moor.
They turn their heads to ſea, their ſterns to land;
And greet, with greedy joy, th' Italian ſtrand.
Some ſtrike from claſhing flints their fiery ſeed;
Some gather ſticks the kindled flames to feed;
Or ſearch for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
Or trace through vallies the diſcover'd floods.

Thus,

Thus, while their ſeveral charges they fulf
The pious prince aſcends the ſacred hill
Where Phœbus is ador'd; and ſeeks the ſhade
Which hides from ſight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
Through Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
And enter now the temple roof'd with gold.
When Dædalus, to fly e Cretan ſhore,
His heavy limbs on joi d pinions bore
(The firſt who ſail'd in r), 'tis ſung by fame,
To the Cumæan coaſt ar length he came;
And here alighting, b this coſtly frame.
Inſcrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The ſteerage of his wings that cuts the ſky;
Then o'er the lofty ga art emboſs'd
Androgeos' death, and ings to his ghoſt:
Seven youths from At irlu ſent, to meet
The fate appointed by Crete.
And next to thoſe the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the deſtin'd names by lots were caſt:
The mournful parents ſtand around in tears;
And riſing Crete againſt their ſhore appears.
There too, in living ſculpture, might be ſeen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen:
Then how ſhe cheats her bellowing lover's eye:
The ruſhing leap, the doubtful progeny,
The lower part a beaſt, a man above,
The monument of their polluted love.

blaſt, the hundred doors
rushing whirlwind roars
d Sibyl's voice reſtores:
s of the watery reign,
ills, by land remain;
ir'd (nor doubt th' event)
h, but having reach'd, repent.
view; a field of blood;
ith a purple flood.
all be wanting there;
in arms appear:
-born: fierce Juno's hate,
, ſhall urge thy fate.
ns ſhalt not thou reſort!
t every court!
hich Ilium once oppreſs'd,
d a foreign gueſt:
ul, unbent with woes,
frowns, the more oppoſe:
ſafety ſhall be ſhown,
ſt ſhalt hope, a Grecian town.
k receſs, the Sibyl ſpoke,
he thunder broke;
and the temple ſhook.
ho rul'd her labouring breaſt,
ords his mind expreſt:
in terms involv'd the reſt.
l, her foaming ceas'd,
ul, the god decreas'd.

Nor far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maz
A thouſand doors, a thouſand winding ways;
Here dwells the monſter, hid from human view,
Not to be found but by the faithful clue:
Till the kind artiſt, mov'd with pious grief,
Lent to the loving maid this laſt relief;
And all thoſe erring paths deſcrib'd ſo well,
That Theſeus conquer'd, and the monſter fell.
Here hapleſs Icarus had found his part;
Had not the father's grief reſtrain'd his art.
He twice eſſay'd to caſt his ſon in gold;
Twice from his hands he drop'd the forming moul
All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd:
Each varying object his delight renew'd.
Eager to read the reſt, Achates came,
And by his ſide the mad ivining dame;
The prieſteſs of the god, Deiphobe her name.
Time ſuffers not, ſhe ſaid, to feed your eyes
With empty pleaſures: haſte the ſacrifice.
Seven bullocks yet unyok'd, for Phœbus chooſe,
And for Diana ſeven unſpotted ewes.
This ſaid, the ſervants urge the ſacred rites;
While to the temple ſhe the prince invites.
A ſpacious cave, within its farmoſt part,
Was hew'd and faſhion'd by laborious art
Through the hill's hollow ſides; before the place,
A hundred doors, a hundred entries grace:
As many voices iſſue; and the ſound
Of Sibyls' words as many times rebound.

I

Now to the mouth they come: Aloud she
This is the time; enquire your destinies.
He comes, behold the god! Thus while she said
(And shivering at the sacred entry staid),
Her colour chang'd, her face was not the same,
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her labouring breast.
Greater than human-kind she seem'd to look:
And, with an accent more than mortal, spoke.
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
Swiftly she turn'd, and foaming as she spoke,
Why this delay? she cried; the powers invoke:
Thy prayers alone can ope this abode,
Else vain are my demand and dumb the god.
She said no more: the trembling Trojans hear;
O'erspread with a damp, and holy fear.
The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
Indulgent god, propitious power to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy;
Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
Thus far, by fate's decrees, and thy commands,
Through ambient seas, and through devouring sands,
Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground;
And now, at length, the flying coast is found;
Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
With fury has pursued her wandering race:

Here ceaſe, ye powers, and let your vengeance end;
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O ſacred maid! inſpir'd to ſee
Th' event of things in dark futurity,
Give me, what heaven has promis'd to my fate,
To conquer and command the Latian ſtate:
To fix my wandering gods, and find a place
For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
Then ſhall my grateful hands a temple rear
To the twin gods, with vows and ſolemn prayer;
And annual rites, and feſtivals, and games,
Shall be perform'd to their auſpicious names;
Nor ſhalt thou want thy honours in my land,
For there thy faithful oracles ſhall ſtand,
Preſerv'd in ſhrines: and every ſacred lay,
Which, by thy mouth, Apollo ſhall convey:
All ſhall be treaſur'd, by a choſen train
Of holy prieſts, and ever ſhall remain.
But, Oh! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the ſport of every wind,
Leſt they diſperſe in air our empty fate:
Write not, but, what the powers ordain, relate.
Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And labouring underneath the ponderous god,
The more ſhe ſtrove to ſhake him from her breaſt,
With more, and far ſuperior force he preſs'd:
Commands his entrance, and, without control,
Uſurps her organs, and inſpires her ſoul.

Now,

Now, with a furious blaſt, the hundred do
Ope of themſelves; a ruſhing whirlwind r
Within the cave; and Sibyl's voice reſtore
Eſcap'd the dangers of the watery reign,
Yet more and greater ills, by land remain;
The coaſt ſo long deſir'd (nor doubt th' event)
Thy troops ſhall reach, but having reach'd, repent.
Wars, horrid wars I view; a field of blood;
And Tyber rolling wi urple flood.
Simois nor Xanthus ſh e wanting there;
A new Achilles ſhall i rms appear:
And he, too, goddeſs- n: fierce Juno's hate,
Added to hoſtile force, ll urge thy fate.
To what ſtrange natio alt not thou reſort!
Driven to ſolicit aid at y court!
The cauſe the ſame wl h Ilium once oppreſs'd,
A foreign miſtreſs and foreign gueſt:
But thou, ſecure of ſo unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune vns, the more oppoſe:
The dawnings of thy ty ſhall be ſhown,
From whence thou leaſt ſhalt hope, a Grecian town.
Thus, from the dark receſs, the Sibyl ſpoke,
And the reſiſting air the thunder broke;
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple ſhook.
Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her labouring breaſt,
In theſe myſterious words his mind expreſt:
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the reſt.
At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her ſoul, the god decreas'd.

Then thus the chief: No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new:
Inur'd to ſuffer, and reſolv'd to dare,
The fates, without my power, ſhall be without my care.
This let me crave, ſince near your grove the road
To hell lies open, and the dark abode,
Which Acheron ſurrounds, th' innavigable flood:
Conduct me through the regions void of light,
And lead me longing to my father's ſight:
For him, a thouſand dangers I have fought;
And, ruſhing where the thickeſt Grecians fought,
Safe on my back the ſacred burden brought.
He, for my ſake, the raging ocean try'd,
And wrath of heaven; my ſtill auſpicious guide,
And bore beyond the ſtrength decrepit age ſupply'd.
Oft ſince he breath'd his laſt, in dead of night,
His reverend image ſtood before my ſight;
Enjoin'd to ſeek below his holy ſhade;
Conducted there by your unerring aid:
But you, if pious minds by prayers are won,
Oblige the father, and protect the ſon.
Yours is the power; nor Proſerpine in vain
Has made you prieſteſs of her nightly reign.
If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
The ruthleſs king with pity could inſpire,
And from the ſhades below redeem his wife;
If Pollux, offering his alternate life,
Could free his brother; and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns deſcend below;

Why

Why name I Theſeus, or his greater friend,
Who trod the downward path, and upward could aſcend!
Not leſs than theirs, from Jove my lineage came:
My mother greater, my deſcent the ſame.
So pray'd the Trojan prince; and, while he pray'd,
His hand upon the holy altar laid.
Then thus reply'd the propheteſs divine:
O goddeſs-born! of great Anchiſes' line,
The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way:
But, to return, and view the chearful ſkies,
In this the taſk and mighty labour lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
And thoſe of ſhining worth, and heavenly race.
Betwixt thoſe regions, and our upper light,
Deep foreſts and impenetrable night
Poſſeſs the middle ſpace. Th' infernal bounds
Cocytus, with his ſable waves ſurrounds:
But, if ſo dire a love your ſoul invades,
As twice below to view the trembling ſhades;
If you ſo hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to paſs th' innavigable lake,
Receive my counſel. In the neighbouring grove
There ſtands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human ſight.
One bough it bears; but, wondrous to behold,
The ductile rind, and leaves, of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches muſt be torn,
And to fair Proſerpine the preſent borne,

Ere leave be given to tempt the nether ſkies:
The firſt thus rent, a ſecond will ariſe,
And the ſame metal the ſame room ſupplies.
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes to ſee
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with eaſe, if favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian ſtate:
If not, no labour can the tree conſtrain,
And ſtrength of ſtubborn arms, and ſteel are vain.
Beſides, you know not, while ou here attend,
Th' unworthy fate o ippy friend:
Breath ry'd ghoſt,
Depriv s your hoſt.
Pay firſt h r the dead,
T ſe be led:
T pon his body lay;
This done, ſecurely take the deſtin'd way,
To find the regions deſtitute of day.
She ſaid: and held her peace. Æneas went
Sad from the cave, and full of diſcontent;
Unknowing whom the ſacred Sibyl meant.
Achates, the companion of his breaſt,
Goes grieving by his ſide with equal cares oppreſs'd.
Walking they talk'd, and fruitleſsly divin'd
What friend the prieſteſs, by thoſe words, deſign'd:
But ſoon they found an object to deplore;
Miſenus lay extended on the ſhore.

Son

Son of the god of winds; none ſo renown'd,
The warrior trumpet in the field to ſound:
With breathing braſs to kindle fierce alarms,
And rouze to dare their fate, in honourable arms.
He ſerv'd great Hector; and was ever near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his ſpear.
But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
He choſe Æneas, and he choſe as well.
Swoln with applauſe, and aiming ſtill at more,
He now provokes the ſea-gods from the ſhore;
With envy Triton heard the martial ſound,
And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd.
Then caſt his mangled carcaſe on the ſtrand:
The gazing crowd around the body ſtand.
All weep, but moſt Æneas mourns his fate,
And haſtens to perform the funeral ſtate.
In altar-wiſe a ſtately pile they rear;
The baſis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
An ancient wood, fit for the work deſign'd
(The ſhady covert of the ſavage kind)
The Trojans found: the ſounding ax is ply'd:
Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the towering pride
Of foreſt aſhes, feel the fatal ſtroke,
And piercing wedges cleave the ſtubborn oak.
Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the ſteepy crown
Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
Arm'd like the reſt the Trojan prince appears,
And, by his pious labour, urges theirs.
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
The ways to compaſs what his wiſh deſign'd,

He caſt his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
And then, with vows, implor'd the queen of love:
O may thy power, propitious ſtill to me,
Conduct my ſteps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep foreſt; ſince the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Miſenus' death.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, full before his ſight,
Two doves, deſcending from their airy flight,
Secure upon the graſſy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
Be you my guides, with your auſpicious aid;
And lead my footſteps, till the branch be found,
Whoſe glittering ſhadow gilds the ſacred ground:
And thou, great parent! with celeſtial care,
In this diſtreſs, be preſent to my prayer.
Thus having ſaid, he ſtopp'd: with watchful ſight
Obſerving ſtill the motions of their flight,
What courſe they took, what happy ſigns they ſhew:
They fed, and, fluttering by degrees, withdrew
Still farther from the place, but ſtill in view:
Hopping, and flying, thus they led him on
To the ſlow lake: whoſe baleful ſtench to ſhun,
They wing'd their flight aloft; then ſtooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden bough.
Through the green leaves the glittering ſhadows glow;
As on the ſacred oak, the wintery miſleto:
Where the proud mother views her precious brood;
And happier branches, which ſhe never ſow'd.
Such was the glittering, ſuch the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.

He

He ſeiz'd the ſhining bough with griping
And rent away, with eaſe, the lingering
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.
Mean time, the Trojan troops, with wee yes,
To dead Miſenus pay his obſequies.
Firſt from the ground a lofty pile they rear,
Of pitch-trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:
The fabric's front, with cypreſs twigs they ſtrew,
And ſtick the ſides with ghs of baleful yeugh.
The topmoſt part, hi ering arms adorn;
Warm waters, then, braze rne,
Are pour'd to waſh hi od
And fragrant oils the
With groans and crie
Then on a bier, with pi
The breathleſs body, us bey y,
And fire the pile, the ces turn'd aw
(Such reverend rites t ers us'd to pay).
Pure oil and incenſe e they throw,
And fat of victims, which his friends beſtow.
Theſe gifts, the greedy flames to duſt devour;
Then, on the living coals, red wine they pour:
And laſt, the relicks by themſelves diſpoſe,
Which in a brazen urn the prieſts incloſe.
Old Chorineus compaſs'd thrice the crew,
And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew;
Which thrice he ſprinkled round, and thrice aloud
Invok'd the dead, and then diſmiſs'd the crowd.

But

But good Æneas order'd on the ſhore
A ſtately tomb; whoſe top a trumpet bore;
A ſoldier's fauchion, and a ſeaman's oar.
Thus was his friend interr'd: and deathleſs fame
Still to the lofty cape configns his name.
Theſe rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,
Haſtes to the nether world his deſtin'd way.
Deep was the cape; and downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough deſcent;
And here th' acceſs a gloomy grove defends;
And here th' unnavigable lake extends.
O'er whoſe unhappy wat[illegible]oid of light,
No bird preſum[illegible]flight;
Such deadly [illegible]th ariſe,
And ſteami[illegible]ts the ſkies.
From h[illegible]ir legends make,
And g[illegible]to the lake.
Four ſable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
For ſacrifice the pious hero brought;
The prieſteſs pours the wine betwixt their horns;
Then cuts the curling hair; that firſt oblation burns,
Invoking Hecate hither to repair
(A powerful name in hell, and upper air).
The ſacred prieſts with ready knives bereave
The beaſts of life, and in full bowls receive
The ſtreaming blood: a lamb to hell and night
(The ſable wool without a ſtreak of white)
Æneas offers: and, by fate's decree,
A barren heifer, Proſerpine, to thee.

With

With holocauſts he Pluto's altar fills:
Seven brawny bulls with his own hand he kills:
Then, on the broiling entrails, oil he pours;
Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours:
Late, the nocturnal ſacrifice begun;
Nor ended, till the next returning ſun.
Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
And howling dogs in glimmering light advance,
Ere Hecate came: Far hence be ſouls profane,
The Sibyl cry'd, and from the grove abſtain.
Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford,
Aſſume thy courage, and unſheath thy ſword.
She ſaid, and paſs'd along the gloomy ſpace,
The prince purſued her ſteps with equal pace.
Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human ſight,
Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghoſts, permit me to relate
The myſtic wonders of your ſilent ſtate.
Obſcure they went through dreary ſhades, that led
Along the waſte dominions of the dead:
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light:
When Jove in duſky clouds involves the ſkies,
And the faint creſcent ſhoots by fits before their eyes.
Juſt in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares and ſullen ſorrows dwell;
And pale diſeaſes, and repining age;
Want, fear, and famine's unreſiſted rage:
Here toils, and death, and death's half-brother, ſleep.
Forms terrible to view, their centry keep:

With anxious pleaſures of a guilty mind,
Deep frauds before, and open force behind:
The furies iron beds, and ſtrife that ſhakes
Her hiſſing treſſes, and unfolds her ſnakes.
Full in the midſt of this infernal road,
An elm diſplays her duſky arms abroad:
The god of ſleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are ſpread.
Of various forms unnumber'd ſpectres more;
Centaurs, and double ſhapes, beſiege the door:
Before the paſſage horrid Hydra ſtands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands:
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame,
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.
The chief unſheath'd his ſhining ſteel, prepar'd,
Though ſeiz'd with ſudden fear, to force the guard,
Offering his brandiſh'd weapon at their face,
Had not the Sibyl ſtop'd his eager pace,
And told him what thoſe empty phantoms were;
Forms without bodies, and impaſſive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whoſe troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus loſt:
There Charon ſtands, who rules the dreary coaſt;
A ſordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard deſcends; uncomb'd, unclean:
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire:
A girdle, foul with greaſe, binds his obſcene attire.
He ſpreads his canvas, with his pole he ſteers;
The freights of flitting ghoſts in his thin bottom bears.

He

He look'd in years; yet in his years we
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green
An airy crowd came ruſhing where he ſtood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood.
Huſbands and wives, boys and unmarry'd maids,
And mighty heroes more majeſtic ſhades,
And youths, intomb'd before their fathers' eyes.
With hollow groans, and ſhrieks, and feeble cries,
Thick as the leaves in autumn ſtrow the woods:
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forſake the floods,
And wing their haſty flight to happier lands:
Such, and ſo thick, the ſhivering army ſtands;
And preſs for paſſage with extended hands.
Now theſe, now thoſe, the ſurly boatman bore:
The reſt he drove to diſtance from the ſhore.
The hero, who beheld, with wondering eyes,
The tumult mix'd with ſhrieks, laments, and cries,
Aſk'd of his guide, what the rude concourſe meant?
Why to the ſhore the thronging people bent?
What forms of law among the ghoſts were us'd?
Why ſome were ferry'd o'er, and ſome refus'd?
Son of Anchiſes, offspring of the gods,
The Sibyl ſaid, you ſee the Stygian floods,
The ſacred ſtreams, which heaven's imperial ſtate
Atteſts in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghoſts rejected, are th' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of ſepulchres, and funeral due.
The boatman Charon; thoſe, the bury'd hoſt,
He ferries over to the farther coaſt.

Nor

Nor dares his tranſport veſſel croſs the waves,
With ſuch whoſe bones are not compos'd in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the ſhore,
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.
The Trojan chief his forward pace repreſs'd;
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breaſt.
He ſaw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
Their funeral honours claim'd, and aſk'd their quiet graves.
The loſt Leucaſpis in the crowd he knew;
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew:
Whom, on the Tyrrhene ſeas the tempeſts met;
The ſailors maſter'd, and the ſhip o'erſet.
Amidſt the ſpirits Palinurus preſs'd;
Yet freſh from life; a new admitted gueſt.
Who, while he ſteering, view'd the ſtars, and bore
His courſe from Africk, to the Latian ſhore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
And ſcarcely through the gloom the ſullen ſhadow knew.
Then thus the prince: What envious power, O friend,
Brought your lov'd life to this diſaſtrous end?
For Phœbus, ever true in all he ſaid,
Has, in your fate alone, my faith betray'd.
The god foretold, you ſhould not die, before
You reach'd, ſecure from ſeas, the Italian ſhore.
Is this th' unerring power? The ghoſt reply'd,
Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his anſwers ly'd;
Nor envious gods have ſent me to the deep:
But while the ſtars, and courſe of heaven I keep,
My weary'd eyes were ſeiz'd with fatal ſleep.
I fell;

I fell; and, with my weight, the helm conſtrain'd
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
Now by the winds, and raging waves, I ſwear,
Your ſafety, more than mine, was then my care:
Left, of the guide bereft, the rudder loſt,
Your ſhip ſhould run againſt the rocky coaſt.
Three bluſtering nights, borne by the ſouthern blaſt,
I floated, and diſcover'd land at laſt:
High on a mountain wave my head I bore;
Forcing my ſtrength, and gathering to the ſhore:
Panting, but paſt the danger, now I ſeiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
While, cumber'd with my dropping cloaths, I lay,
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
Stain'd with my blood th' unhoſpitable coaſt:
And now, by winds and waves, my lifeleſs limbs are toſt:
Which O avert, by yon ethereal light
Which I have loſt, for this eternal night:
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
By your dead ſire, and by your living ſon,
Redeem from this reproach my wandering ghoſt,
Or with your navy ſeek the Velin coaſt;
And in a peaceful grave my corpſe compoſe:
Or, if a nearer way your mother ſhows,
Without whoſe aid, you durſt not undertake
This frightful paſſage o'er the Stygian lake;
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
To the ſweet banks of yon forbidden ſhore.

Scarce had he ſaid, the propheteſs began,
What hopes delude thee, miſerable man?
Think'ſt thou, thus unintomb'd, to croſs the floods,
To view the furies, and infernal gods;
And viſit, without leave, the dark abodes?
Attend the term of long, revolving years:
Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take;
The wrath of heaven, inflicted for thy ſake,
With vengeance ſhall purſue th' inhuman coaſt,
Till they propitiate thy offended ghoſt,
And raiſe a tomb, with vows, and ſolemn prayer;
And Palinurus' name the place ſhall bear.
This calm'd his cares, ſooth'd with his future fame,
And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.
Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw,
Whom, from the ſhore, the ſurly boatman ſaw:
Obſerv'd their paſſage through the ſhady wood,
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood:
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath;
Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
In arms preſum'ſt to tread, I charge thee ſtand,
And tell thy name, and buſineſs in the land.
Know this, the realm of night; the Stygian ſhore:
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er:
Nor was I pleas'd great Theſeus once to bear,
Who forc'd a paſſage with his pointed ſpear;
Nor ſtrong Alcides, men of mighty fame;
And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.

In

In fetters one the barking porter ty'd,
And took him trembling from his ſovereign's ſide:
Two fought by force to ſeize his beauteous bride.
To whom the Sibyl thus: Compoſe thy mind:
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force deſign'd.
Still may the dog the wandering troops conſtrain
Of airy ghoſts; and vex the guilty train:
And with her griſly lord his lovely queen remain.
The Trojan chief, whoſe lineage is from Jove,
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
Is ſent to ſeek his ſire, in your Elyſian grove.
If neither piety, nor heaven's command,
Can gain his paſſage to the Stygian ſtrand,
This fatal preſent ſhall prevail at leaſt;
Then ſhew'd the ſhining bough, conceal'd within her veſt.
No more was needful, for the gloomy god
Stood mute with awe, to ſee the golden rod:
Admir'd the deſtin'd offering to the queen
(A venerable gift ſo rarely ſeen).
His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land;
The ghoſts forſake their ſeats at his command:
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight,
The leaky veſſel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly ſhe ſails, and ſcarcely ſtems the tides:
The preſſing water pours within her ſides.
His paſſengers, at length, are wafted o'er;
Expos'd in muddy weeds upon the miry ſhore.
No ſooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian ſound,

Grim Cerberus; who ſoon began to rear
His creſted ſnakes, and arm'd his briſtling hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A ſop in honey ſteep'd to charm the guard.
Which, mix'd with powerful drugs, ſhe caſt before
His greedy, grinding jaws, juſt op'd to roar:
With three enormous mouths he gapes, and ſtraight,
With hunger preſs'd, devours the pleaſing bait.
Long draughts of ſleep his monſtrous limbs enſlave;
He reels, and, falling, fills the ſpacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Paſs'd on, and took th' irremeable way.
Before the gates, the cries of babes new born,
Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,
Aſſault his ears: then thoſe whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cauſe.
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
The wrongful ſentence, and award a new.
Minos, the ſtrict inquiſitor, appears,
And lives and crimes, with his aſſeſſors, hears.
Round, in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
Abſolves the juſt, and dooms the guilty ſouls.
The next in place, and puniſhment, are they
Who prodigally throw their ſouls away;
Fools, who repining at their wretched ſtate,
And loathing anxious life, ſuborn'd their fate.
With late repentance now they would retrieve
The bodies they forſook, and wiſh to live.
Their pains and poverty deſire to bear,
To view the light of heaven, and breathe the vital air.

But fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
And, with nine circling streams, the captive soul include.
Not far from thence, the mournful fields appear;
So call'd, from lovers that inhabit there.
The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In secret solitude, and myrtle shades,
Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphaë there,
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair.
There Laodamia, with Evadne moves:
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves.
Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man;
But ending in the sex she first began.
Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood,
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood.
Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view
(Doubtful as he who runs through dusky night,
Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light);
With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade,
And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death,
And I, alas, the cause! By heaven, I vow,
And all the powers that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state:
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate.

Thoſe gods, that fate, whoſe unreſiſted might
Have ſent me to theſe regions, void of light,
Through the vaſt empire of eternal night.
Nor dar'd I to preſume, that, preſs'd with grief,
My flight ſhould urge you to this dire relief.
Stay, ſtay your ſteps, and liſten to my vows,
'Tis the laſt interview that fate allows!
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,
With tears and prayers, and late repenting love:
Diſdainfully ſhe look'd; then turning round,
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground:
And what he ſays, and ſwears, regards no more,
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar.
But whirl'd away, to ſhun his hateful ſight,
Hid in the foreſt, and the ſhades of night.
Then ſought Sichæus, through the ſhady grove,
Who anſwer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.
Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting ſhade.
Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
Where, ſever'd from the reſt, the warrior ſouls remain'd.
Tideus he met, with Meleager's race,
The pride of armies, and the ſoldiers grace;
And pale Adraſtus with his ghaſtly face.
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a numerous train:
All much lamented, all in battle ſlain.
Glaucus and Medon, high above the reſt,
Antenor's ſons, and Ceres' ſacred prieſt:

And

And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
Who ſhakes his empty reins, and aims his ſpear.
The gladſome ghoſts, in circling troops, attend,
And, with unweary'd eyes, behold their friend.
Delight to hover near, and long to know
What buſineſs brought him to the realms below.
But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
When his refulgent arms flaſh'd through the ſhady plain,
Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,
As when his thundering ſword and pointed ſpear
Drove headlong to their ſhips, and glean'd the routed rear.
They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes;
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gaſping throats.
Here Priam's ſon, Deiphobus, he found,
Whoſe face and limbs were one continued wound.
Diſhoneſt, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his noſe, and mangled of his ears.
He ſcarcely knew him, ſtriving to diſown
His blotted form, and bluſhing to be known.
And therefore firſt began: O Teucer's race,
Who durſt thy faultleſs figure thus deface?
What heart could wiſh, what hand inflict, this diſgrace?
'Twas fam'd, that in our laſt and fatal night,
Your ſingle proweſs long ſuſtain'd the fight:
Till, tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you choſe,
And fell upon a heap of ſlaughter'd foes.
But, in remembrance of ſo brave a deed,
A tomb and funeral honours I decreed:

Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
The place your armour and your name retains.
Your body too I ſought; and, had I found,
Deſign'd for burial in your native ground.
The ghoſt reply'd: Your piety has paid
All needful rites to reſt my wandering ſhade:
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian ſwords betray'd my ſleeping life.
Theſe are the monuments of Helen's love:
The ſhame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
You know in what deluding joys we paſt
The night, that was by heaven decreed our laſt.
For, when the fatal horſe deſcending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town,
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led;
Then, waving high her torch, the ſignal made,
Which rouz'd the Grecians from their ambuſcade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppreſs'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to reſt;
And heavy ſleep my weary limbs poſſeſs'd.
Meantime my worthy wife our arms miſlay'd;
And, from beneath my head, my ſword convey'd:
The door unlatch'd; and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.
Thus in her crime her confidence ſhe plac'd,
And with new treaſons would redeem the paſt.
What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenceleſs man.

Ulyſſes,

Ulyſſes, baſely born, firſt led the way:
Avenging power! with juſtice if I pray,
That fortune be their own another day!
But anſwer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living to the Stygian ſtate?
Driven by the winds and errors of the ſea,
Or did you heaven's ſuperior doom obey?
Or tell what other chance conducts your way?
To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
Tumults and torments of th' infernal ſeats?
While thus, in talk, the flying hours they paſs,
The ſun had finiſh'd more than half his race:
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had ſpent
The little time of ſtay, which heaven had lent.
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay;
Night ruſhes down, and headlong drives the day:
'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides;
The right, to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus deſcends;
The ſeat of night profound, and puniſh'd fiends.
Then thus Deiphobus: O ſacred maid!
Forbear to chide; and be your will obey'd:
Lo to the ſecret ſhadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.
Proceed, auſpicious prince, with glory crown'd,
And born to better fates than I have found.
He ſaid; and while he ſaid, his ſteps he turn'd
To ſecret ſhadows, and in ſilence mourn'd.

The

The hero, looking on the left, eſpy'd
A lofty tower, and ſtrong on every ſide
With treble walls, which Phlegethon ſurrounds,
Whoſe fiery flood the burning empire bounds:
And, preſs'd betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noiſe reſounds.
Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high
With adamantine columns, threats the ſky.
Vain is the force of man, and heaven's as vain,
To cruſh the pillars which the pile ſuſtain.
Sublime on theſe a tower of ſteel is rear'd,
And dire Tiſiphone there keeps the ward.
Girt in her ſanguine gown, by night and day,
Obſervant of the ſouls that paſs the downward way:
From hence are heard the groans of ghoſts, the pains
Of ſounding laſhes, and of dragging chains.
The Trojan ſtood aſtoniſh'd at their cries,
And aſk'd his guide, from whence thoſe yells ariſe?
And what the crimes and what the tortures were,
And loud laments that rent the liquid air?
She thus reply'd: The chaſte and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecate, when ſhe gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling through thoſe dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
Theſe are the realms of unrelenting fate:
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the ſtate:
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.

The conſcious wretch muſt all his acts reveal:
Loth to confeſs, unable to conceal:
From the firſt moment of his vital breath,
To his laſt hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghoſt, the fury ſhakes
The ſounding whip, and brandiſhes her ſnakes:
And the pale ſinner, with her ſiſters, takes.
Then, of itſelf, unfolds th' eternal door:
With dreadful ſounds the brazen hinges roar.
You ſee, before the gate, what ſtalking ghoſt
Commands the guard, what centries keep the poſt.
More formidable Hydra ſtands within;
Whoſe jaws with iron teeth ſeverely grin.
The gaping gulph, low to the centre lies;
And twice as deep as earth is diſtant from the ſkies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here fing'd with lightning, roll within th' unfathom'd ſpace.
Here lie th' Alæan twins (I ſaw them both),
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth;
Who dar'd in fight the thunderer to defy;
Affect his heaven, and force him from the ſky.
Salmoneus, ſuffering cruel pains I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling ſound
Of mimic thunder, and the glittering blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays.
Through Elis and the Grecian towns he flew:
Th' audacious wretch four fiery courſers drew:
He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worſhip from a ſervile train.

Ambitious

Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to paſs
O'er hollow arches, of reſounding braſs;
To rival thunder, in its rapid courſe,
And imitate inimitable force.
But he, the king of heaven, obſcure on high,
Bar'd his red arm, and launching from the ſky
His writhen bolt, not ſhaking empty ſmoke,
Down to the deep abyſs the flaming felon ſtrook.
There Tityus was to ſee, who took his birth
From heaven; his nurſing from the foodful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal ſpace.
A ravenous vulture in his open'd ſide,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd:
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breaſt;
The growing liver ſtill ſupply'd the feaſt.
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
Th' immortal hunger laſts, th' immortal food remains.
Ixion and Pirithous I could name;
And more Theſſalian chiefs of mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mouldering rock is plac'd,
That promiſes a fall, and ſhakes at every blaſt.
They lie below, on golden beds diſplay'd,
And genial feaſts, with regal pomp, are made.
The queen of furies by their ſides is ſet,
And ſnatches from their mouths th' untaſted mate.
Which if they touch, her hiſſing ſnakes ſhe rears:
Toſſing her torch, and thundering in their ears.
Then they, who brothers better claim diſown,
Expel their parents, and uſurp the throne;

Defraud

Defraud their clients, and to lucre ſold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold:
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuſe to lend
To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend;
Vaſt is the throng of theſe; nor leſs the train
Of luſtful youths, for foul adultery ſlain.
Hoſts of deſerters, who their honour ſold,
And baſely broke their faith for bribes of gold:
All theſe within the dungeon's depth remain,
Deſpairing pardon, and expecting pain.
Aſk not what pains; nor farther ſeek to know
Their proceſs, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a mighty ſtone; ſome laid along,
And, bound with burning wires, on ſpokes of wheels are hung.
Unhappy Theſeus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair:
And wretched Phlegias warns the world with cries
(Could warning make the world more juſt or wiſe),
Learn righteouſneſs, and dread th' avenging deities.
To tyrants others have their country ſold,
Impoſing foreign lords, for foreign gold:
Some have old laws repeal'd, new ſtatutes made;
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.
With inceſt ſome their daughters bed profan'd.
All dar'd the worſt of ills, and what they dar'd, attain'd.
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of braſs, inſpir'd with iron lungs,
I could not half thoſe horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the puniſhments thoſe crimes have met.

But

But let us haſte our voyage to purſue;
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view:
The gate, and iron arch above it, ſtands
On anvils, labour'd by the Cyclops hands.
Before our farther way the fates allow,
Here muſt we fix on high the golden bough.
She ſaid; and through the gloomy ſhades they paſt,
And choſe the middle path: arriv'd at laſt,
The prince, with living water, ſprinkled o'er
His limbs and body, then approach'd the door.
Poſſeſs'd the porch, and on the front above
He fix'd the fatal bough, requir'd by Pluto's love.
Theſe holy rites perform'd, they took their way,
Where long-extended plains of pleaſure lay.
The verdant fields with thoſe of heaven may vie;
With æther veſted, and a purple ſky:
The bliſsful ſeats of happy ſouls below:
Stars of their own, and their own ſuns they know.
Their airy limbs in ſports they exerciſe,
And, on the green, contend the wreſtler's prize.
Some, in heroic verſe, divinely ſing,
Others in artful meaſures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, ſurrounded by the reſt,
There ſtands conſpicuous in his flowing veſt.
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike ſeven diſtinguiſh'd notes, and ſeven at once they fill.
Here found they Teucer's old heroic race;
Born better times, and happier years, to grace.

Aſſaracus

Aſſaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded T
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their ſhining arms, and courſers train'd to war:
Their lances fix'd in earth, their ſteeds around,
Free from their harneſs, graze the flowery ground.
The love of horſes which they had, alive,
And care of chariots, after death ſurvive.
Some chearful ſouls, were feaſting on the plain;
Some did the ſong, and ſome the choir maintain:
Beneath a laurel ſhade, where mighty Po
Mounts up to woods: bove, and hides his head below.
Here patriots live, who for their country's good,
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood;
Prieſts of unblemiſh'd lives here made abode,
And poets worthy the r aſpiring god:
And ſearching wits, f more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age th new invented arts.
Thoſe who, to worth, heir bounty did extend;
And thoſe who knew that bounty to commend.
The heads of theſe with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.

To theſe, the Sibyl thus her ſpeech addreſs'd;
And firſt to him ſurrounded by the reſt;
Towering his height, and ample was his breaſt:
Say, happy ſouls, divine Muſæus ſay,
Where lives Anchiſes, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whoſe only ſake
We ſought the dark abodes, and croſs'd the bitter lake?

To

To this the ſacred poet thus reply'd,
In no fix'd place the happy ſouls reſide;
In groves we live, and lie on moſſy beds,
By cryſtal ſtreams, that murmur through the meads:
But paſs yon eaſy hill, and thence deſcend,
The path conducts you to your journey's end.
This ſaid, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And ſhews them all the ſhining fields below;
They wind the hill, and through the bliſsful meadows go.
But old Anchiſes, in a flowery vale,
Review'd his muſter'd race, and took the tale.
Thoſe happy ſpirits, which, ſlain'd by fate,
For future being, and new bodies wait,
With ſtudious thought obſerv'd th' illuſtrious throng,
In nature's order as they paſs'd along.
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
In peaceful ſenates, and ſucceſsful war.
He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
Welcome, he ſaid, the gods undoubted race,
O long expected to my dear embrace;
Once more 'tis given me to behold your face!
The love and pious duty which you pay,
Have paſs'd the perils of ſo hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times I now believ'd
The happy day approach'd, nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
What length of lands, what oceans have you paſs'd,
What ſtorms ſuſtain'd, and on what ſhores been caſt?

How

How have I fear'd your fate! But fear'd it moſt
When love aſſail'd you on the Libyan coaſt.
To this, the filial duty thus replies:
Your ſacred ghoſt before my ſleeping eyes
Appear'd; and often urg'd this painful enterprize.
After long toſſing on the Tyrrhene ſea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, oh parent ſhade, nor ſhun
The dear embraces of your longing ſon!
He ſaid, and falling tears his face bedew:
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw:
And thrice the flitting ſhadow ſlipp'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.
Now, in a ſecret vale, the Trojan ſees
A ſeparate grove, through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a paſſing breath, and whiſpers through the trees,
And juſt before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her ſilent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;
In ſummer's heat, on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to ſuck the balmy ſeed.
The winged army roams the field around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the ſound.
Æneas wondering ſtood: then aſk'd the cauſe,
Which to the ſtream the crowding people draws.
Then thus the ſire: The ſouls that throng the flood
Are thoſe, to whom, by fate, are other bodies ow'd:

In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taſte;
Of future life ſecure, forgetful of the paſt.
Long has my ſoul deſir'd this time and place,
To ſet before your ſight your glorious race.
That this preſaging joy may fire your mind,
To ſeek the ſhores by deſtiny deſign'd.
O Father, can it be, that ſouls ſublime,
Return to viſit our terreſtrial clime?
And that the generous mind, releas'd by death,
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?
Anchiſes, then, in order thus begun
To clear thoſe wonders to his godlike ſon;
Know firſt, that heaven and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the ſtarry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common ſoul
Inſpires and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind infus'd through all the ſpace,
Unites and mingles with the mighty maſs.
Hence men and beaſts the breath of life obtain;
And birds of air, and monſters of the main.
Th' ethereal vigour is in all the ſame,
And every ſoul is fill'd with equal flame:
As much as earthy limbs, and groſs allay
Of mortal members, ſubject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heaven and edge of day.
From this coarſe mixture of terreſtrial parts,
Deſire and fear by turns poſſeſs their hearts:
And grief and joy; nor can the groveling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Aſſert the native ſkies, or own its heavenly kind.

Nor

Nor death itſelf can wholly waſh their ſtains:
But long-contracted filth, e'en in the ſoul, remains.
The relicks of inveterate vice they wear:
And ſpots of ſin obſcene in every face appear.
For this are various penances inioin'd;
And ſome are hung to bleach upon the wind;
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the ruſt expires!
All have their Manes, and thoſe Manes bear:
The few, ſo cleans'd, to theſe abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the ſoft Elyſian air.
Then are they happy, when, by length of time,
The ſcurf is worn away of each committed crime.
No ſpeck is left of their habitual ſtains;
But the pure æther of the ſoul remains.
But when a thouſand rolling years are paſt
(So long their puniſhments and penance laſt);
Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood:
In large forgetful draughts to ſteep the cares
Of their paſt labours, and their irkſome years.
That, unremembering of its former pain,
The ſoul may ſuffer mortal fleſh again.
Thus having ſaid; the father ſpirit leads
The prieſteſs and his ſon through ſwarms of ſhades,
And takes a riſing ground, from thence to ſee
The long proceſſion of his progeny.
Survey (purſued the ſire) this airy throng;
And, offer'd to the view, they paſs along.

Theſe are th' Italian names, which fate will join
With ours, and grafft upon the Trojan line.
Obſerve the youth who firſt appears in fight,
And holds the neareſt ſtation to the light,
Already ſeems to ſnuff the vital air,
And leans juſt forward on a ſhining ſpear;
Silvius is he: thy laſt-begotten race,
But firſt in order ſent, to fill thy place.
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood:
Born in the covert of a ſhady wood:
Him fair Lavinia, thy ſurviving wife,
Shall breed in groves, to lead a ſolitary life.
In Alba he ſhall fix his royal ſeat:
And, born a king, a race of kings beget.
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
Capys, and Numitor, of endleſs fame.
And ſecond Silvius after theſe appears;
Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears,
For arms and juſtice equally renown'd:
Who, late reſtor'd, in Alba ſhall be crown'd.
How great they look, how vigorouſly they wield
Their weighty lances, and ſuſtain the ſhield!
But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and ſtrong Fidenæ rear:
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia found;
And raiſe Colatian towers on rocky ground.
All theſe ſhall then be towns of mighty fame,
Though now they lie obſcure, and lands without a name.

See Romulus the great, born to reſtore
The crown that once his injur'd grandſire wore.
This prince, a prieſteſs of your blood ſhall bear;
And, like his ſire, in arms he ſhall appear.
Two riſing creſts his royal head adorn;
Born from a god, himſelf to godhead born.
His ſire, already, ſigns him for the ſkies,
And marks the ſeat amidſt the deities.
Auſpicious chief! thy race in times to come
Shall ſpread the conqueſt of imperial Rome.
Rome, whoſe aſcending towers ſhall heaven invade;
Involving earth and ocean in her ſhade.
High as the mother of the gods in place;
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
Then when in pomp ſhe makes the Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd,
A hundred gods her ſweeping train ſupply;
Her offspring all, and all command the ſky.
Now fix your ſight, and ſtand intent, to ſee
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
The mighty Cæſar waits his vital hour,
Impatient for the world, and graſps his promis'd power.
But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæſar himſelf, exalted in his line;
Auguſtus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to reſtore a better age of gold.
Afric and India ſhall his power obey,
He ſhall extend his propagated ſway
Beyond the ſolar year, without the ſtarry way.

Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around:
And his broad ſhoulders with their lights are crown'd.
At his fore-ſeen approach, already quake
The Caſpian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.
Their ſeers behold the tempeſts from afar,
And threatening oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his ſeven-fold gates,
And ſeeks his hidden ſpring, and fears his nephew fates.
Nor Hercules more lands or [illegible]ours knew,
Not though the brazen-foote[illegible]ind he flew;
Freed Erymanthus from the [illegible]aming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in L[illegible]an gore.
Nor Bacchus, turning fron[illegible] Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant [illegible]is car,
From Niſus' top deſcend[illegible]o the plains,
With curling vines aroun[illegible]purple reins.
And doubt we yet through d[illegible]gers to purſue
The paths of honour, and a crown in view?
But what's the man, who from afar appears,
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a cenſer bears?
His hoary head and holy veſtments bring
His loſt idea back: I know the Roman king.
He ſhall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain:
Call'd from his mean abode, a ſceptre to ſuſtain.
Him Tullus next in dignity ſucceeds;
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
He ſhall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
Niſus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
By dint of ſword, his crown he ſhall increaſe,
And ſcour his armour from the ruſt of peace.

Whom

Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin kings, th' avenging ſword
Of Brutus juſtly drawn, and Rome reſtor'd.
He firſt renews the rods, and ax ſevere;
And gives the conſuls royal robes to wear.
His ſons, who ſeek the tyrant to ſuſtain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy ſcourg'd, in open ſight,
He dooms to death deſerv'd: aſſerting public right.
Unhappy man, to break the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cauſe!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is underſtood,
'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:
The conſul, not the father, ſheds the blood.
Behold Torquatus the ſame track purſue;
And next, the two devoted Decii view.
The Druſian line, Camillus loaded home
With ſtandards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'ercome.
The pair you ſee in equal armour ſhine;
(Now, friends below, in cloſe embraces join:
But when they leave the ſhady realms of night,
And, cloath'd in bodies, breathe your upper light),
With mortal heat each other ſhall purſue:
What wars, what wounds, what ſlaughter, ſhall enſue.
From Alpine heights the father firſt deſcends;
His daughter's huſband in the plain attends:
His daughter's huſband arms his eaſtern friends.

Embrace again, my ſons; be foes no more:
Nor ſtain your country with her children's gore.
And thou, the firſt, lay down thy lawleſs claim;
Thou, of my blood, who bear'ſt the Julian name.
Another comes, who ſhall in triumph ride,
And to the capitol his chariot guide;
From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian ſpoils.
And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
On Argos ſhall impoſe the Roman laws:
And, on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan cauſe:
Shall drag in chains their Achillæan race;
Shall vindicate his anceſtors diſgrace:
And Pallas, for her violated place.
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conquering Coſſus goes with laurels crown'd.
Who can omit the Gracchi, who declare
The Scipios' worth, thoſe thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can ſee,
Without eſteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can ceaſe t' admire
The Ploughman conſul in his coarſe attire!
Tir'd as I am, my praiſe the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greateſt of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to ſave the ſinking ſtate,
And, by delays, to put a ſtop to fate!
Let others better mould the running maſs
Of medals, and inform the breathing braſs;
And, ſoften into fleſh a marble face:
Plead better at the bar; deſcribe the ſkies,
And when the ſtars deſcend, and when they riſe.

But,

But, Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful ſway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey;
Diſpoſing peace, and war, thy own majeſtic way.
To tame the proud, the fetter'd ſlave to free;
Theſe are imperial arts, and worthy thee.
He paus'd: and while with wondering eyes they view'd
The paſſing ſpirits, thus his ſpeech renew'd:
See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal ſpoils!
He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
Requires his courage, and his conquering arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright:
Shall kill the Gauliſh king in ſingle fight:
Then, to the capitol in triumph move,
And the third ſpoils ſhall grace Feretrian Jove.
Æneas, here, beheld of form divine
A godlike youth, in glittering armour ſhine;
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face:
He ſaw, and, wondering, aſk'd his airy guide,
What, and of whence was he, who preſs'd the hero's ſide?
His ſon, or one of his illuſtrious name,
How like the former, and almoſt the ſame:
Obſerve the crowds that compaſs him around:
All gaze, and all admire, and raiſe a ſhouting ſound:
But hovering miſts around his brows are ſpread,
And night, with ſable ſhades, involves his head.
Seek not to know (the ghoſt reply'd with tears)
The ſorrows of thy ſons in future years.

This

This youth (the bliſsful viſion of a day)
Shall juſt be ſhown on earth, and ſnatch'd away.
The gods too high had rais'd the Roman ſtate;
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men ſhall fill the Martian field!
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile ſhall yield!
What funeral pomp ſhall floating Tiber ſee,
When, riſing from his bed, he views the ſad ſolemnity!
No youth ſhall equal hopes of glory give:
No youth afford ſo great a cauſe to grieve.
The Trojan honour, and the Roman boaſt;
Admir'd when living, and ador'd when loſt!
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe unpuniſh'd in the fighting field,
Shall dare thee foot to foot, with ſword and ſhield:
Much leſs, in arms oppoſe thy matchleſs force,
When thy ſharp ſpurs ſhall urge thy foaming horſe.
Ah, couldſt thou break through fate's ſevere decree,
A new Marcellus ſhall ariſe in thee!
Full caniſters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roſes of the ſpring:
Let me with funeral flowers his body ſtrow,
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at leaſt I may beſtow!
Thus having ſaid, he led the hero round
The confines of the bleſt Elyſian ground,
Which, when Anchiſes to his ſon had ſhown,
And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,

He

He tells the future wars, ordain'd by fate;
The ſtrength and cuſtoms of the Latian ſtate:
The prince, and people: and fore-arms his care
With rules, to puſh his fortune, or to bear.
Two gates the ſilent houſe of ſleep adorn;
Of poliſh'd ivory this, that of tranſparent horn;
True viſions through tranſparent horn ariſe;
Through poliſh'd ivory paſs deluding lies.
Of various things diſcourſing as he paſs'd,
Anchiſes hither bends his ſteps at laſt.
Then, through the gate of ivory, he diſmiſs'd
His valiant offspring, and divining gueſt.
Straight to the ſhips Æneas took his way;
Embark'd his men, and ſkim'd along the ſea:
Still coaſting, till he gain'd Cajeta's bay.
At length on oozy ground his gallies moor:
Their heads are turn'd to ſea, their ſterns to ſhore.

THE

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promiſes him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heireſs of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and ſtirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Meſſapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whoſe forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the ſhore haſt left thy name;
Cajeta ſtill the place is called from thee,
The nurſe of great Æneas' infancy.
Here reſt thy bones in rich Heſperia's plains,
Thy name ('tis all a ghoſt can have) remains.
Now, when the prince her funeral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene ſeas with ſails diſplay'd.

From

From land a gentle breeze aroſe by night,
Serenely ſhone the ſtars, the moon was bright,
And the ſea trembled with her ſilver light.
Now near the ſhelves of Circe's ſhores they run
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the ſun),
A dangerous coaſt: the goddeſs waſtes her days
In joyous ſongs, the rocks reſound her lays:
In ſpinning, or the loom, ſhe ſpends the night,
And cedar brands ſupply her father's light.
From hence were heard (rebellowing to the main)
The roars of lions that refuſe the chain,
The grunts of briſtled boars; and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that ſtun the ſailors ears.
Theſe from their caverns, at the cloſe of night,
Fill the ſad iſle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's power
(That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in wicked ſhapes confin'd.
Which monſters, leſt the Trojans pious hoſt
Should bear or touch upon th' inchanted coaſt:
Propitious Neptune ſteer'd their courſe by night,
With riſing gales, that ſped their happy flight.
Supply'd with theſe, they ſkim the ſounding ſhore,
And hear the ſwelling ſurges vainly roar.
Now when the roſy morn began to riſe,
And weav'd her ſaffron ſtreamer through the ſkies;
When Thetis bluſh'd in purple, not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds are blown,

A sudden silence sate upon the sea,
And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.
The Trojan, from the main, beholds a wood,
Which thick with shades and a brown horror stood;
Betwixt the trees the Tibers took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled, and with downward force
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd,
The captain gives command; the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.
Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.
Relate what Latium was: her ancient kings:
Declare the past, and present state of things:
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought;
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought,
These are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man.
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage:
And haughty souls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,
In fighting fields pursued and found their fate:
That rouz'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms:
A larger scene of action is display'd,
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

Latinus, old and mild, had long poſſeſs'd
The Latium ſceptre, and his people bleſs'd:
His father Faunus; a Laurentian dame
His mother, fair Marica was her name.
But Faunus came from Picus, Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus King Latinus, in the third degree,
Had Saturn author of his family.
But this old peaceful prince, as heaven decreed,
Was bleſs'd with no male-iſſue to ſucceed:
His ſons in blooming youth were ſnatch'd by fate:
One only daughter heir'd the royal ſtate.
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,
The neighbouring princes court her nuptial bed.
Among the crowd, but far above the reſt,
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid addreſs'd.
Turnus, for high deſcent and graceful mien,
Was firſt, and favour'd by the Latian queen:
With him ſhe ſtrove to join Lavinia's hand;
But dire portents the purpos'd match withſtand.
Deep in the palace, of long growth, there ſtood
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;
Where rites divine were paid; whoſe holy hair
Was kept, and cut with ſuperſtitious care.
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd:
And laſt, in honour of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god,
It happen'd once (a boding prodigy)
A ſwarm of bees that cut the liquid ſky,

Unknown

Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,
Upon the topmaſt branch in clouds alight:
There, with their claſping feet together clung,
And a long cluſter from the laurel hung.
An ancient Augur propheſy'd from hence:
Behold on Latian ſhores a foreign prince!
From the ſame parts of heaven his navy ſtands,
To the ſame parts on earth: his army lands;
The town he conquers, and the tower commands.
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and ſtood beſide her ſire;
Strange to relate, the flames involv'd the ſmoke
Of incenſe, from the ſacred altar broke:
Caught her diſhevel'd hair and rich attire;
Her crowns and jewels crackled in the fire:
From thence the fuming trail began to ſpread,
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the ſeer with wonder views;
Then pauſing thus, his prophecy renews:
The nymph who ſcatters flaming fires around,
Shall ſhine with honour, ſhall herſelf be crown'd;
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War ſhall the country waſte, and change the ſtate.
Latinus frighted with this dire oſtent,
For counſel to his father Faunus went:
And ſought the ſhades renown'd for prophecy,
Which near Albunea's ſulphurous fountain lie.
To thoſe the Latian and the Sabine land
Fly, when diſtreſs'd, and thence relief demand.

The

The prieſt on ſkins of offerings takes his eaſe;
And nightly viſions in his ſlumber ſees:
A ſwarm of thin aërial ſhapes appears,
And, fluttering round his temples, deafs his ears:
Theſe he conſults, the future fates to know,
From powers above, and from the fiends below.
Here, for the god's advice, Latinus flies,
Offering a hundred ſheep for ſacrifice:
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
He laid beneath him, and to reſt retir'd.
No ſooner were his eyes in ſlumber bound,
When, from above, a more than mortal ſound
Invades his ears: and thus the viſion ſpoke:
Seek not, my ſeed, in Latian bands to yoke
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
A foreign ſon upon the ſhore deſcends,
Whoſe martial fame from pole to pole extends.
His race in arms, and arts of peace renown'd,
Not Latium ſhall contain, nor Europe bound:
'Tis theirs whate'er the ſun ſurveys around.
Theſe anſwers in the ſilent night receiv'd,
The king himſelf divulg'd, the land believ'd:
The fame through all the neighbouring nations flew,
When now the Trojan navy was in view.
Beneath a ſhady tree the hero ſpread
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;
And, with his chiefs, on foreſt fruits he fed.
They ſate, and (not without the god's command)
Their homely fare diſpatch'd: the hungry band

Invade their trenchers next, and fall devour,
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flower.
Ascanius this observ'd, and, smiling said,
See, we devour the plates on which we fed.
The speech had omen, that the Trojan race
Should find repose, and this the time and place.
Æneas took the word, and thus replies:
(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes)
All hail, O earth! all hail my houshold gods,
Behold the destin'd place of your abodes!
For thus Anchises prophesy'd of old,
And this our fatal place of rest foretold.
"When on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
"By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat,
"Then safe your weary Trojans will attend:
"And the long labours of your voyage end.
"Remember on that happy coast to build:
"And with a trench inclose the fruitful field."
This was that famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the wandering of our exil'd race.
Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ
To search the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men: but give this day to joy.
Now pour to Jove, and after Jove is blest,
Call great Anchises to the genial feast:
Crown high the goblets with a chearful draught;
Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future thought.
Thus having said, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows:

Adoring

Adoring firſt the genius of the place,
Then earth, the mother of the heavenly race;
The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,
And night, and all the ſtars that gild her ſable throne:
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove;
And laſt his ſire below, and mother queen above.
Then heaven's high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud;
And thrice he ſhook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew:
The time was come their city to renew:
Then every brow with chearful green is crown'd,
The feaſts are doubled, and the bowls go round.
When next the roſy morn diſclos'd the day,
The ſcouts to ſeveral parts divide their way,
To learn the natives names, their towns, explore
The coaſt, and trendings of the crooked ſhore:
Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus ſtands,
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.
The pious chief, who fought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raiſe,
A hundred youths from all his train ſelects,
And to the Latian court their courſe directs
(The ſpacious palace where the prince reſides):
And all their heads with wreaths of olives hides.
They go commiſſion'd to require a peace;
And carry preſents to procure acceſs.
Thus while they ſpeed their pace, the prince deſigns
The new-elected ſeat, and draws the lines:
The Trojans round the place a rampart caſt,
And paliſades about the trenches plac'd.

Mean time the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town, and lofty towers ſurvey:
At length approach the walls: without the gate
They ſee the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the duſty plain:
Some drive the cars, and ſome the courſers rein;
Some bend the ſtubborn bow for victory:
And ſome with darts their active ſinews try.
A poſting meſſenger diſpatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop, adviſ'd their aged prince;
That foreign men, of mighty ſtature, came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and aſcends
His regal ſeat, ſurrounded by his friends.
The palace built by Picus, vaſt and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars ſtood!
And round encompaſs'd with a riſing wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the ſight,
Surpriz'd at once with reverence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of ſovereign power:
In ſtate the monarch march'd, the lictors bore
Their awful axes, and the rods before.
Here the tribunal ſtood, the houſe of prayer;
And here the ſacred ſenators repair:
All at large tables, in long order ſet,
A ram their offering, and a ram their meat.
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandſires ſtood.
Old Saturn, with his crooked ſcythe, on high;
And Italus, that led the colony:

And

And ancient Janus, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the plac
There ſtood Sabinus, planter of the vines;
On a ſhort pruning-hook his head reclines:
And ſtudiouſly ſurveys his generous wines.
Then warlike kings, who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the poſts hung helmets, darts, and ſpears,
And captive chariots, axes, ſhields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ſhips, the trophies of their wars.
Above the reſt, as chief of all the band.
Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand;
His other wav'd a long-divining wand.
Girt in his gabin gown the hero ſate:
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate.
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
Till love, refus'd, converted to diſdain:
Then mixing powerful herbs, with magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart.
Conſtrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly
With party-colour'd plumes, a chattering-pye.
In this high temple, on a chair of ſtate,
The ſeat of audience, old Latinus ſate;
Then gave admiſſion to the Trojan train,
And thus, with pleaſing accents, he began:
Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you own;
Nor is your courſe upon our coaſts unknown;
Say what you ſeek, and whither were you bound?
Were you by ſtreſs of weather caſt a-ground?

Such dangers of the ſea are often ſeen,
And oft befal to miſerable men.
Or come, your ſhipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and diſabled in ſo long a way?
Say what you want; the Latians you ſhall find
Not forc'd to goodneſs, but by will inclin'd;
For ſince the time of Saturn's holy reign,
His hoſpitable cuſtoms we retain.
I call to mind (but time the tal[illegible] has worn)
Th' Arunci told; that Darda[illegible]ns, though born
On Latian plains, yet fought [illegible] Phrygian ſhore,
And Samothracia, Samos [illegible] before:
From Tuſcan Coritum he [illegible]'d his birth.
But after, when exempt fr[illegible]ortal earth,
From thence aſcended to his [illegible]dred ſkies,
A god, and as a god augme[illegible]heir ſacrifice.
He ſaid. Ilioneus made this reply:
O king, of Faunus' royal family!
Nor wintery winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the ſtars our wandering courſe betray.
Willing we ſought your ſhores, and hither bound,
The port ſo long deſir'd, at length we found.
From our ſweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
Great as the greateſt that the ſun beheld.
The god began our line, who rules above,
And as our race, our king deſcends from Jove:
And hither are we come, by his command,
To crave admiſſion in your happy land.
How dire a tempeſt, from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd;

What

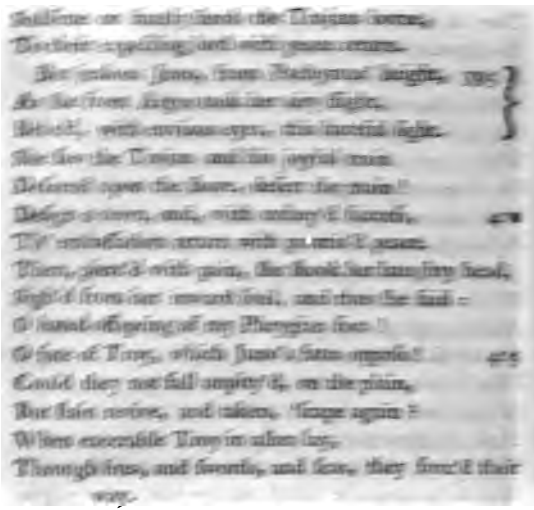
What was the waſte of war, what dire al
Shook Aſia's crown with European arms,
Ev'n ſuch have heard, if any ſuch there be,
Whoſe earth is bounded by the frozen ſea:
And ſuch as born beneath the burning ſky,
And ſultry ſun betwixt the tropics lie.
From that dire deluge, through the watery waſte,
Such length of years, ſuch various perils paſt:
At laſt eſcap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want may ſpare;
The common water, and the common air.
Sheds which ourſelves will build, and mean abodes,
Fit to receive and ſerve our baniſh'd gods.
Nor our admiſſion ſhall your realm diſgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
Beſides what endleſs honour you ſhall gain
To ſave and ſhelter Troy's unhappy train.
Now, by my ſovereign, and his fate, I ſwear,
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war;
Oft our alliance other lands deſir'd,
And what we ſeek of you, of us requir'd.
Deſpiſe not then, that in our hands we bear
Theſe holy boughs, and ſue with words of prayer.
Fate and the gods, by their ſupreme command,
Have doom'd our ſhips to ſeek the Latian land.
To theſe abodes our fleet Apollo ſends;
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends.
Where Thuſcan Tiber rolls with rapid force,
And where Numicus opes his holy ſource.

Beſides, our prince preſents, with his requeſt,
Some ſmall remains of what his ſire poſſeſs'd.
This golden charger, ſnatch'd from burning Troy,
Anchiſes did in ſacrifice employ;
This royal robe, and this tiara wore
Old Priam, and this golden ſceptre bore
In full aſſemblies, and in ſolemn games;
Theſe purple veſts were weav'd by Dardan dames.
Thus while he ſpoke, Latinus roll'd around
His eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the ground.
Intent he ſeem'd, and anxious in his breaſt;
Not by the ſceptre mov'd, or kingly veſt:
But pondering future things of wondrous weight:
Succeſſion, empire, and his daughter's fate:
On theſe he mus'd within his thoughtful mind;
And then reſolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
To ſhare his ſceptre, and Lavinia's bed.
This was the race that ſure portents foreſhew
To ſway the world, and land and ſea ſubdue.
At length he rais'd his chearful head and ſpoke:
The powers, ſaid he, the powers we both invoke,
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And firm our purpoſe with their augury.
Have what you aſk: your preſents I receive;
Land where, and when you pleaſe, with ample leave;
Partake and uſe my kingdom as your own;
It ſhall be yours, while I command the crown.
And if my wiſh'd alliance pleaſe your king,
Tell him he ſhould not ſend the peace, but bring:

Then

Then let him not a friend's embraces fea
The peace is made when I behold him he
Beſides this anſwer, tell my royal gueſt,
I add to his commands my own requeſt:
One only daughter heirs my crown and ſtate,
Whom, not our oracles, nor heaven, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
With any native of th' Auſonian line.
A foreign ſon-in-law ſhall come from far
(Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war:
Whoſe race ſhall bear aloft the Latian name,
And through the conquer'd world diffuſe our fame.
Himſelf to be the man the fates require,
I firmly judge, and what I judge, deſire.
He ſaid, and then on each beſtow'd a ſteed;
Three hundred horſes, in high ſtables fed,
Stood ready, ſhining all, and ſmoothly dreſs'd,
Of theſe he choſe the faireſt and the beſt,
To mount the Trojan troop; at his command,
The ſteeds capariſon'd with purple ſtand:
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ, betwixt their teeth, the foaming gold.
Then to his abſent gueſt the king decreed
A pair of courſers born of heavenly breed:
Who from their noſtrils breath'd ethereal fire;
Whom Circe ſtole from her celeſtial ſire;
By ſubſtituting mares, produc'd on earth,
Whoſe wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
Theſe draw the chariot which Latinus ſends;
And the rich preſent to the prince commends.

Sublime



[illegible] the Trojan [illegible],
[illegible] with peace return.
But [illegible] Juno, from [illegible] height,
As she from [illegible] her [illegible] sight,
[illegible] with envious eyes, this [illegible] sight.
She [illegible] the Trojan and his joyful train
[illegible] upon the [illegible], [illegible] the main!
[illegible] and, with [illegible] success,
[illegible] return with [illegible] peace.
Then, [illegible] with pain, she [illegible] her [illegible] head,
[illegible] from her inward soul, and thus she said:
O [illegible] offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fate of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!
Could they not fall [illegible], on the plain,
But [illegible], and taken, 'scape again?
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Through fires, and swords, and seas, they [illegible] their way.
Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end.
Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent,
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chace,
I through the seas pursued their exil'd race:
Engag'd the heavens, oppos'd the stormy main;
But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.
What have my Scylla's and my Syrtes done,
When these they overpass, and those they shun?
On Tiber's shores they land, secure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the storm's and Juno's hate.

Mars could in mutual blood the centaurs
And Jove himſelf gave way to Cynthia's
Who ſent the tuſky boar to Calydon:
What great offence had either people done?
But I, the conſort of the thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unſucceſsful war:
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd.
If native power prevail not, ſhall I doubt
To ſeek for needful ſuccour from without?
If Jove and heaven my juſt deſires deny,
Hell ſhall the power of Heaven and Jove ſupply.
Grant that the fates have firm'd by their decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy:
At leaſt I can defer the nuptial day,
And, with protracted wars, the peace delay:
With blood the dear alliance ſhall be bought;
And both the people near deſtruction brought.
So ſhall the ſon-in-law and father join,
With ruin, war, and waſte of either line.
O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutilian blood!
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand,
Another queen brings forth another brand;
To burn with foreign fires her native land!
A ſecond Paris, differing but in name,
Shall fire his country with a ſecond flame.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe ſinks beneath the ground
With furious haſte, and ſhoots the Stygian ſound;

To

To rouze Alecto from th' infernal ſeat
Of her dire ſiſters, and their dark retreat.
This fury fit for her intent ſhe choſe,
One who delights in wars, and human woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own miſ-ſhapen race
Her ſiſter-furies fly her hideous face:
So frightful are the forms the monſter takes,
So fierce the hiſſings of her ſpeckled ſnakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her ſpite:
O virgin daughter of eternal night,
Give me this once thy labour, to ſuſtain
My right, and execute my juſt diſdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince:
Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno ſuffer in her fame.
'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a ſtate,
Betwixt the deareſt friends to raiſe debate,
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the funeral torch diſplays,
And forms a thouſand ills ten thouſand ways.
Now ſhake from out thy fruitful breaſt the ſeeds
Of envy, diſcord, and of cruel deeds:
Confound the peace eſtabliſh'd, and prepare
Their ſouls to hatred, and their hands to war.
Smear'd as ſhe was with black Gorgonean blood,
The fury ſprang above the Stygian flood:
And on her wicker wings, ſublime through night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight.

There

There ſought the queen's apartments, ſto e
The peaceful threſhold, and beſieg'd the
Reſtleſs Amata lay, her ſwelling breaſt
Fir'd with diſdain for Turnus diſpoſſeſt,
And the new nuptials of the Trojan gueſt.
From her black, bloody locks the fury ſhakes
Her darling plague, the favourite of her ſnakes:
With her full force ſhe threw the poiſonous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart:
That thus envenom'd ſhe might kindle rage,
And ſacrifice to ſtrife her houſe and huſband's age.
Unſeen, unfelt, the fiery ſerpent ſkims
Betwixt her linen, and her naked limbs.
His baleful breath inſpiring as he glides,
Now like a chain around her neck he rides;
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And, with her circling volumes, folds her hairs.
At firſt the ſilent venom ſlid with eaſe,
And ſeiz'd her cooler ſenſes by degrees;
Then, ere th' infected maſs was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents ſhe began the war:
And thus beſpoke her huſband: Shall, ſhe ſaid,
A wandering prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her deſert:
I know, my deareſt lord, the time will come,
You would, in vain, reverſe your cruel doom:
The faithleſs pirate ſoon will ſet to ſea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!

A gueſt

A gueſt like him, a Trojan gueſt before,
In ſhew of friendſhip, ſought the Spartan ſhore;
And raviſh'd Helen from her huſband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word:
And think on Turnus, her once-plighted lord:
To this falſe foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinſman, and a ſon.
Reſume your ancient care; and if the god,
Your ſire, and you, reſolv foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a r er ſenſe,
Not born your ſubjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then if the line of Turnus y retrace;
He ſprings from Inachus of a give race.
But when ſhe ſaw her reaſon i y ſpent,
And could not move him from is fix'd intent,
She flew to rage; for now the ſnake poſſeſs'd
Her vital parts, and poiſon'd all her breaſt;
She raves, ſhe runs, with a diſtracted pace,
And fills with horrid howls the public place.
And, as young ſtriplings whip the top for ſport,
On the ſmooth pavement of an empty court,
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardleſs rout,
They laſh aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little ſouls at every ſtroke:
Thus fares the queen, and thus her fury blows
Amidſt the crowds, and kindles as ſhe goes.
Not yet content, ſhe ſtrains her malice more,
And adds new ills to thoſe contriv'd before:

She

She flies the town, and, mixing with the
Of madding matrons, bears the bride alon
Wandering through woods and wilds, and devious ways,
And with theſe arts the Trojan match delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus! cry'd aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
Evoe, O Bacchus! thus began the ſong,
And Evoe! anſwer'd all the female throng:
O virgin! worthy thee alone, ſhe cry'd;
O worthy thee alone, the crew reply'd;
For thee ſhe feeds her hair, ſhe leads thy dance,
And with the winding ivy wreaths her lance.
Like fury ſeiz'd the reſt; the progreſs known,
All ſeek the mountains and forſake the town:
All clad in ſkins of beaſts the javelin bare,
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair:
And ſhrieks and ſhoutings rend the ſuffering air.
The queen, herſelf, inſpir'd with rage divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming pine:
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
And ſung, in Turnus' name, the nuptial ſong!
Iö ye Latian dames, if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear;
If there be here, ſhe ſaid, who dare maintain
My right, nor think the name of mother vain,
Unbind your fillets, looſe your flowing hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.
Amata's breaſt the fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the ſylvan ſhades.

Then

Then when she found her venom spread so far,
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
Rais'd on her dusky wings she cleaves the skies,
And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold:
Who fled her father's rage, and with a train
Of following Argives, through the stormy main,
Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to reign.
'Twas Ardua once, now [illegible]dea's name it bears
Once a fair city, now consu[illegible] with years.
Here in his lofty palace Tur[illegible] lay,
Betwixt the confines of the n[illegible]t and day,
Secure in sleep: the fury hid[illegible]
Her looks and limbs, a[illegible] new methods try'd
The foulness of the inf[illegible]rm to hide.
Prop'd on a staff, she takes the trembling mien,
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene:
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws,
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws:
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
Old Calibe, who kept the sacred fane
Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began:
Appearing in a dream, to rouze the careless man.
Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain,
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain?
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize?
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?

The

The bride and ſceptre which thy blood has
The king transfers, and foreign heirs are ſ
Go now, deluded man, and ſeek again
New toils, new dangers, on the duſty plain.
Repel the Tuſcan foes, their city ſeize;
Protect the Latians in luxurious eaſe.
This dream all-powerful Juno ſends; I bear
Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.
Haſte, arm your Ardeans, iſſue to the plain,
With faith to friend, aſſault the Trojan train:
Their thoughtleſs chiefs, their painted ſhips that lie
In Tiber's mouth, with fire and ſword deſtroy.
The Latian king, unleſs he ſhall ſubmit,
Own his old promiſe, and his new forget;
Let him, in arms, the power of Turnus prove,
And learn to fear whom he diſdains to love.
For ſuch is heaven's command. The youthful prince
With ſcorn reply'd; and made this bold defence:
You tell me, mother, what I knew before;
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the ſhore:
I neither fear, nor will provoke, the war:
My fate is Juno's moſt peculiar care,
But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
Of arms imagin'd, in your lonely cell:
Go, be the temple and the gods your care;
Permit the men the thought of peace and war.
  Theſe haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,
And frighted Turnus trembled as ſhe ſpoke.
Her eyes grew ſtiffen'd and with ſulphur burn,
Her hideous looks, and helliſh form return:

Her curling ſnakes with hiſſings fill the place,
And open all the furies of her face!
Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
She caſt him backward as he ſtrove to riſe,
And, lingering, ſought to frame ſome new replies.
High on her head ſhe rears two twiſted ſnakes;
Her chain ſhe rattles, and her whip ſhe ſhakes;
And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly ſpeaks:
Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
Of arms, imagin'd in her lonely cell:
Behold the fates' infernal miniſter;
War, death, deſtruction, in my hand I bear.
Thus having ſaid, her ſmouldering torch impreſs'd
With her full force, ſhe plung'd into his breaſt.
Aghaſt he wak'd, and, ſtarting from his bed,
Cold ſweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erſpread:
Arms, arms, he cries, my ſword and ſhield prepare;
He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
So when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom riſe:
Above their brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.
The peace polluted thus, a choſen band
He firſt commiſſions to the Latian land.
In threatening embaſſy: then rais'd the reſt,
To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan gueſt:
To force the foes from the Lavinian ſhore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace reſtore;
Himſelf alone, an equal match he boaſts,
To fight the Phrygian and Auſonian hoſts.

The

The gods invok'd, the Rutili prepare
Their arms, and warm each other to the w
His beauty theſe, and thoſe his blooming age,
The reſt his houſe, and his own fame engage.
While Turnus urges thus his enterprize,
The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies:
New frauds invents, and takes a ſteepy ſtand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Aſcanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds, a hunting match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the ſhady plain.
The fury fires the pack; they ſnuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry noſtrils with the ſcent.
'Twas of a well-grown ſtag, whoſe antlers riſe
High o'er his front, his beams invade the ſkies:
From this light cauſe, th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to miſchief, hate, and wars.
The ſtately beaſt, the two Tyrrhedæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did their fodder bring;
Tyrrheus chief ranger to the Latian king:
Their ſiſter Sylvia cheriſh'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns; with ribbons ty'd
His tender neck, and comb'd his ſilken hide;
And bath'd his body. Patient of command,
In time he grew, and growing us'd to hand.
He waited at his maſter's board for food;
Then fought his ſavage kindred in the wood:

Where, gazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
This houſhold beaſt, that us'd the woodland grounds,
Was view'd at firſt by the young hero's hounds;
As down the ſtream he ſwam, to ſeek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat,
Aſcanius, young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels through his panting ſides.
The bleeding creature iſſues from the floods,
Poſſeſs'd with fear, and ſeeks his known abodes;
His old familiar hearth, and houſhold gods.
He falls, he fills the houſe with heavy groans;
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Sylvia beats her breaſt, and cries aloud
For ſuccour from the clowniſh neighbourhood:
The churls aſſemble; for the fiend who lay
In the cloſe woody covert urg'd their way.
One with a brand, yet burning from the flame;
Arm'd with a knotty club, another came:
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an inſtrument of war.
Tyrrheus, the foſter-father of the beaſt,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fiſt:
But held his hand from the deſcending ſtroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.
And now the goddeſs, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,

Aſcends the roof, and to her crooked ho
Such as was then by Latian ſhepherds bo
Adds all her breath; the rocks and wood ind,
And mountains, tremble at th' infernal ſound.
The ſacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and ſulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blaſt, the ſignal of the war.
Young mothers wildly ſtare, with fear poſſeſs'd,
And ſtrain their helpleſs infants to their breaſt.
The clowns, a boiſterous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haſte to the loud ſummons flew.
The powers of Troy, then iſſuing on the plain,
With freſh recruits their youthful chief ſuſtain:
Nor theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
But a firm body of embattled men.
At firſt, while fortune favour'd neither ſide,
The fight with clubs and burning brands was try'd:
But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
Are bright with flaming ſwords and brazen ſhields.
A ſhining harveſt either hoſt diſplays,
And ſhoots againſt the ſun with equal rays.
Thus when a black-brow'd guſt begins to riſe,
White foam at firſt on the curl'd ocean fries;
Then roars the main, the billows mount the ſkies:
Till, by the fury of the ſtorm full blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.
Firſt Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldeſt care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the diſtant war:
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon ſtood,
And ſtop'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.

Huge heaps of slain around the body rise;
Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies:
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
Amidst the madness of th' unruly train:
Five herds, five bleating flocks, his pastures fill'd;
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.
Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,
The fury bath'd them in each other's blood.
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies,
To Juno thus she speaks: Behold, 'tis done;
The blood already drawn, the war begun;
The discord is complete, nor can they cease
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now since the Latian and the Trojan brood
Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood,
Speak, and my power shall add this office more;
The neighbouring nations of th' Ausonian shore
Shall hear the dreadful rumour from afar,
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war.
Then Juno thus: The grateful work is done;
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun;
Frauds, fears, and fury, have possess'd the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate:
A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line:
But thou with speed to night and hell repair,
For not the gods nor angry Jove will bear
Thy lawless wandering walks in upper air.

Leave

Leave what remains to me, Saturnia fai
The fullen fiend her ſounding wings di
Unwilling left the light, and ſought the nether
ſhade.

In midſt of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake, Amſanctus is the name,
Below the lofty mounts: on either ſide
Thick foreſts the forbidden entrance hide:
Full in the centre of the ſacred wood
An arm ariſes of the Stygian flood;
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing ſound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling ſtones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal lake the fury flies;
Here hides her hated head, and frees the labouring ſkies.
Saturnian Juno, now, with double care,
Attends the fatal proceſs of the war.
The clowns return'd from battle bear the ſlain,
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
The corpſe of Almon and the reſt are ſhown,
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frighted town.
Ambitious Turnus in the preſs appears,
And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears:
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A ſolemn promiſe made, and diſavow'd;
A foreign ſon is ſought, and a mix'd mongrel brood.
Then they, whoſe mothers, frantic with their fear,
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his dances with diſhevel'd hair;

A ſolemn cuſtom was obſerv'd of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold:
Their ſtandard when, in fighting fields, they rear
Againſt the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war:
Or from the boaſting Parthians would regain
Their eagles loſt in Carrhæ's bloody plain:
Two gates of ſteel (the name of Mars they bear)
And ſtill are worſhip'd with religious fear,
Before his temple ſtand: the dire abode,
And the fear'd iſſues of the furious god,
Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates,
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
Then, when the ſacred ſenate votes the wars,
The Roman conſul their decree declares,
And in his robes the ſounding gates unbars.
The youth in military ſhouts ariſe,
And the loud trumpets break the yielding ſkies.
Theſe rites, of old by ſovereign princes us'd,
Were the king's office, but the king refus'd:
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
Of ſacred peace, or looſe th' impriſon'd war:
But hid his head, and, ſafe from loud alarms,
Abhorr'd the wicked miniſtry of arms.
Then heaven's imperious queen ſhot down from high;
At her approach the brazen hinges fly;
The gates are forc'd, and every falling bar,
And, like a tempeſt, iſſues out the war.
The peaceful cities of th' Auſonian ſhore,
Lull'd in their eaſe, and undiſturb'd before,

Are

Are all on fire; and some, with studious care,
Their native steeds in sandy plains prepare:
Some their stiff limbs in painful marches try,
And war is all their wish, and arms the general cry.
Part scour the rusty shields with sand, and part
New grind the blunted axe, and point the dart:
With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky.
Five cities forge their arms: th' Arician powers,
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty towers,
Ardea the proud, the Crustumerian town:
All these of old were places of renown.
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field;
Some twine young fallows to support the shield;
The crosset some, and some the cuishes mould,
With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
The rustic honours of the scythe and share,
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.
Old faulchions are new temper'd in the fires:
The sounding trumpet every soul inspires.
The word is given, with eager speed they lace
The shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.
The neighing steeds are to the chariots ty'd;
The trusty weapon sits on every side.
And now the mighty labour is begun,
Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that sways th' Ausonian land,
Their arms, and armies under their command:
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.

For

For well you know, and can record alon
What fame to future times conveys but d .own.
Mezentius firſt appear'd upon the plain;
Scorn ſate upon his brows, and ſour diſdain:
Defying earth and heaven: Etruria loſt,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled hoſt.
The charming Lauſus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his ſullen ſire:
To Turnus only ſecond in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face;
A ſkilful horſeman, and a huntſman bred,
With fates averſe a thouſand men he led:
His ſire unworthy of ſo brave a ſon;
Himſelf well worthy of a happier throne.
Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his ſteeds, he ſmokes along the field,
His father's hydra fills the ample ſhield.
A hundred ſerpents hiſs about the brims;
The ſon of Hercules he juſtly ſeems,
By his broad ſhoulders and gigantic limbs.
Of heavenly part, and part of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god.
For ſtrong Alcides, after he had ſlain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds, and thence in triumph led;
On Tuſcan Tiber's flowery banks they fed.
Then on Mount Aventine, the ſon of Jove
The prieſteſs Rhea found, and forc'd to love.

For

For arms his men long pikes and javelins bore,
And poles with pointed steel their foes to wound gore.
Like Hercules himself, his son appears,
In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
The teeth and gaping jaws fiercely grin.
Thus like the god his father, homely dress'd,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.
Then two twin-brothers from fair Tibur came
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name);
Fierce Coras, and Catillus, void of fear,
Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in the front appear.
Like cloud-born centaurs, from the mountain's height,
With rapid course descending to the fight,
They rush along; the rattling woods give way;
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.
Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains,
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.
His own Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land:
Besides the succour which old Anian yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia fat, and father Amasene,
A numerous rout, but all of naked men:
No arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
But drive the chariot through the dusty field;

But

But whirl from leathern ſtrings huge balls :
And ſpoils of yellow wolves adorn their h.
The left foot naked, when they march to fight;
But in a bull's raw hide they ſheath the right.
Meſappus next (great Neptune was his ſire),
Secure from ſteel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears; and with his ardour warms
A heartleſs train, unexercis'd in arms:
The juſt Faliſcians he to battle brings,
And thoſe who live where lake Ciminia ſprings;
And where Feronia's grove and temple ſtands,
Who till Feſcennian or Flavinian lands:
All theſe in order march, and marching ſing
The warlike actions of their ſea-born king.
Like a long team of ſnowy ſwans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid ſky,
Which homeward from their watery paſtures borne,
They ſing, and Aſia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their muſic from afar,
Would think theſe troops an army train'd to war:
But flocks of fowl, that when the tempeſts roar,
With their hoarſe gabbling ſeek the ſilent ſhore.

Then Clauſus came, who led a numerous band
Of troops embody'd, from the Sabine land:
And in himſelf alone an army brought.
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot:
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
To ſhare the greatneſs of imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth of high renown,
Mutuſcans from their olive-bearing town;

And

And all th' Eretian powers: beſides a band
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land:
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came.
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And thoſe where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Caſperia ſends her arms, with thoſe that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful F[illegible]:
The warlike aids of Hort[illegible] appear,
And the cold Nurſians come cloſe the rear:
Mix'd with the natives born Latine blood,
Whom Allia waſhes with h[illegible]ital flood.
Not thicker billows beat th[illegible]yan main,
When pale Orion ſets in [illegible]y rain;
Nor thicker harveſt on r[illegible]ermes riſe,
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the ſkies;
Than ſtand theſe troops: their bucklers ring around;
Their trampling turns the turf, and ſhakes the ſolid ground.

High in his chariot then Haleſus came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:
From Agamemnon born: to Turnus' aid,
A thouſand men the youthful hero led;
Who till the Maſſick ſoil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Aruncans from their hilly ground:
And thoſe who live by Sidicinian ſhores,
And where, with ſhoaly fords, Vulturnus roars;
Oſca's old inhabitants,
Saticulans inur'd to wants:

Light

Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
Faſten'd with leather thongs, to gall the foe.
Short crooked ſwords in cloſer fight they wear,
And, on their warding arms, like bucklers bear.
Nor, Oebalus, ſhalt thou be left unſung,
From nymph Semethis and old Telon ſprung:
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd,
But that ſhort iſle th' ambitious youth diſdain'd;
And o'er Campania ſtretch'd his ample ſway;
Where ſwelling Sarnus ſeeks the Tyrrhene ſea:
O'er Batulum, and where Abella ſees,
From her high towers, the harveſt of her trees.
And theſe (as was the Teuton uſe of old)
Wield brazen ſwords, and brazen bucklers hold;
Sling weighty ſtones when from afar they fight:
Their caſques are cork, a covering thick and light.
Next theſe in rank, the warlike Ufens went,
And led the mountain-troops that Nurſia ſent.
The rude Equicolæ his rule obey'd;
Hunting their ſport, and plundering was their trade.
In arms they plough'd, to battle ſtill prepar'd:
Their ſoil was barren, and their hearts were hard.
Umbro the prieſt, the proud Marrubians led,
By king Archippus ſent to Turnus' aid;
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,
And venom'd wound of ſerpents, could aſſuage.
He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to ſteep
Their temples, ſhut their eyes in pleaſing ſleep.

But vain were Marſian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound given by the Dardan dart.
Yet his untimely fate, th' Angitian woods
In ſighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
The ſon of fam'd Hippolytus was there;
Fam'd as his ſire, and as his mother fair.
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
And nurs'd his youth along the marſhy ſhore:
Where great Diada's peaceful altars flame
In fruitful fields, and Virbius was his name.
Hippolytus, as old records have ſaid,
Was by his ſtepdam ſought to ſhare her bed:
But when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horſes on the ſandy ſhore,
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore;
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltleſs gore. 1c
But chaſte Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æſculapian herbs his life reſtor'd.
When Jove, who ſaw from high, with juſt diſda
The dead inſpir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the centre with his flaming dart,
Th' unhappy founder of the god-like art.
But Trivia kept in ſecred ſhades alone,
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknowe;
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove:
Where then he liv'd obſcure, but ſafe from Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood,
Are courſers driven, who ſhed their maſter's blo
Affrighted by the monſters of the flood.

Hi

His ſon, the ſecond Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art, and warrior ſteeds he rein
Amid the troops, and like the leading go
High o'er the reſt in arms the graceful Turn
A triple pile of plumes his creſt adorn'd,
On which, with belching flames, Chimæra burn'd:
The more the kindled combat riſes higher,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
Fair Iö grac'd his ſhield, but Iö now
With horns exalted ſtands, and ſeems to lowe:
(A noble charge) her keeper by her ſide,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes apply'd.
And on the brims her fire, the watery god,
Roll'd from a ſilver urn his cryſtal flood:
A cloud of foot ſucceeds, and fills the fields
With ſwords and pointed ſpears, and clattering ſhields:
Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands,
And thoſe who plough the rich Satulian lands;
Auruncan youth, and thoſe Sacrana yields,
And the proud Labicans, with painted ſhields.
And thoſe who near Numician ſtreams reſide,
And thoſe whom Tiber's holy foreſts hide;
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide:
Where Ufens glide along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina ſtands.

Laſt, from the Volſcians fair, Camilla came;
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame:
Unbred to ſpinning, in the loom unſkill'd,
She choſe the nobler Pallas of the field.

Mix'd with the firſt, the fierce virago fought,
Suſtain'd the toils of arms, the danger fought:
Outſtripp'd the winds in ſpeed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She ſwept the ſeas, and as ſhe ſkim'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, ſtupid with ſurpriſe,
Where'er ſhe paſſes, fix their wandering eyes:
Longing they look, and gaping at her ſight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vaſt delight.
Her purple habit ſits with ſuch a grace
On her ſmooth ſhoulders, and ſo ſuits her face:
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd;
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She ſhakes her myrtle javelin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

THE

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all poſſible preparati s. Turnus ſends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in perſ to beg ſuccours from Evander, and the Tuſcans. Evander receives him kindly, furniſhes him with nen, and ſends his own ſon Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the requeſt of Venus, makes arms for her ſon Æneas, and draws on his ſhield the moſt memorable actions of his poſterity.

WHEN Turnus had aſſembled all his powers;
His ſtandard planted on Laurentum's towers;
When now the ſprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had given the ſignal of approaching war,
Had rouz'd the neighing ſteeds to ſcour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their ſhields,
Trembling with rage, the Latian youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong ruſh to war.

Fierce Ufens, and Meſſapus, led the crowd;
With bold Mezentius, who blaſphem'd aloud.
Theſe, through the country took their waſteful courſe;
The fields to forage, and to gather force.
Then Venulus to Diomede they ſend,
To beg his aid Auſonia to defend:
Declare the common danger, and inform
The Grecian leader of the growing ſtorm:
Æneas landed on the Latian coaſt,
With baniſh'd gods, and with a baffled hoſt:
Yet now inſpir'd to conqueſt of the ſtate;
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate.
What numerous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they ſpread his formidable name:
What he deſign'd, what miſchiefs might ariſe,
If fortune favour'd his firſt enterprize,
Was left for him to weigh, whoſe equal fears,
And common intereſt was involv'd in theirs.
While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempeſt which his foes prepare.
This way and that he turns his anxious mind;
Thinks, and rejects the counſels he deſign'd;
Explores himſelf, in vain, in every part,
And gives no reſt to his diſtracted heart.
So when the ſun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the poliſh'd braſs their trembling light,
The glittering ſpecies here and there divide,
And caſt their dubious beams from ſide to ſide:

Now

Now on the walls, now on the pavement play'd,
And to the cieling flash the glaring day.
'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd asleep
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep;
And beasts, and mortal men: the Trojan chief
Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.
Then through the shadows of the poplar wood
Arose the father of the Roman flood:
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow chear'd:
Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
O long expected in this promis'd place,
Who, through the foes, hast borne thy banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes;
This is thy happy home! The clime where fate
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
Fear not, the war shall end in lasting peace;
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.
And that this nightly vision may not seem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
All white herself, and white her thirty young.
When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy son, Ascanius, on this empty space
Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame;
Which from this omen shall receive the name.

Time ſhall approve the truth. For what remains,
And how with ſure ſucceſs to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A baniſh'd band,
Driven with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
Have planted here; and plac'd on high their walls;
Their town the founder Palanteum calls:
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandſire's name:
But the fierce Latians old poſſeſſion claim,
With war infeſting the new colony;
Theſe make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free paſſage I ſubmit my ſtreams:
Wake, ſon of Venus, from thy pleaſing dreams:
And, when the ſetting ſtars are loſt in day,
To Juno's power thy juſt devotion pay.
With ſacrifice the wrathful queen appeaſe:
Her pride at length ſhall fall, her fury ceaſe:
When thou return'ſt victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whoſe yellow water flows
Around theſe fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tiber my name: among the rolling floods
Renown'd on earth, eſteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain ſeat: in times to come,
My waves ſhall waſh the walls of mighty Rome.
He ſaid; and plung'd below, while yet he ſpoke,
His dream Æneas and his ſleep forſook.
He roſe, and looking up, beheld the ſkies
With purple bluſhing and the day ariſe.
Then, water in his hollow palm he took
From Tiber's flood; and thus the powers beſpoke:

Laurentian

Laurentian nymphs, by whom the ſtrea
And father Tiber, in thy ſacred bed
Receive Æneas; and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy watery ſtores; where'er the
And, bubbling from below, ſalute the
Thou king of horned floods, whoſe plenteous urn
Suffices farneſs to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind com of our woes,
Shall ſhare my morni vening vows.
But, oh! be preſent ;
And firm the graciou made.
Thus having ſaid, tw all f
With care he chooſes mans, and f rs.
Now on the ſhore the tal ſwine is fo
Wondrous to tell; ſhe lay along the ground:
Her well-fed offſpring at her udders hung;
She white herſelf, an white her thirty young;
Æneas takes the moth r, and her brood,
And all on Juno's altar are beſtow'd.
The following night, and the ſucceeding day,
Propitious Tiber ſmooth'd his watery way:
He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he ſtood:
A gentle ſwelling, and a peaceful flood.
The Trojans mount their ſhips; they put from ſhore;
Borne on the waves, and ſcarcely dip an oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to their courſe,
And the pitch'd veſſels glide with eaſy force.
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of ſhields, and painted ſhips, that ſtem the ſtream.

One ſummer's night, and one whole day they paſs
Betwixt the green-wood ſhades, and cut the liquid glaſs.
The fiery ſun had finiſh'd half his race,
Look'd back, and doubted in the middle ſpace,
When they from far beheld the riſing towers,
The tops of ſheds, and ſhepherds lowly bowers:
Thin as they ſtood, which then of homely clay,
Now riſe in marble, from the Roman ſway.
Theſe cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan ſaw, and turn'd his ſhips to ſhore.
'Twas on a ſolemn day: th' Arcadian ſtates,
The king and prince without the city gates,
Then paid their offerings in a ſacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior ſon of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies;
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.
But when they ſaw the ſhips that ſtem'd the flood,
And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,
They roſe with fear, and left th' unfiniſh'd feaſt:
Till dauntleſs Pallas re-aſſur'd the reſt
To pay the rites. Himſelf, without delay,
A javelin ſeiz'd, and ſingly took his way.
Then gain'd a riſing ground; and call'd from far:
Reſolve me, ſtrangers, whence, and what you are;
Your buſineſs here, and bring you peace or war?
High on the ſtern, Æneas took his ſtand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he ſpoke: The Phrygians arms you ſee,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy

By

By Latian foes, with war [illegible]
At first affianc'd, and at last [illegible]
This message bear [illegible]
Bring holy peace, and [illegible]
Struck with [illegible]
The youth replies [illegible]
Your fame [illegible]
A welcome guest, and [illegible]
He said; and [illegible]
Embrac'd the stranger [illegible]
Conducted to the [illegible]
The silence first, and [illegible]
Best of the Greeks [illegible]
I bear these [illegible]
Undaunted I approach [illegible]
Your birth [illegible]
From Atreus [illegible]
And both [illegible]
Yet, my [illegible]
Your [illegible]
Our father [illegible]
Have [illegible]
Our [illegible]
And Greeks [illegible]
Electra [illegible]
Atlas [illegible]
Your [illegible]
On [illegible]
Ma[illegible]
Was [illegible]

Thus from one common ſource our ſtreams divide
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian ſide.
Rais'd by theſe hopes, I ſent no news before,
Nor aſk'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
But come, without a pledge, my own ambaſſador
The ſame Rutulians, who with arms purſue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
Our hoſt expell'd, what farther force can ſtay
The victor troops from [illegible]iverſal ſway?
Then will they ſtretch [illegible]r power athwart the lar
And either ſea from ſi[illegible] ſide command.
Receive our offer'd fai[illegible] and give us thine:
Ours is a gene[illegible]periene'd line:
We want no [illegible]odies for the war;
In council c[illegible]n fields we dare.
He ſaid; and w[illegible]ke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the [illegible]ith vaſt ſurprize,
Pleas'd with his action, raviſh'd with his face,
Then anſwer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father ſhine,
How I recall Anchiſes, how I ſee
His motions, mien, and all my friend in thee!
Long though it be, 'tis freſh within my mind,
When Priam to his ſiſter's court deſign'd
A welcome viſit, with a friendly ſtay,
And through th' Arcadian kingdom took his wa
Then, paſt a boy, the callow down began
To ſhade my chin, and call me firſt a man.

I saw the shining train, with vast delight
And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:
But great Anchises, far above the rest,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
I long'd to join, in friendship's holy band,
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hand.
I first accosted him: I sued, I sought,
And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
A Lycian quiver, and a Gnossian bow;
A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold,
And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.
The league you ask I grant, as your right:
And when to-morrow's sun reveals the light,
With swift supplies your ships shall be sent away:
Now celebrate, with us, this solemn day;
Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
Honour our annual feast and take your seat
With friendly welcome, at a homely treat.
Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for fear)
The youths replac'd; and soon restor'd the cheer.
On sods of turf he set the soldiers round;
A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
Receiv'd the Trojan chief: and o'er the bed,
A lion's shaggy hide for ornament they spread.
The loaves were serv'd in canisters, the wine
In bowls, the priest renew'd the rites divine:
Broil'd entrails are their food; and beefs continued chine.

But,

But, when the rage of hunger was repreſs'd,
Thus ſpoke Evander to his royal gueſt:
Theſe rites, theſe altars, and this feaſt, O king,
From no vain fears, or ſuperſtition, ſpring;
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance;
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
But ſav'd from danger, with a grateful ſenſe,
The labours of a god we recompenſe.
See, from afar, yon rock that [illegible]ates the ſky,
About whoſe feet ſuch heaps [illegible] rubbiſh lie:
Such indigeſted ruin; bleak and bare,
How deſert now it ſtands, [illegible]s'd in air!
'Twas once a robber's [illegible]clos'd around
With living ſtone, and [illegible]neath the ground.
The monſter Cacus, [illegible] half a beaſt,
This hold, impervious to the [illegible]un, poſſeſs'd.
The pavement ever foul with human gore;
Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
Vulcan this plague begot: and, like his fire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load:
And brought the needful preſence of a god.
Th' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon ſlain;
Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
Near Tiber's bank, to graze the ſhady grove.
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent.

The

The brutal Cacus, as by chance they ſtray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd:
And, leſt the printed footſteps might be ſeen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den:
The tracts averſe, a lying notice gave,
And led the ſearcher backward from the cave:
Mean time the herdſman hero ſhifts his place,
To find freſh paſture, and untrodden graſs:
The beaſts, who miſs'd their mates, fill'd all around
With bellowings, and the rocks reſtor'd the ſound.
One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
Alcides found the fraud: with rage he ſhook,
And toſs'd about his head his knotted oak.
Swift as the winds, or Scythians arrows flight,
He clomb, with eager haſte, th' aërial height.
Then firſt we ſaw the monſter mend his pace:
Fear in his eyes, and paleneſs in his face,
Confeſs'd the god's approach: trembling he ſprings,
As terror had increas'd his feet with wings:
Nor ſtay'd for ſtairs; but down the depth he threw
His body; on his back the door he drew.
The door, a rib of living rock; with pains
His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains.
He broke the heavy links: the mountain clos'd,
And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
The wretch had hardly made his dungeon faſt;
The fierce avenger came with bounding haſte:
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.

He

He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
With winged speed, the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare, and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their nests, and [illegible] wing'd their flight.
The leaning head hung thr[illegible]ng o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left: th[illegible]o flood
Averse, with planted feet, [illegible] from the right,
Tugg'd [illegible] ll his might.
Thus he[illegible]ons of the rock
Gave [illegible] rattling shock.
[illegible]n either side
[illegible]he streams divide:
The sky [illegible]ard with unusual dread;
And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed.
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight;
The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
So pent the vapours with a rumbling sound
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground:
A sounding flaw succeeds: and, from on high,
The gods with hate beheld the nether sky:
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse th' invading sun, and sicken at the sight.
The graceless monster, caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.

ıero ſtands above; and from afar
him with darts, and ſtones, and diſtant war.
rom his noſtrils and huge mouth, expires
: clouds of ſmoke, amidſt his father's fires.
ering, with each repeated blaſt, the night:
ake uncertain aim, and erring fight.
wrathful god then plunges from above,
where in thickeſt waves the ſparkles drove,
· lights; and wades through fumes, and gropes his way:
ſing'd, half ſtifled, till he graſp'd his prey.
monſter, ſpewing fruitleſs flames, he found;
ueez'd his throat, he writh'd his neck around,
in a knot his crippled members bound.
, from their ſockets, tore his burning eyes;
d on a heap the breathleſs robber lies.
loors, unbarr'd, receive the ruſhing day,
thorough lights diſcloſe the raviſh'd prey.
ɔulls redeem'd, breathe open air again:
by the feet, they drag him from his den.
wondering neighbourhood, with glad ſurprize,
d his ſhagged breaſt, his giant ſize,
ıouth that flames no more, and his extinguiſh'd eyes.
that auſpicious day, with rites divine,
vorſhip at the hero's holy ſhrine.
us firſt ordain'd theſe annual vows,
ieſts, were added the Pinarian houſe:
rais'd this altar in the ſacred ſhade,
e honours, ever due, for ever ſhall be paid.

For

For theſe deſerts, and this high virtue ſhown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown.
Fill high the goblets with a ſparkling flood:
And, with deep draughts, invoke our common god.
This ſaid, a double wreath Evander twin'd:
And poplars, black and white, his temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl: with like deſign
The reſt invoke the god, with ſprinkled wine.
Mean time the ſun deſcended from the ſkies;
And the bright evening-ſtar began to riſe.
And now the prieſts, Potitius at their head,
In ſkins of beaſts involv'd, the long proceſſion led:
Held high the flaming [illegible] in their hands,
As cuſtom [illegible] holy bands:
Then with [illegible] tables load;
And with [illegible] the god.
The Salii [illegible] his altars round
With Saban ſmoke; their heads with poplar bound.
One choir of old, another of the young;
To dance, and bear the burden of the ſong.
The lay records the labour, and the praiſe,
And all th' immortal acts of Hercules.
Firſt, how the mighty babe, when ſwath'd in bands,
The ſerpents ſtrangled with his infant hands.
Then, as in years and matchleſs force he grew,
Th' Oechalian walls, and Trojan overthrew.
Beſides a thouſand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's, and Euriſtheus' hate.
Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could ſubdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monſter crew.

Nor

Nor thy reſiſtleſs arm the bull withſtood:
Nor he the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian ſeat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet:
And, ſeiz'd with fear, forgot thy mangled meat.
Th' infernal waters trembled at the ſight;
Thee, god, no face of danger could affright;
Not huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd ſnake,
Increas'd with hiſſing heads, in Lerna's lake.
Hail Jove's undoubted ſon! an added grace
To heaven, and the great author of thy race,
Receive the grateful offerings, which we pay,
And ſmile propitious on thy ſolemn day.
In numbers, thus, they ſung: above the reſt,
The den, and death of Cacus crown the feaſt.
The woods to hollow vales convey the ſound;
The vales to hills, and hills the notes rebound.
The rites perform'd, the chearful train retire.
Betwixt young Pallas, and his aged ſire
The Trojan paſs'd, the city to ſurvey;
And pleaſing talk beguil'd the tedious way.
The ſtranger caſt around his curious eyes:
New objects viewing ſtill, with new ſurprize.
With greedy joy enquires of various things:
And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
Then thus the founder of the Roman towers:
Theſe woods were firſt the ſeat of ſylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fawns, and ſavage men, who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and ſtubborn oak.

Nor law they knew, nor manners, nor the care
Of labouring oxen, nor the ſhining ſhare:
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to ſpare.
Their exerciſe the chace: the running flood
Supply'd their thirſt; the trees ſupply'd their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the power of Jove,
Robb'd of his realms, and baniſh'd from above.
The men, diſpers'd on hills, to towns he brought;
And laws ordain'd, and ci[illegible]ſtoms taught:
And Latium call'd the lan[illegible]ere ſafe he lay
From his unduteous ſon, an[illegible]is uſurping ſway.
With his mild empire peace [illegible]d plenty came:
And hence the golde[illegible]iv'd their name.
A more degenerate [illegible]ur'd age
Succeeded this, with a[illegible]nd rage.
Th' Auſonians, then, and [illegible]Sicanians came;
And Saturn's empire often [illegible]g'd the name.
Then kings, gigantic Tibris, and the reſt,
With arbitrary ſway, the land oppreſs'd.
For Tiber's flood was Albula before;
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
I laſt arriv'd, driv'n from my native home,
By fortune's power, and fate's reſiſtleſs doom.
Long toſs'd on ſeas, I ſought this happy land:
Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by heaven's command.

Thus, walking on, he ſpoke: and ſhew'd the gate,
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman ſtate;
Where ſtood an altar, ſacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame:

Who

Who to her ſon foretold th' Æthenean rac
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place.
Then ſhews the foreſt, which in after-times,
Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
A ſacred refuge made: with this, the ſhrine
Where Pan below the rocks had rites divine.
Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd gueſt,
Whoſe grave and tomb his innocence atteſt.
Thence, to the ſteep Tarpeian rock he leads;
Now roof'd with gold; then thatch'd with homely reeds.
A reverend fear (ſuch ſuperſtition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then poſſeſs'd the ſwains.
Some god they knew, what god they could not tell,
Did there amidſt the ſacred horror dwell.
Th' Arcadians thought him Jove; and ſaid they ſaw
The mighty thunderer with majeſtic awe;
Who ſhook his ſhield, and dealt his bolts around;
And ſcatter'd tempeſts on the teeming ground.
Then ſaw two heaps of ruins; once they ſtood
Two ſtately towns, on either ſide the flood.
Saturnia's and Janicula's remains:
And either place the founder's name retains.
Diſcourſing thus together, they reſort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall,
Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl.
Then, ſtooping, through the narrow gates they preſs'd,
When thus the king addreſs'd his Trojan gueſt:

Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
Dare to be poor: accept our homely food
Which feasted him; and emulate a god.
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince; and laid him on a bed:
The stuffing, leaves, with hides of bears o'erspread.
Now night had shed her silver dews around,
And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son,
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun)
Couch'd with her husband, in his golden bed,
With these alluring words invokes his aid;
And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
Inspires each accent with the charms of love:
While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian powers,
To level with the ground the Trojan towers;
I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore;
Nor did the succour of thy skill implore;
Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
A sinking empire longer to sustain.
Though I much ow'd to Priam's house; and more
The danger of Æneas did deplore.
But now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree,
His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
O still propitious power that rules my heart!
A mother kneels a suppliant for her son:
By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won

To forge impenetrable ſhields; and grace,
With fated arms, a leſs illuſtrious race.
Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
Againſt the relicks of the Phrygian kind:
With fire and ſword my people to deſtroy;
And conquer Venus twice, in conquering Troy.
She ſaid; and ſtraight her arms, of ſnowy hue,
About her unreſolving huſband threw.
Her ſoft embraces ſoon infuſe deſire:
His bones and marrow ſudden warmth inſpire;
And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the rattling thunder flies,
Or forky lightnings flaſh along the ſkies.
The goddeſs, proud of her ſucceſsful wiles,
And conſcious of her form, in ſecret ſmiles.
Then thus, the power obnoxious to her charms,
Panting, and half diſſolving in her arms:
Why ſeek you reaſons for a cauſe ſo juſt:
Or your own beauties, or my love diſtruſt?
Long ſince, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
Th' artificer and art you might command,
To labour arms for Troy; nor Jove, nor Fate,
Confin'd their empire to ſo ſhort a date:
And, if you now deſire new wars to wage,
My ſkill I promiſe, and my pains engage.
Whatever melting metals can conſpire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely your's: your anxious fears remove:
And think no taſk is difficult to love.

Trembling he ſpoke: and, eager of her charms,
He ſnatch'd the willing goddeſs to his arms;
Till in her lap infus'd, he lay poſſeſs'd
Of full deſire, and ſunk to pleaſing reſt.
Now when the night her middle race had rode,
And his firſt ſlumber had refreſh'd the god;
The time when early houſewives leave the bed;
When living embers on the hearth they ſpread;
Supply the lamp, and call the maids to riſe,
With yawning mouths, and with half-open'd eyes;
They ply the diſtaff by the twinkling light;
And to their daily labour add the night.
Thus frugally they earn their children's bread:
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed.
Not leſs concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Roſe from his downy couch the forging power.
Sacred to Vulcan's name an iſle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coaſts and Lipara,
Rais'd high on ſmoking rocks; and deep below,
In hollow caves, the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
Loud ſtrokes and hiſſings of tormented ſteel
Are heard around: the boiling waters roar;
And ſmoky flames through fuming tunnels ſoar.
Hither, the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointleſs thunder now there lies:
Before their hands, to ripen for the ſkies:

These darts for angry Jove they daily ca
Consum'd on mortals with prodigious wa
Three rays of writhin rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame:
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior ministers for Mars repair
His broken axle-trees and blunted war:
And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
To wake the lazy war, with trumpets loud alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.
My sons, said Vulcan, set your tasks aside;
Your strength, and master-skill, must now be try'd.
Arms for a hero forg : arms that require
Your force, your spee , and all your forming fire.
He said: they set their former work aside,
And their new toils with eager haste divide.
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
And deadly steel in the large furnace roll'd;
Of this their artful hands a shield prepare;
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
Seven orbs within a spacious round they close!
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal time:
By turns their hands descend, and hammers chime.

They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs:
The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply th' Æolian forge,
The chearful morn salutes Evander's eyes;
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
He leaves his lowly bed; his buskins meet
Above his ancles; sandals sheath his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side;
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide,
Two menial dogs before their master press'd:
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
Mindful of pr[illegible] aid, [illegible]nds his pace;
But meets Æ[illegible] space.
Young Pallas [illegible]ps attend;
And true Ach[illegible] w[illegible]n his friend.
They join their hands: a secret seat they choose;
Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews.
Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend:
But feeble are the succours I can send.
Our narrow kingdom, here the Tiber bounds;
That other side the Latian state surrounds;
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come, as by your better genius sent;
And fortune seems to favour your intent.

Not

Not far from hence there ſtands a hilly to
Of ancient building and of high renown;
Torn from the Tuſcans by the Lydian race;
Who gave the name of Cære to the place
Once Agyllina call'd: it flouriſh'd long
In pride of wealth, and warlike people ſtrong:
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
Aſſum'd the crown, with arbitrary power.
What words can paint thoſe execrable times;
The ſubjects ſufferings, and the tyrant's crimes!
That blood, thoſe murders, O ye gods! replace
On his own head, and on his impious race:
The living, and the dead, at his command
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand:
Till, chok'd with ſtench, in loth'd embraces ty'd,
The lingering wretches pin'd away, and dy'd.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more;
The people's patience try'd, no longer bore
The raging monſter: but with arms beſet
His houſe, and vengeance and deſtruction threat.
They fire his palace: while the flame aſcends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd; and, favour'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
By juſt revenge the Tuſcans ſet on fire,
With arms their king to puniſhment require:
Their numerous troops, now muſter'd on the ſtrand,
My counſel ſhall ſubmit to your command.
Their navy ſwarms upon the coaſt: they cry
To hoiſt their anchors; but the gods deny.

An

An ancient augur, ſkill'd in future fate,
With thoſe foreboding words reſtrains their hate:
Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower
Of Tuſcan youth, and choice of all their power,
Whom juſt revenge againſt Mezentius arms,
To ſeek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;
Know this; no native of our land may lead
This powerful people: ſeek a foreign head.
Aw'd with theſe words, in camps they ſtill abide;
And wait, with longing looks, their promis'd guide.
Torchan, the Tuſcan chief, to me has ſent
Their crown, and every regal ornament:
The people join their own with his deſire;
And all, my conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and liftleſs limbs unfit for pains,
And a ſoul conſcious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuſe imperial ſway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne;
And ſhould, but he's a Sabine mother's ſon;
And half a native: but in you combine
A manly vigour, and a foreign line.
Where fate and ſmiling fortune ſhew the way,
Purſue the ready path to ſovereign ſway.
The ſtaff of my declining days, my ſon,
Shall make your good or ill ſucceſs his own.
In fighting fields from you ſhall learn to dare:
And ſerve the hard apprenticeſhip of war.
Your matchleſs courage and your conduct view;
And early ſhall begin t' admire and copy you.

Beſides,

Beſides, two hundred horſe he ſhall com
Though few, a warlike and well-choſen
Theſe in my name are liſted: and my ſon
As many more has added in his own.
Scarce had he ſaid: Achates and his gueſt,
With down-caſt eyes, their ſilent grief expreſt:
Who, ſhort of ſuccours, and in deep deſpair,
Shook at the diſmal proſpect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To chear her iſſue, thunder'd thrice aloud.
Thrice forky lightning flaſh'd along the ſky,
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear:
And, in a heaven ſerene, refulgent arms appear;
Reddening the ſkies, and glittering all around,
The temper'd metals claſh, and yield a ſilver ſound.
The reſt ſtood trembling, ſtruck with awe divine.
Æneas only conſcious to the ſign,
Preſag'd th' event; and joyful view'd, above,
Th' accompliſh'd promiſe of the queen of love.
Then, to th' Arcadian king: This prodigy
(Diſmiſs your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heaven calls me to the war: th' expected ſign
Is given of promis'd aids, and arms divine.
My goddeſs-mother, whoſe indulgent care
Foreſaw the dangers of the growing war,
This omen gave; when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of ſteel by Stygian charms,
Suſpended, ſhone on high: ſhe then foreſhow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.

Turnus

The horſemen march'; the gates are open'd wide;
Æneas at their head, Achates by his ſide.
Next theſe the Trojan leaders rode along,
Laſt, follows in the rear, th' Arcadian throng.
Young Pallas ſhone conſpicuous o'er the reſt;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his veſt.
So, from the ſeas, exerts his radiant head
The ſtar, by whom the lights of heaven are led:
Shakes from his roſy locks the nearly dews;
Diſpels the darkneſs, and th[illegible]ay renews.
The trembling wives, the w[illegible] and turrets crowd;
And follow, with their eyes, the duſty cloud:
Which winds diſperſe by fits, and ſhew from far
The blaze of arms, and ſhiel[illegible] and ſhining war.
The troops, drawn up in beau[illegible]ful array,
O'er healthy plains purſue the ready way.
Repeated peals of ſhouts are heard around:
The neighing courſers anſwer to the ſound;
And ſhake with horny hoofs the ſolid ground.
A greenwood ſhade, for long religion known,
Stands by the ſtreams that waſh the Tuſcan town;
Incompaſs'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.
The firſt inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
That ſacred foreſt to Sylvanus vow'd:
The guardian of their flocks and fields; they pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river's ſide,
In tents ſecure, the Tuſcan troops abide;

By Tarchon led. Now, from a riſing ground,
Æneas caſt his wondering eyes around;
And all the Tyrrhene army had in ſight,
Stretch'd on the ſpacious plains from left to right.
Thither his warlike train the Trojan led:
Refreſh'd his men, and weary horſes fed.
Mean-time the mother-goddeſs, crown'd with charms,
Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
Within a winding vale ſhe finds her ſon,
On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
She ſhews her heavenly form without diſguiſe,
And gives herſelf to his deſiring eyes.
Behold, ſhe ſaid, perform'd, in every part,
My promiſe made; and Vulcan's labour'd art.
Now ſeek, ſecure, the Latian enemy;
And haughty Turnus to the field defy.
She ſaid: and having firſt her ſon embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak ſhe plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy ſight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vaſt delight.
He lifts, he turns, he poiſes, and admires
The creſted helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal ſword and corſlet hold:
One keen with temper'd ſteel, one ſtiff with gold.
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright:
So ſhines a cloud, when edg'd with adverſe light.
He ſhakes the pointed ſpear: and longs to try
The plaited cuiſhes on his manly thigh:

But

But moſt admires the ſhield's myſterious mould,
And Roman triumphs riſing on the gold.
For theſe, emboſs'd, the heavenly ſmith had wrought
(Not in the rolls of future time untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors, iſſuing from the Julian line.
The cave of Mars was dreſs'd with moſſy greens:
There, by the wolf, was laid the martial twins:
Intrepid on her ſwelling dugs they hung;
The foſter-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
They ſuck'd ſecure, while bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as they fed.
Not far from hence new appears, with games
Projected for the dames.
The pit reſounds a war ſucceeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend:
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
Weary'd with tedious war, at length they ceaſe;
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
The friendly chiefs, before Jove's altar ſtand;
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
A fatted ſow for ſacrifice is led;
With imprecations on the perjur'd head.
Near this the traitor Metius, ſtretch'd between
Four fiery ſteeds, is dragg'd along the green;
By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood;
And his torn limbs are left, the vultures' food.

There Porſenna to Rome proud Tarquin brings;
And would by force reſtore the baniſh'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights:
The Roman youth aſſert their native rights.
Before the town the Tuſcan army lies:
To win by famine, or by fraud ſurprize.
Their king, half threatening, half diſdaining, ſtood:
While Cocles broke the bridge; and ſtemm'd the flood.
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide:
Spac'd from their chains, with Clelia for their guide.
High on a rock heroic Manlius ſtood;
To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold
The palace thatch'd with ſtraw, now roof'd with gold.
The ſilver gooſe before the ſhining gate
There flew; and, by her cackle, ſav'd the ſtate.
She told the Gauls approach: th' approaching Gauls,
Obſcure in night, aſcend, and ſeize the walls.
The gold, diſſembled well their golden hair:
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
Gold are their veſts: long Alpine ſpears they wield:
And their left arm ſuſtains a length of ſhield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian prieſts advance:
And naked through the ſtreets the mad Luperci dance
In caps of wool. The targets dropt from heaven:
Here modeſt matrons in ſoft litters driven,
To pay their vows in ſolemn pomp appear:
And odorous gums in their chaſte hands they bear.

Far hence remov'd, the Stygian ſeats are ſeen:
Pains of the damn'd, and puniſh'd Cataline:
Hung on a rock the traitor; and around
The furies hiſſing from the nether ground.
Apart from theſe, the happy ſouls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghoſt diſpenſing laws.
Betwixt the quarters flows a golden ſea:
But foaming ſurges, there, in ſilver play.
The dancing dolphins, with their tails, divide
The glittering waves, and cleave the precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium ſurveys the well-contended prize:
Leucate's watery plain with ſwamy billows fries.
Young Cæſar, on the ſtern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans; there their gods to fight:
His beamy temples ſhoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian ſtar.
Agrippa ſeconds him, with proſperous gales;
And, with propitious gods, his foes aſſails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreſhows.
Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of eaſtern kings.
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues diſcordant, and a mingled war.
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidſt the ſtrife,
His ill fate follows him; th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight: with oars, and forky prows,
The froth is gather'd; and the water glows.

It

It ſeems as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and juſtled in the main;
Or floating mountains, floating mountains meet:
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown; and pointed javelins fly:
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herſelf, amidſt the loud alarms,
With cymbals toſs'd her fainting ſoldiers warms.
Fool as ſhe was; who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate; nor ſaw the ſnakes behind.
Her country gods, the monſters of the ſky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain;
Nor longer dares oppoſe th' æthereal train.
Mars, in the middle of the ſhining ſhield,
Is grav'd, and ſtrides along the liquid field.
The Diræ ſouſe from heaven, with ſwift deſcent:
And Diſcord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the peace: her ſteps Bellona treads,
And ſhakes her iron rod above their heads.
This ſeen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his arrows: at whoſe winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield:
And ſoft Sabæans quit the watery field.
The fatal miſtreſs hoiſts her ſilken ſails:
And, ſhrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
Aghaſt ſhe looks; and heaves her breaſt for breath:
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her, as driven along
By winds and waves, and ſcudding through the throng.

Juſt oppoſite, ſad Nilus opens wide
His arms, and ample boſom, to the tide,
And ſpreads his mantle o'er the winding coaſt;
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying hoſt.
The victor, to the god his thanks expreſs'd:
And Rome triumphant, with his preſence bleſs'd.
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
With ſpoils and altars every temple grac'd.
Three ſhining nights, and three ſucceeding days,
The fields reſound with ſhouts, the ſtreets with praiſe,
The domes with ſongs, the theatres with plays.
All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the deſtin'd ſacrifice.
Great Cæſar ſits ſublime upon his throne;
Before Apollo's porch, of Parian ſtone:
Accepts the preſents vow'd for victory;
And hangs the monumental crown on high.
Vaſt crowds of vanquiſh'd nations march along,
Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
Here Mulciber aſſigns the proper place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
Then ranks the Thracians in the ſecond row;
And Scythians, expert in dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides:
And there the Rhine ſubmits her ſwelling tides.
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
The Danes' unconquer'd offſpring march behind;
And Morini, the laſt of human kind.

Theſe

These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace;
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

THE NINTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

nus t [illegible] Æneas's abſence, fires [illegible] transformed into ſea- [illegible]p. The Trojans, re- [illegible]s, ſend Niſus and Euryalus to recal Æneas; which furniſhes the poet with that admirable epiſode of their friendſhip, generoſity, and the concluſion of their adventures.

WHILE theſe affairs in diſtant places paſs'd,
The various Iris Juno ſends with haſte,
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
The ſecret ſhade of his great grandſire ſought.
Retir'd alone ſhe found the daring man:
And op'd her roſy lips, and thus began:
What none of all the gods could grant thy vows;
That, Turnus, this auſpicious day beſtows!

Æneas,

Æneas, gone to ſeek th' Arcadian prince,
Has left the Trojan camp without defence;
And, ſhort of ſuccours there, employs his pains
In parts remote to raiſe the Tuſcan ſwains:
Now ſnatch an hour that favours thy deſigns,
Unite thy forces, and attack their lines.
This ſaid, on equal wings ſhe pois'd her weight,
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.
The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,
And thus invokes the goddeſs as ſhe flies:
Iris, the grace of heaven, what power divine
Has ſent thee down, through duſky clouds to ſhine?
See they divide! immortal day appears;
And glittering planets dancing in their ſpheres!
With joy, theſe happy omens I obey;
And follow to the war, the god that leads the way.
Thus having ſaid, as by the brook he ſtood,
He ſcoop'd the water from the cryſtal flood;
Then, with his hands, the drops to heaven he throws,
And loads the powers above with offer'd vows.
Now march the bold confederates through the plain;
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and ſhining train:
Meſſapus leads the van; and in the rear,
The ſons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
In the main battle, with his flaming creſt,
The mighty Turnus towers above the reſt:
Silent they move; majeſtically flow,
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
The Trojans view the duſty cloud from far;
And the dark menace of the diſtant war.

Caïcus from the rampire ſaw it riſe,
Blackening the fields, and thickening through the ſkies.
Then, to his fellows, thus aloud he calls:
What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?
Arm, arm, and man the works: prepare your ſpears
And pointed darts; the Latian hoſt appears!
Thus warn'd, they ſhut their gates; with ſhouts aſcend
The bulwarks, and, ſecure, their foes attend.
For their wiſe general, with foreſeeing care,
Had charg'd them, not to te[illegible] the doubtful war:
Nor, though provok'd, in [illegible] fields advance;
But cloſe within their line [illegible]d their chance:
Unwilling, yet they keep [illegible]rict command;
And ſou[illegible]ſtile band.
The fier[illegible]e reſt,
[illegible]ſtrain he preſs'd;
[illegible]imſon was his creſt.
With twenty more to ſecond his deſigns,
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.

Is there, he ſaid, in arms who bravely dare
His leader's honour, and his danger, ſhare;
Then, ſpurring on, his brandiſh'd dart he threw,
In ſign of war; applauding ſhouts enſue.
Amaz'd to find a daſtard race that run
Behind the rampires, and the battle ſhun,
He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
And ſtops at every poſt; and every paſſage tries.
So roams the nightly wolf about the fold,
Wet with deſcending ſhowers, and ſtiff with cold;

He

He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain;
His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain:
And, impotent of anger, finds no way
In his distended paws to grasp the prey.
The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs
Securely swig the dug beneath the dams.
Thus ranges eager Turnus oe'r the plain,
Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain:
Surveys each passage with a piercing sight;
To force his foes in equal field to fight.
Thus, while he gazes round, at length he spies
Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies;
Close underneath the walls: the washing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker side.
He takes the wish'd occasion; fills his hand
With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand:
Urg'd by his presence, every soul is warm'd,
And every hand with kindled fire is arm'd.
From the fir'd pines the scattering sparkles fly;
Fat vapours mix'd with flames involve the sky.
What power, O Muses, could avert the flame
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name!
Tell: for the fact, through length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.
'Tis said that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from mount Ida's height,
The grandam goddess then approach'd her son,
And with a mother's majesty begun:
Grant me, she said, the sole request I bring,
Since conquer'd heaven has own'd you for its king:

On

On Ida's brows, for ages paſt, there ſtood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a ſhady wood:
And on the ſummit roſe a ſacred grove,
Where I was worſhip'd with religious love;
Theſe woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
I gave the Trojan prince to ſpeed his flight.
Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
Let neither winds o'erſet, nor waves intomb,
The floating foreſts of the ſacred pine;
But let it be their ſafety to be mine.
Then thus reply'd her awful ſon; who rolls
The radiant ſtars, and heaven and earth controls:
How dare you, mother, endleſs date demand,
For veſſels moulded by a mortal hand?
What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,
Of ſafety certain, on th' uncertain tide?
Yet what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
The chief is landed on the Latian ſhore,
Whatever ſhips eſcape the raging ſtorms,
At my command ſhall change their fading forms
To nymphs divine; and plow the watery way,
Like Dotis and the daughters of the ſea.
To ſeal his ſacred vow, by Styx he ſwore,
The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary ſhore;
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:
He ſaid; and ſhook the ſkies with his imperial nod.
And now, at length, the number'd hours were come,
Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,

When the great mother of the gods was free
To ſave her ſhips, and finiſh Jove's decree.
Firſt, from the quarter of the morn, there ſprung,
A light that ſign'd the heavens, and ſhot along:
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs:
And laſt a voice, with more than mortal ſounds,
Both hoſts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.
O Trojan race, your needleſs aid forbear;
And know my ſhips are my peculiar care.
With greater eaſe the bold Rutulian may,
With hiſſing brands, attempt to burn the ſea,
Than ſinge my ſacred pines. But you, my charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph: forſake the ſand,
And ſwim the ſeas, at Cybele's command.
No ſooner had the goddeſs ceas'd to ſpeak,
When lo, th' obedient ſhips their hauſers break;
And, ſtrange to tell, like dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive, and ſpring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows ſweep,
As rode before tall veſſels on the deep.
The foes, ſurpriz'd with wonder, ſtood aghaſt,
Meſſapus curb'd his fiery courſer's haſte;
Old Tiber roar'd; and raiſing up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the ſhock;
And with theſe words his trembling troops beſpoke:
Theſe monſters for the Trojan's fate are meant,
And are by Jove for black preſages ſent.

He

He takes the cowards laſt relief away;
For fly they cannot; and, conſtrain'd to ſtay,
Muſt yield, unfought, a baſe inglorious prey.
The liquid half of all the globe is loſt;
Heaven ſhuts the ſeas, and we ſecure the coaſt.
Theirs is no more than that ſmall ſpot of ground,
Which myriads of our martial men ſurround.
Their fates I fear not; or vain oracles;
'Twas given to Venus, they ould croſs the ſeas;
And land ſecure upon the Lat n plains:
Their promis'd hour is paſs'd, nd mine remains.
'Tis in the fate of Turnus to troy,
W ſw and ſs race of Troy.
e inflame
Grec Grecian name?
s atal ſtrife,
ra fe.
Was't not enough, that, puniſh'd for the crime,
They fell; but will they fall a ſecond time?
One would have thought they paid enough before,
To curſe the coſtly ſex; and durſt offend no more.
Can they ſecurely truſt their feeble wall,
A ſlight partition, a thin interval,
Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, though built
By hands divine, yet periſh'd by their guilt?
Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
To force from out their lines theſe daſtard bands.
Leſs than a thouſand ſhips will end this war;
Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.

Let

Let all the Tuſcans all th' Arcadians join,
Nor theſe, nor thoſe, ſhall fruſtrate my deſign.
Let them not fear the treaſons of the night;
The robb'd palladium, the pretended flight:
Our onſet ſhall be made in open light.
No wooden engine ſhall their town betray,
Fires they ſhall have around, but fires by day.
No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.
Now, ſince the ſun is rolling to the weſt,
Give me the ſilent night to needful reſt:
Refreſh your bodies, and your arms prepare:
The morn ſhall end the ſmall remains of war.
The poſt of honour to Meſſapus falls,
To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls;
To pitch the fires at diſtances around,
And cloſe the Trojans in their ſcanty ground.
Twice ſeven Rutulian captains ready ſtand:
And twice ſeven hundred horſe their chiefs command:
All clad in ſhining arms the works inveſt;
Each with a radiant helm, and waving creſt.
Stretch'd at their length, they preſs the graſſy ground;
They laugh, they ſing, the jolly bowls go round:
With lights and chearful fires renew the day;
And paſs the wakeful night in feaſts and play.
The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld;
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd:
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they firſt explore;
Join works to works with bridges; tower to tower:

Thus

Thus all things needful for defence abound;
Mneſtheus and brave Sereſthus walk the round:
Commiſſion'd by their abſent prince to ſhare
The common danger, and divide the care,
The ſoldiers draw their lots; and, as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall.
Nigh where the foes their utmoſt guards advance
To watch the gate, was warlike Niſus' chance.
His father Hyrtieus of noble blood;
His mother was a huntreſs of the wood:
And ſent him to the wars; well could he bear
His lance in fight, and dart the flying ſpear:
But, better ſkill'd unerring ſhafts to ſend,
Beſide him ſtood Euryalus his friend.
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan hoſt
No fairer face, or ſweeter air, could boaſt.
Scarce had the down to ſhade his cheeks begun;
One was their care, and their delight was one.
One common hazard in the war they ſhar'd;
And now were both, by choice, upon the guard.
Then Niſus, thus: Or do the gods inſpire
This warmth, or make we gods of our deſire?
A generous ardour boils within my breaſt,
Eager of action, enemy to reſt;
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou ſeeſt the foe ſecure: how faintly ſhine
Their ſcatter'd fires! the moſt in ſleep ſupine
Along the ground, an eaſy conqueſt lie;
The wakeful few the flaming flaggon ply:

All

All hush around. Now hear what I revolve;
A thought unripe, and scarcely yet resolve.
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
By message both would hrsten his return:
If they confer what I demand on thee
(For fame is recompence enough for me),
Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espy'd
A way that safely will my passage guide.
Euryalus stood listening while he spoke;
With love of praise, and noble envy struck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind:
All this alone, and leaving me behind,
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field?
Not so my father taught my childhood arms;
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms;
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heaven-born hero I attend.
The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim;
And think it over-sold to purchase fame.
Then Nisus, thus: Alas! thy tender years
Would minister new matter to my fears:
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust)
This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance, as many chances are,
And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war;

If

If one ſhould reach my head, there let it fall,
And ſpare thy life; I would not periſh all.
Thy bloomy youth deſerves a longer date;
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate:
To bear my mangled body from the foe;
Or buy it back, and funeral rites beſtow.
Or, if hard fortune ſhall thoſe dues deny,
Thou canſt at leaſt an empty tomb ſupply.
O let not me the widow's tears renew;
Nor let a mother's curſe my name purſue;
Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
Forſook the coaſts of friendly Sicily,
Her age committing to the ſeas and wind,
When every weary matron ſtaid behind.
To this Euryalus: You plead in vain,
And but protract the cauſe you cannot gain:
No more delays, but haſte. With that he wakes
The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
The guard reliev'd, the generous couple went
To find the council at the royal tent.
All creatures elſe forgot their daily care;
And ſleep, the common gift of nature, ſhare:
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful ſate
In nightly council for th' endanger'd ſtate.
They vote a meſſage to their abſent chief;
Shew their diſtreſs, and beg a ſwift relief.
Amid the camp a ſilent ſeat they choſe,
Remote their clamour, and ſecure from foes,
On their left arms their ample ſhields they bear,
Their right reclin'd upon the bending ſpear.

Now

Now Niſus and his friend approach the gu
And beg admiſſion, eager to be heard;
Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
Aſcanius bids them be conducted in;
Ordering the more experienc'd to begin.
Then Niſus thus: Ye fathers, lend your ears,
Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
The foe, ſecurely drench'd in ſleep and wine,
Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly ſhine:
And where the ſmoke in cloudy vapours flies,
Covering the plain, and curling to the ſkies,
Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide,
Cloſe by the ſea, a paſſage we have ſpy'd,
Which will our way to great Æneas guide.
Expect each hour to ſee him ſafe again,
Loaded with ſpoils of foes in battle ſlain.
Snatch we the lucky minute while we may:
Nor can we be miſtaken in the way;
For, hunting in the vales, we both have ſeen
The riſing turrets, and the ſtream between:
And know the winding courſe, with every ford.
He ceas'd: and old Alethes took the word.
Our country gods, in whom our truſt we place
Will yet from ruin ſave the Trojan race:
While we behold ſuch dauntleſs worth appear
In dawning youth, and ſouls ſo void of fear.
Then into tears of joy the father broke;
Each in his longing arms by turns he took:
nted, and paus'd; and thus again he ſpoke:

Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
In recompence of ſuch deſert, decree?
The greateſt, ſure, and beſt you can receive,
The gods, and your own conſcious worth, will give.
The reſt our grateful general will beſtow;
And young Aſcanius till his manhood owe.
And I, whoſe welfare in my father lies,
Aſcanius adds, by the great deities,
By my dear country, by my houſhold-gods,
By hoary Veſta's rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both (on you my fortune ſtands,
That and my faith I plight i to your hands):
Make me but happy in his ſ e return,
Whoſe wonted preſence I can only mourn,
Your common gift ſhall two large goblets be,
Of ſilver, wrought with cu us imagery;
And high emboſs'd, which, hen old Priam reign'd,
My conquering ſire at ſack'd Ariſba gain'd.
And more, two tripods caſt in antique mould,
With two great talents of the fineſt gold:
Beſide a coſtly bowl, ingrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave when firſt ſhe gave her heart.
But if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
When ſpoils by lot the victor ſhall obtain,
Thou ſaw'ſt the courſer by proud Turnus preſs'd,
That, Niſus, and his arms, and nodding creſt,
And ſhield, from chance exempt, ſhall be thy ſhare;
Twelve labouring ſlaves, twelve handmaids young and fair,
And clad in rich attire, and train'd with care.

And

And laſt, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whoſe years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd affection ſhall divide
From thee, heroic youth; be wholly mine:
Take full poſſeſſion; all my ſoul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate, ſhall both attend;
My life's companion, and my boſom friend;
My peace ſhall be committed to thy care,
And to thy conduct my concerns in war.
Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd:
Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
The ſame ſhall be my age, as now my youth;
No time ſhall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your goodneſs let me gain
(And this ungranted, all rewards are vain):
Of Priam's royal race my mother came,
And ſure the beſt that ever bore the name:
Whom neither Troy, nor Sicily could hold
From me departing, but, o'erſpent, and old,
My fate ſhe follow'd; ignorant of this,
Whatever danger, neither parting kiſs,
Nor pious bleſſing taken, her I leave;
And, in this only act of all my life deceive.
By this right hand, and conſcious night, I ſwear,
My ſoul ſo ſad a farewell could not bear.
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place
(Permit me to preſume ſo great a grace).
Support her age, forſaken and diſtreſs'd;
That hope alone will fortify my breaſt

Againſt the worſt of fortunes, and of fears.
He ſaid: the mov'd aſſiſtants melt in tears.
Then thus Aſcanius (wonder-ſtruck to ſee
That image of his filial piety)
So great beginnings, in ſo green an age,
Exact the faith, which I again engage.
Thy mother all the dues ſhall juſtly claim
Creüſa had; and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt ſhall have,
'Tis merit to have borne a ſon ſo brave.
Now by my head, a ſacred oath, I ſwear,
(My father us'd it) what returning here
Crown'd with ſucceſs, I for thyſelf prepare,
That, if thou fail, ſhall thy lov'd mother ſhare.
He ſaid; and, weeping while he ſpoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a ſhining ſword,
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
And in an ivory ſcabbard ſheath'd the blade:
This was his gift: great Mneſtheus gave his friend
A lion's hide, his body to defend:
And good Alethes furniſh'd him beſide,
With his own truſty helm, of temper try'd.
Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
Their iſſuing forth, and follow to the gate.
With prayers and vows, above the reſt appears
Aſcanius, manly far beyond his years,
And meſſages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were loſt, and ſlitting air.
The trenches firſt they paſs'd; then took their way
Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;

To

any fatal, ere themſelves were ſlain:
found the careleſs hoſt diſpers'd upon the plain.
gorg'd, and drunk with wine, ſupinely ſnore:
naſs'd chariots ſtand along the ſhore:
ſt the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
dley of debauch and war they lie.
ring Niſus ſhew'd his friend the fight;
d a conqueſt gain'd without a fight.
ion offers, and I ſtand prepar'd;
: lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
look around, while I ſecurely go,
new a paſſage through the ſleeping foe.
' he ſpoke; then, ſtriding, took his way,
his drawn ſword, where haughty Rhamnes lay:
ead rais'd high, on tapeſtry beneath,
heaving from his breaſt, he drew his breath:
ig and prophet by king Turnus lov'd;
ate by preſcience cannot be remov'd;
and his ſleeping ſlaves, he ſlew. Then ſpies
e Rhemus, with his rich retinue, lies:
rmour-bearer firſt, and next he kills
arioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels:
his lov'd horſes: laſt invades their lord;
on his neck he drives the fatal ſword:
gaſping head flies off; a purple flood
s from the trunk, that welters in the blood:
:h, by the ſpurning heels, diſpers'd around,
bed beſprinkles, and bedews the ground.
is the bold, and Lamyrus the ſtrong,
:w; and then Serranus fair and young.

From dice and wine the youth retir'd to reſt,
And puff'd the fumy god from out his breaſt:
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play;
More lucky had it laſted till the day.
The famiſh'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold;
And tears the peaceful flocks; with ſilent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
Nor with leſs rage Euryalus employs
The wrathful ſword, or fewer foes deſtroys:
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
He Fadus, Hebeſus, and Rhætus ſlew.
Oppreſs'd with heavy ſleep the former fall,
But Rhætus, wakeful, and obſerving all,
Behind a ſpacious jar he ſlink'd for fear:
The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.
For, as he roſe, it pierc'd his naked ſide,
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimſon dy'd.
The wound pours out a ſtream of wine and blood;
The purple ſoul comes floating in the flood.
Now where Meſſapus quarter'd they arrive;
The fires were fainting there, and juſt alive.
The warrior-horſes tied in order fed;
Niſus obſerv'd the diſcipline, and ſaid,
Our eager thirſt of blood may both betray;
And ſee the ſcatter'd ſtreaks of dawning day,
Foe to nocturnal thefts: no more, my friend,
Here let our glutted execution end:
A lane through ſlaughter'd bodies we have made:
The bold Euryalus, though loth, obey'd.

Of

Of arms, and arras, and of plate they fi
A precious load; but theſe they leave be
Yet, fond of gaudy ſpoils, the boy would
To make the rich capariſon his prey,
Which on the ſteed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
Nor did his eyes leſs longingly behold
The girdle belt, with nails of burniſh'd gold.
This preſent Cedicus the rich beſtow'd
On Remulus, when friendſhip firſt they vow'd:
And abſent, join'd in hoſpitable ties;
He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize:
Till by the conquering Ardean troops oppreſs'd,
He fell; and they the glorious gift poſſeſs'd.
Theſe glittering ſpoils (now made the victor's gain)
He to his body ſuits; but ſuits in vain.
Meſſapus' helm he finds among the reſt,
And laces on, and wears the waving creſt.
Proud of their conqueſt, prouder of their prey,
They leave the camp, and take the ready way.
But far they had not paſs'd, before they ſpy'd
Three hundred horſe with Volſcens for their guide.
The queen a legion to king Turnus ſent,
But the ſwift horſe the ſlower foot prevent:
And now, advancing, ſought the leader's tent.
They ſaw the pair; for through the doubtful ſhade
His ſhining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
'Tis not for nought, cry'd Volſcens, from the crowd,
Theſe men go there; then rais'd his voice aloud:

Stand, ſtand: why thus in arms, and whither bent:
From whence, to whom, and on what errand ſent?
Silent they ſcud away, and haſte their flight
To neighbouring woods, and truſt themſelves to night.
The ſpeedy horſe all paſſages belay,
And ſpur their ſmoking ſteeds to croſs their way;
And watch each entrance of the winding wood;
Black was the foreſt, thick with beech it ſtood;
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
Few paths of human feet or tracks of beaſts were worn.
The darkneſs of the ſhades, his heavy prey,
And fear miſled the younger from his way.
But Niſus hit the turns with h pier haſte,
And, thoughtleſs of his friend, the foreſt paſs'd:
And Alban plains, from Alba's name ſo call'd,
Where king Latinus then his oxen ſtall'd.
Till, turning at the length, he ſtood his ground,
And miſs'd his friend, and caſt his eyes around:
Ah wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind
Th' unhappy youth: where ſhall I hope to find?
Or what way take! Again he ventures back:
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and liſtening hears the noiſe
Of trampling courſers, and the rider's voice.
The ſound approach'd, and ſuddenly he view'd
The foes incloſing, and his friend purſued:
Forelay'd and taken, while he ſtrove in vain,
The ſhelter of the friendly ſhades to gain.
What ſhould he next attempt? What arms employ?
What fruitleſs force to free the captive boy;

:rate ſhould he ruſh and loſe his life,
dds oppreſs, in ſuch unequal ſtrife?
l at length, his pointed ſpear he took;
ſting on the moon a mournful look,
in of groves, and goddeſs of the night,
een, he ſaid, direct my dart aright:
my pious father for my ſake,
iteful offerings on thy altars make;
:reas'd them with my ſylvan toils,
ing the holy roofs with ſavage ſpoils,
e to ſcatter theſe. Then from his ear
'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling ſpear.
adly weapon, hiſſing from the grove,
ous on the back of Sulmo drove;
his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
. his body left the broken wood.
:gers round; his eye-balls roll in death,
ith ſhort ſobs he gaſps away his breath.
nd amaz'd; a ſecond javelin flies
:qual ſtrength, and quivers through the ſkies:
rough thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
the brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Volſcens foams with rage, and gazing round,
'd not him who gave the fatal wound:
iew to fix revenge: But thou, he cries,
)ay for both, and at the priſoner flies
his drawn ſword. Then ſtruck with deep deſpair,
:ruel ſight the lover could not bear:
om his covert ruſh'd in open view,
ent his voice before him as he flew:

Me,

Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your ſwords alone
On me; the fact confeſs'd, the fault my own.
He neither could nor durſt, the guiltleſs youth;
Ye moon and ſtars, bear witneſs to the truth!
His only crime (if friendſhip can offend)
Is too much love to his unhappy friend.
Too late he ſpeaks; the ſword, which fury guides,
Driven with full force, had pierc'd his tender ſides.
Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning wound
Guſh'd out a purple ſtream, and ſtain'd the ground.
His ſnowy neck reclines upon his breaſt,
Like a fair flower by the keen ſhare oppreſs'd:
Like a white poppy ſinking on the plain,
Whoſe heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Deſpair, and rage, and vengeance juſtly vow'd,
Drove Niſus headlong on the hoſtile crowd:
Volſcens he ſeeks: on him alone he bends;
Borne back, and bor'd, by his ſurrounding friends,
Onward he preſs'd; and kept him ſtill in ſight;
Then whirl'd aloft his ſword with all his might:
Th' unerring ſteel deſcended while he ſpoke
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and through his weazen broke:
Dying he flew; and, ſtaggering on the plain,
With ſwimming eyes he ſought his lover ſlain:
Then quiet on his bleeding boſom fell;
Content in death to be reveng'd ſo well.
O happy friends! for, if my verſe can give
Immortal life, your fame ſhall ever live:

Fix'd

Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies;
And ſpread where'er the Roman eagle flies!
The conquering party firſt divide the prey,
Then their ſlain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
To ſee ſuch numbers whom ſo few had kill'd.
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the reſt they found:
Vaſt crowds the dying and the dead ſurround:
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.
All knew the helmet which Meſſapus loſt;
But mourn'd a purchaſe that ſo dear had coſt.
Now roſe the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed;
And, with the dawn of day, the ſkies o'erſpread.
Nor long the ſun his daily courſe withheld,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.
When early Turnus, wakening with the light,
All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight.
His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd;
And his own ardour in their ſouls inſpir'd.
This done, to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Niſus, and his friend he ſhows,
Rais'd high on pointed ſpears: a ghaſtly ſight;
Loud peals of ſhouts enſue, and barbarous delight.
Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls:
They line their trenches, and they man their walls:
In front extended to the left they ſtood:
Safe was the right ſurrounded by the flood.
But caſting from their towers a frightful view,
They ſaw the faces which too well they knew;

Though then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er
With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.
Soon hasty fame, through the sad city bears
The mournful message to the mother's ears:
An icy cold benumbs her limbs: she shakes:
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.
She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
Nor fears the flying darts: she rends her hair,
And fills with loud laments th liquid air.
Thus then, my lov'd Euryalu appears!
Thus looks the prop of my de lining years!
Was't on this face my famish'd eyes I fed!
Ah how unlike the living is the dead!
And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
Not one kind kiss from a departing son!
No look, no last adieu before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!
Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies:
To call about his corpse his crying friends;
Or spread the mantle (made for other ends)
On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour spare.
Where shall I find his corpse? What earth sustains
His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?
For this, alas, I left my needful ease,
Expos'd my life to winds, and winter seas!

If

If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:
Or if they fail, thou Jove conclude my woe,
And send me thunder-struck to shades below!
Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans ears,
Unman their courage, and augment their fears:
Nor young Ascanius could the sight sustain,
Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain:
But Actor and Idæus, jointly sent,
To bear the madding mother to her tent.
And now the trumpets, terribly from far,
With rattling clangor, rouze the sleepy war.
The soldiers shouts succeed the brazen sounds
And heaven, from pole to pole, their noise rebounds.
The Volscians bear their shields upon their head,
And, rushing forward, form a moving shed;
These fill the ditch; those pull the bulwarks down:
Some raise the ladders; others scale the town.
But where void spaces on the walls appear,
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.
With poles and missive weapons, from afar,
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
Taught by their ten years siege defensive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, and unresisted weight,
To break the penthouse with the ponderous blow;
Which yet the patient Volscians undergo.
But could not bear th' unequal combat long;
For where the Trojans find the thickest throng,
The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way,
And their crush'd heads became an easy prey.

They

They ſhrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage;
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and ſlings, and with the diſtant bow.
Elſewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
But brave Meſſapus, Neptune's warlike ſon,
Broke down the paliſades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls to ſcale the town.
Calliope begin: ye ſacred nine,
Inſpire your poet in his high deſign;
To ſing what ſlaughter manly Turnus made:
What ſouls he ſent below the Stygian ſhade:
What fame the ſoldiers with their captain ſhare,
And the vaſt circuit of the fatal war.
For you in ſinging martial facts excel;
You beſt remember; and alone can tell.

There ſtood a tower, amazing to the ſight,
Built up of beams; and of ſtupendous height;
Art, and the nature of the place, conſpir'd
To furniſh all the ſtrength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italians join;
The wary Trojans obviate their deſign:
With weighty ſtones o'erwhelm'd their troops below,
Shoot through the loop-holes, and ſharp javelins throw.
Turnus, the chief, toſs'd from his thundering hand,
Againſt the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It ſtuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high;
The planks were ſeaſon'd, and the timber dry.

Con-

Contagion caught the posts: it spread along,
Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd throng.
The Trojans fled; the fire pursued amain,
Still gathering fast upon the trembling train;
Till, crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defence, and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heaven itself resound,
The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground.
The tower that follow'd on the fallen crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it slew:
Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;
All the same equal ruin underwent.
Young Lycus and Helenor only 'scape;
Sav'd how they know not, from the steepy leap.
Helenor, elder of the two; by birth,
On one side royal, one a son of earth,
Whom, to the Lydian king, Lycimnia bare,
And sent her boasted bastard to the war
(A privilege which none but freemen share).
Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield,
No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.
Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,
And, rising, found himself amidst his foes.
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way;
Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay:
And like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds
Of eager huntsmen, and invading hounds,
Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
And bounds aloft against the pointed spears:

So

So dares the youth, ſecure of death, and throws
His dying body on his thickeſt foes.
But Lycus, ſwifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidſt the war:
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And ſnatches at the beam he firſt can find.
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the ſtretch,
In hopes the helping hand of ſome kind friend to reach.
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey
(His ſpear had almoſt reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and ſcarce a ſpan behind):
Fool, ſaid the chief, though fleeter than the wind,
Couldſt thou preſume to 'ſcape when I purſue?
He ſaid, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling daſtard: at the tug he falls,
Vaſt ruins come along, rent from the ſmoking walls.
Thus on ſome ſilver ſwan, or timorous hare,
Jove's bird comes ſouſing down from upper air;
Her crooked talons truſs the fearful fray:
Then out of ſight ſhe ſoars, and wings her way.
So ſeizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.
Then ruſhing onward, with a barbarous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.
The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
Toſs'd firebrands to the ſteepy turrets throw.
Hilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock ſo right,
It cruſh'd him double underneath the weight.

Two

Two more young Liger and Aſylas ſlew;
To bend the bow young Liger better knew:
Aſylas beſt the pointed javelin threw.
Brave Cæneas laid Ortygius on the plain;
The victor Cæneas was by Turnus ſlain.
By the ſame hand, Clonius and Itys fall,
Sagar and Ida, ſtanding on the wall.
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found;
Hurt by Themilla firſt; but ſlight the wound;
His ſhield thrown by, to mitigate the ſmart,
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part:
The ſecond ſhaft came ſwift and uneſpy'd,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his ſide:
Transfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart;
The ſoul came iſſuing out, and hiſs'd againſt the dart.
The ſon of Arcens ſhone amid the reſt,
In glittering armour and a purple veſt.
Fair was his face, his eyes inſpiring love,
Bred by his father in the Martian grove:
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And ſent in arms to purchaſe early fame.
Him when he ſpy'd from far, the Thuſcan king
Laid by the lance, and took him to the ſling:
Thrice whirl'd the thong aroung his head, and threw:
The heated lead half melted as it flew:
It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain;
The youth came tumbling down, and ſpurn'd the plain.
Then young Aſcanius, who before this day
Was wont in woods to ſhoot the ſavage prey,

Firſt bent in martial ſtrife the twanging bow;
And exercis'd againſt a human foe.
With this bereft Numanus of his life,
Who Turnus' younger ſiſter took to wife.
Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with a ſtride,
In theſe inſulting terms the Trojans he defy'd:
Twice conquer'd cowards, now your ſhame is ſhown,
Coop'd up a ſecond time within your town!
Who dare not iſſue forth in open field,
But hold your walls before you for a ſhield.
Thus threat you war, thus our alliance force!
What gods, what madneſs hither ſteer'd your courſe!
You ſhall not find the ſons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of ſly Ulyſſes fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a ſturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There bath'd amid the ſtream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
They wake before the day to range the wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taſte unconquer'd food.
No ſports but what belong to war they know,
To break the ſtubborn colt, to bend the bow.
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
From ploughs and harrows ſent to ſeek renown,
They fight in fields, and ſtorm the ſhaken town.
No part of life from toils of war is free;
No change in age, or difference in degree.

We

We plough, and til in arms; our oxen feel,
Inſtead of goads, the ſpur, and pointed ſteel:
Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain;
Ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
The body, not the mind: nor can control
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the ſoul.
Our helms defend the young, diſguiſe the grey:
We live by plunder, and delight in prey.
Your veſts embroider'd with rich purple ſhine;
In ſloth you glory, and in dances join.
Your veſts have ſweeping ſleeves: with female pride
Your turbans underneath your chins are ty'd.
Go Phrygians, to your Dindymus agen;
Go, leſs than women, in the ſhapes of men;
Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the mother's rites,
Where with unequal ſound the flute invites.
Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's ſhade;
Reſign the war to men, who know the martial trade.
This foul reproach Aſcanius could not hear
With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
At the full ſtretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almoſt join'd the horns of the tough eugh.
But firſt, before the throne of Jove he ſtood:
And thus with lifted hands invoked the god:
My firſt attempt, great Jupiter, ſucceed;
An annual offering in thy grove ſhall bleed:
A ſnow-white ſteer before thy altar led,
Who like his mother bears aloft his head,
Buts with his threatening brows, and bellowing ſtands,
And dares the fight, and ſpurns the yellow ſands.

Jove bow'd the heavens, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidſt the clear.
Sounded at once the bow; and ſwiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hiſſes through the ſkies.
The ſteel through both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground Numanus lay.
Go now, vain boaſter, and true valour ſcorn;
The Phrygians, twice ſubdued, yet make this third return.
Aſcanius ſaid no more: the Trojans ſhake
The heavens with ſhouting, and new vigour take.
Apollo then beſtrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardleſs victor, he beſpoke aloud:
Advance, illuſtrious youth; increaſe in fame,
And wide from eaſt to weſt extend thy name.
Offspring of gods thyſelf; and Rome ſhall owe
To thee, a race of demigods below.
This is the way to heaven: the pewers divine,
From this beginning, date the Julian line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due: and the vaſt world is theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy name. He ſaid,
And, plunging downward, ſhot his radiant head;
Diſpell'd the breathing air that broke his flight,
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal ſight.
Old Butes' form he took, Anchiſes' ſquire,
Now left no rule Aſcanius, by his ſire;
His wrinkled viſage, and his hoary hairs,
His mien, his habit, and his arms he wears;
And thus ſalutes the boy, too forward for his years:

Suffice

Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy ſon,
The warlike prize thou haſt already won:
The god of archers gives thy youth a part
Of his own praiſe; nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more. He ſaid, and flew
Obſcure in air, and vaniſh'd from their view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know;
And hear the twanging of his heavenly bow.
Then duteous force they uſe, and Phœbus' name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
Undaunted they themſelves no danger ſhun:
From wall to wall the ſhouts and clamours run:
They bend their bows; they whirl their ſlings around:
Heaps of ſpent arrows fall, and ſtrew the ground;
And helms, and ſhields, and rattling arms reſound.
The combat thickens like the ſtorm that flies
From weſtward, when the ſhowery kids ariſe:
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter deſcends in harden'd rain:
Or bellowing clouds burſt with a ſtormy ſound,
And with an armed winter ſtrew the ground.
Pand'rus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top, two youths of height and ſize,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain riſe;
Preſuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averſe, againſt their king's command,
Arm'd on the right and on the left they ſtand,

And flank the paſſage: ſhining ſteel they wear,
And waving creſts above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Lift up to heaven their leafy heads unſhorn;
And overpreſs'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whiſtling winds, and at each other nod.
In flows a tide of Latians, when they ſee
The gate ſet open, and the paſſage free.
Bold Quercens, with raſh Tmarus ruſhing on,
Equicolas, who in bright armour ſhone,
And Hæmon firſt, but ſoon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the well-defended paſs they die.
Theſe with ſucceſs are fir'd, and thoſe with rage;
And each, on equal terms at length, engage.
Drawn from their lines, and iſſuing on the plain,
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.
Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
When ſuddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought;
The foes had left the faſtneſs of their place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chace.
He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.
The firſt he met, Antiphates the brave,
But baſe-begotten on a Theban ſlave;
Sarpedon's ſon he ſlew: the deadly dart
Found paſſage through his breaſt, and pierc'd his heart.
Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel ſtood;
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.

Aphidnus

Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
And Meropes, and the gigantic ſize
Of Bitias, threatening with his ardent eyes.
Not by the feeble dart he fell oppreſs'd,
A dart were loſt within that roomy breaſt,
But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, ſtrong;
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:
Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force withhold;
Nor coat of double mail, with ſcales of gold.
Down ſunk the monſter-bulk, and preſs'd the ground:
His arms and clattering ſhield on the vaſt body ſound.
Not with leſs ruin, than the Bajan mole
(Rais'd on the ſeas the ſurges to control),
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the ſtones disjointed fall
Off the vaſt pile; the ſcatter'd ocean flies;
Black ſands, diſcolour'd froth, and mingled mud ariſe.
The frighted billows roll, and ſeek the ſhores:
Then trembles Prochyta, then Iſchia roars:
Typhœus thrown beneath, by Jove's command,
Aſtoniſh'd at the flaw that ſhakes the land,
Soon ſhifts his weary ſide, and, ſcarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight preſs lighter on his back.
The warrior-god the Latian troops inſpir'd;
New ſtrung their ſinews, and their courage fir'd,
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright:
Then black deſpair precipitates their flight.
When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
The town with fear, and wild confuſion fill'd,

He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands; and adds his ſhoulders to the weight.
Some happier friends within the walls inclos'd;
The reſt ſhut out, to certain death expos'd.
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T' admit young Turnus, and include the war.
He thruſt amid the crowd, ſecurely bold;
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
Too late his blazing buckler they deſcry;
And ſparkling fires that ſhot from either eye:
His mighty members, and his ample breaſt,
His rattling armour, and his crimſon creſt.
Far from that hated face the Trojans fly;
All but the fool who fought his deſtiny.
Mad Pandarus ſteps forth, with vengeance vow'd
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
Theſe are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:
'Tis hoſtile earth you tread; of hope bereft,
No means of ſafe return by flight are left,
To whom, with countenance calm, and ſoul ſedate,
Thus Turnus: Then begin; and try thy fate:
My meſſage to the ghoſt of Priam bear,
Tell him a new Achilles ſent thee there.
A lance of tough ground-aſh the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew;
With his full force he whirl'd it firſt around;
But the ſoft yielding air receiv'd the wound:

Imperial

Imperial Juno turn'd the courſe before,
And fix'd the wandering weapon in the door.
But hope not thou, ſaid Turnus, when I ſtrike,
To ſhun thy fate; our force is not alike:
Nor thy ſteel temper'd by the Lemnian god:
Then, riſing, on his utmoſt ſtretch he ſtood;
And aim'd from high: the full deſcending blow
Cleaves the broad front, and beardleſs cheeks in two:
Down ſinks the giant, with a thundering ſound,
His ponderous limbs oppreſs the trembling ground;
Blood, brains, and foam, guſh from the gaping wound.
Scalp, face, and ſhoulders, the keen ſteel divides;
And the ſhar'd viſage hangs on equal ſides.
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate:
And had the victor then ſecur'd the gate,
And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,
One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind deſire of blood,
Puſh on his fury to purſue the crowd;
Hamſtring'd behind, unhappy Gyges dy'd;
Then Phalaris is added to his ſide:
The pointed javelins from the dead he drew,
And their friends arms againſt their fellows threw.
Strong Halys ſtands in vain; weak Phlegys flies;
Saturnia, ſtill at hand, new force and fire ſupplies.
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall
(Engag'd againſt the foes, who ſcal'd the wall):
But whom they fear'd without, they found within:
At laſt, though late, by Lincus he was ſeen:

He

He calls new ſuccours, and aſſaults the prince;
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
Turn'd to the right, his ſword the hero drew,
And at one blow the bold aggreſſor ſlew.
He joints the neck; and with a ſtroke ſo ſtrong,
The helm flies off; and bears the head along.
Next him, the huntſman Amycus he kill'd,
In darts envenom'd, and in poiſon ſkill'd.
Then Clytius fell beneath his f tal ſpear,
And Cretus, whom the Muſe held ſo dear:
He fought with courage, and h ſung the fight:
Arms were his buſineſs, verſes his delight.

The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
Their ſlaughter'd friends, haſten their relief.
Bold Mneſtheus rallies firſt broken train,
Whom brave Sereſthus and t troop ſuſtain.
To ſave the living, and revenge the dead,
Againſt one warrior's arm all Troy they led.
O, void of ſenſe and courage, Mneſtheus cry'd,
Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?
Ah, where beyond theſe rampires can you run!
One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you ſhun!
Shall then a ſingle ſword ſuch ſlaughter boaſt,
And paſs unpuniſh'd from a numerous hoſt?
Forſaking honour, and renouncing fame,
Your gods, your country, and your king, you ſhame.

This juſt reproach their virtue does excite,
They ſtand, they join, they thicken to the fight.

Now Turnus doubts, and yet diſdains to yield;
But with ſlow paces meaſures back the field;

And

And inches to the walls, where Tiber's tide,
Waſhing the camp, defends the weaker ſide.
The more he loſes, they advance the more;
And tread in every ſtep he trod before:
They ſhout, they bear him back, and whom by might
They cannot conquer, they oppreſs with weight.
As, compaſs'd with a wood of ſpears around,
The lordly lion ſtill maintains his ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
Threats his diſtended paws, and ſhakes his mane:
He loſes while in vain he preſſes on,
Nor will his courage let him dare to run;
So Turnus fares, and, unreſolv'd of flight,
Moves tardy back, and juſt recedes from fight.
Yet twice, enrag'd, the combat he renews,
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes purſues:
But now they ſwarm; and, with freſh troops ſupply'd,
Come rolling on, and ruſh from every ſide.
Nor Juno, who ſuſtain'd his arms before,
Dares with new ſtrength ſuffice th' exhauſted ſtore.
For Jove, with ſour commands, ſent Iris down,
To force th' invader from th' affrighted town.
With labour ſpent, no longer can he wield
The heavy faulchion, or ſuſtain the ſhield:
O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling,
The weapons round his hollow temples ring:
His golden helm gives way: with ſtony blows
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows,
His creſt is raſh'd away; his ample ſhield
Is falſify'd, and round with javelins fill'd.

The

Flung o'er the flood, and made the waters fly:
The yellow god the welcome burden bore,
And wip'd the ſweat, and waſh'd away the gor
Then gently wafts him to the farther coaſt;
And ſends him ſafe to chear his anxious hoſt.

THE TENTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return, there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lauſus, and Mezentius. Mezentius is deſcribed as an atheiſt; Lauſus as a pious and virtuous youth: the different actions and death of theſe two are the ſubject of a noble epiſode.

THE gates of heaven unfold; Jove ſummons all
The gods to council in the common hall.
Sublimely ſeated, he ſurveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war;
And all th' inferior world: from firſt to laſt
The ſovereign ſenate in degrees are plac'd.
Then thus th' almighty ſire began: Ye gods,
Natives, or denizens, of bleſt abodes;

From

From whence theſe murmurs, and this change of mind,
This backward fate from what was firſt deſign'd?
Why this protracted war? When my commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands.
What fear or hopes on either part divides
Our heavens, and arms our powers on different ſides?
A lawf[illegible] of war at length will come
[illegible] haſte anticipate the doom)
[illegible] world with Rome:
[illegible] the rigid rocks [illegible] Alpine chains;
[illegible] like a flood come p[illegible] n the plains:
Then is your time for fa[illegible] d debate,
For partial favour, and perm[illegible] l hate.
Let now your immature di[illegible] n ceaſe:
Sit quiet, and compoſe your [illegible] s to peace.
Thus Jupiter in few u[illegible] he charge:
But lovely Venus thus repines at large:
O power immenſe, eternal energy!
(For to what elſe protection can we fly?)
Seeſt thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare
In fields, unpuniſh'd, and inſult my care?
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidſt his train,
In ſhining arms triumphant on the plain?
Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend;
And ſcarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:
The town is fill'd with ſlaughter, and o'erfloats,
With a red deluge, their increaſing moats.
Æneas, ignorant, and far from thence,
Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.

This

This endleſs outrage ſhall they ſtill ſuſtain?
Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd, and fired again?
A ſecond ſiege my baniſh'd iſſue fears,
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found;
And I thy daughter wait another wound.
Yet if, with fates averſe, without thy leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive,
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
But if the gods their ſure ſucceſs foretel,
If thoſe of heaven conſent with thoſe of hell,
To promiſe Italy; who dare debate
The power of Jove, or fix another fate?
What ſhould I tell of tempeſts on the main,
Of Æolus uſurping Neptune's reign?
Of Iris ſent, with Bacchanalian heat,
T' inſpire the matrons, and deſtroy the fleet.
Now Juno to the Stygian ſky deſcends,
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
That new example wanted yet above:
An act that well became the wife of Jove.
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
The peaceful boſoms of the Latian dames.
Imperial ſway no more exalts my mind
(Such hopes I had indeed, while heaven was kind);
Now let my happier foes poſſeſs my place,
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race;
And conquer they, whom you with conqueſt grace.

Since

Since you can ſpare, from all your wide command,
No ſpot of earth, no hoſpitable land,
Which may my wandering fugitives receive
(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave);
Then, father (if I ſtill may uſe that name)
By ruin'd Troy, yet ſmoking from the flame,
I be [illegible] let Aſcanius by my care,
[illegible] om danger, and diſmiſs'd the war:
[illegible] ive, wit[illegible] t a crown;
[illegible] father may be caſt on c[illegible] ts unknown,
Struggling with fate; but le[illegible] ne ſave the ſon.
Mine is Cythera, mine [illegible] prian towers;
In thoſe receſſes, and th[illegible] ed bowers,
Obſcurely let [illegible] eſt [illegible] nt reſign
To promis'd [illegible] ulian line.
Then Cartha[illegible] an towns deſtroy,
Nor fear the race [illegible] oy.
What profits it my ſon, to 'ſcape the fire,
Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his ſire;
To paſs the perils of the ſeas and wind;
Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;
To reach th' Italian ſhores: if, after all,
Our ſecond Pergamus is doom'd to fall?
Much better had he curb'd his high deſires,
And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguiſhed fires.
To Simois' banks the fugitives reſtore,
And give them back to war, and all the woes before.
Deep indignation ſwell'd Saturnia's heart:
And muſt I own, ſhe ſaid, my ſecret ſmart?

What with more decence were in silence kept,
And but for this unjust reproach had slept.
Did god, or man, your favourite son advise,
With war unhop'd the Latians to surprize?
By fate you boast, and by the gods decree,
He left his native land for Italy:
Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more
Than Heaven, inspir'd, he sought a foreign shore:
Did I persuade to trust his second Troy
To the raw conduct of a beardless boy?
With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
And through the waves a wandering voyage takes?
When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?
Did I or Iris give this mad advice?
Or made the fool himself the fatal choice
You think it hard, the Latians should destroy
With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy.
Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
Their native air, nor take a foreign law:
That Turnus is permitted still to live,
To whom his birth, god and goddess give:
But yet his just and awful for your line,
To give their fields, and force with hand to pie
Realms not your own, among your land divide
And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride
Petition, while you public arms prepare;
Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war.
Twas given to you, your dusting son [illegible]
To draw the dastard from the fight
And [illegible] man obtend an [illegible]

From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
But 'tis my crime, the Queen of Heaven offends,
If she presume to save her suffering friends.
Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
You say is absent: absent let him be.
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian towers,
The soft recesses, and the sacred bowers.
Why do you then these needless arms prepare,
And thus provoke a people prone to war?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?
Think on whose faith th' adulterous youth rely'd:
Who promis'd, who procur'd, the Spartan bride?
When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,
To purge the world of the perfidious kind;
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.
Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause
Just as they favour, or dislike, the cause:
So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
In whispers first their tender voices try:
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
And storms to trembling mariners presage.
Then thus to both reply'd th' imperial god,
Who shakes Heaven's axles with his awful nod.
(When he begins, the silent senate stand
With reverence, listening to the dread command

The clouds diſpel; the winds their breath reſtrain;
And the huſh'd waves lie flatted on the main).
Cœleſtials! your attentive ears incline;
Since, ſaid the god, the Trojans muſt not join
In wiſh'd alliance with the Latian Line;
Since endleſs jarrings, and immortal hate,
Tend but to diſcompoſe our happy ſtate;
The war henceforward be reſign'd to Fate.
Each to his proper fortune ſtand or fall,
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
Rutulians, Trojans, are the ſame to me;
And both ſhall draw the lots their fates decree.
Let theſe aſſault, if Fortune be their friend;
And if ſhe favours thoſe, let thoſe defend:
The Fates will find their way. The Thunderer ſaid;
And ſhook the ſacred honours of his head;
Atteſting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:
Trembled the poles of Heaven; and earth confeſs'd the nod:
This end the ſeſſions had: the ſenate riſe,
And to his palace wait their ſovereign through the ſkies.
Mean time, intent upon their ſiege, the foes
Within their walls the Trojan hoſt incloſe:
They wound, they kill, they watch at every gate:
Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.
Th' Æneans wiſh in vain their wonted chief,
Hopeleſs of flight, more hopeleſs of relief;
Thin on the towers they ſtand; and ev'n thoſe few,
A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew:

Yet in the face of danger ſome there ſtood:
The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
Aſius and Acmon: both th' Aſſaraci;
Young Hæmon, and, though young, reſolv'd to die.
With theſe were Clarus and Thymetes join'd;
Tibris and Caſtor, both of Lycian kind.
From Acmon's hands a rolling ſtone there came,
So large, it half deſerv'd a mountain's name!
Strong-ſinew'd was the youth, and big of bone,
His brother Mneſtheus could not more have done;
Or the great father of th' intrepid ſon.
Some firebrands throw, ſome flights of arrows ſend;
And ſome with darts, and ſome with ſtones defend.
Amid the preſs appears the beauteous boy,
The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy.
His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare,
In ringlets o'er his ſhoulders hung his hair;
His forehead circled with a diadem;
Diſtinguiſh'd from the crowd he ſhines a gem,
Enchas'd in gold, or poliſh'd ivory ſet,
Amidſt the meaner foil of ſable jet.
  Nor Iſmarus was wanting to the war,
Directing pointed arrows from afar,
And death with poiſon arm'd: in Lydia born
Where plenteous harveſts the fat fields adorn:
Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,
And leaves a rich manure of golden ſands.
There Capys, author of the Capuan name:
And there was Mneſtheus too increas'd in fame,
Since Turnus from the camp he caſt with ſhame.

Thus

Thus mortal war was wag'd on either ſide.
Mean time the hero cuts the nightly tide:
For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
He ſought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;
Expos'd the cauſe of coming to the chief;
His name and country told, and aſk'd relief:
Propos'd the terms; his own ſmall ſtrength declar'd,
What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd:
What Turnus, bold and violent, deſign'd;
Then ſhew'd the ſlippery ſtate of human kind,
And fickle Fortune; warn'd him to beware:
And to his wholeſome counſel added prayer.
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty ſigns:
And to the Trojan troops the Tuſcan joins.
They ſoon ſet ſail; nor now the Fates withſtand;
Their forces truſted with a foreign hand.
Æneas leads; upon his ſtern appear
Two lions carv'd, which riſing Ida bear;
Ida, to wandering Trojans ever dear.
Under their grateful ſhade Æneas ſate,
Revolving war's events, and various fate.
As left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his ſide,
And oft' of winds inquir'd, and of the tide:
And of the ſtars, and of their watery way;
And what he ſuffer'd both by land and ſea.
Now, ſacred ſiſters, open all your ſpring:
The Tuſcan leaders, and their army ſing;
Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:
Their arms, their numbers, and their names, declare.

A thouſand youths brave Maſſicus obey,
Born in the Tiger, through the foaming ſea;
From Aſium brought, and Coſa, by his care;
For arms, light quivers, bows and ſhafts they bea
Fierce Abas next, his men bright armour wore;
His ſtern, Apollo's golden ſtatue bore.
Six hundred Populonea ſent along,
All ſkill'd in martial exerciſe, and ſtrong.
Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
An iſle renown'd for ſteel, and unexhauſted mines.
Aſylas on his prow the third appears,
Who heaven interprets, and the wandering ſtars;
From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,
And peals of thunder, with preſaging ſounds.
A thouſand ſpears in warlike order ſtand,
Sent by the Piſans under his command.

Fair Aſtur follows in the watery field,
Proud of his manag'd horſe, and painted ſhield,
Graviſca, noiſom from the neighbouring fen,
And his own Cœre, ſent three hundred men:
With thoſe which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;
All bred in arms, unanimous and brave.

Thou, Muſe, the name of Cinyras renew;
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few:
Whoſe helm confeſs'd the lineage of the man,
And bore, with wings diſplay'd, a ſilver ſwan.
Love was the fault of his fam'd anceſtry,
Whoſe forms and fortunes in his enſigns fly.
For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phaeton,
And ſung his loſs in poplar groves alone;

Bei

Beneath the ſilver ſhades to ſooth his grief:
Heaven heard his ſong, and haſten'd his relief;
And chang'd to ſnowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
His ſon Cupavo bruſh'd the briny flood:
Upon his ſtern a brawny Centaur ſtood,
Who heav'd a rock, and threatening ſtill to throw,
With lifted hands, alarm'd the ſeas below:
They ſeem to fear the formidable ſight,
And roll'd their billows on, to ſpeed his flight.
Ocnus was next, who led his native train
Of hardy warriors through the watery plain,
The ſon of Manto, by the Tuſcan ſtream,
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name,
An ancient city, but of mix'd deſcent,
Three ſeveral tribes compoſe the government:
Four towns are under each; but all obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuſcan ſway.
Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
Whom Mincius from his ſire Benacus bore;
(Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd o'er).
Theſe grave Auletes leads. A hundred ſweep,
With ſtretching oars, at once the glaſſy deep:
Him, and his martial train, the Triton bears,
High on his poop the ſea-green god appears:
Frowning he ſeems his crooked ſhell to ſound,
And at the blaſt the billows dance around.
A hairy man above the waſte he ſhows,
A porpoiſe tail beneath his belly grows;

And ends a fish: his breast the waves divides,
And froth and foam augment the murmuring tides.
Full thirty ships transport the chosen train,
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.
Now was the world forsaken by the sun,
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.
A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own gallies, hewn from Ida's wood:
But now as many nymphs the sea they sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
They know him from afar; and in a ring
Inclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast.
Her right hand stops the stern, her left divides
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides:
She spoke for all the choir; and thus began
With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man:
Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born! awake,
Spread every sail, pursue your watery track;
And haste your course. Your navy once were we,
From Ida's height descending to the sea:
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.
Then loos'd from shore we fled his fires profane
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain);
And since have sought you through the Tuscan main.

The

Thie mighty mother chang'd our forms to theſe,
And gave us life immortal in the ſeas.
But young Aſcanius, in his camp diſtreſs'd,
By your inſulting foes is hardly preſs'd;
Th' Arcadian horſemen, and Etrurian hoſt,
Advance in order on the Latian coaſt:
To cut their way the Daunian chief deſigns,
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.
Thou, when the roſy morn reſtores the light,
Eirſt arm thy ſoldiers for th' enſuing fight;
Thyſelf the fated ſword of Vulcan wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable ſhield.
To-morrow's ſon, unleſs my ſkill be vain,
Shall ſee huge heaps of foes in battle ſlain.
Parting, ſhe ſpoke; and, with immortal force,
Puſh'd on the veſſel in her watery courſe,
(For well ſhe knew the way) impell'd behind,
The ſhip flew forward, and outſtript the wind.
The reſt make up: unknowing of the cauſe,
The chief admires their ſpeed, and happy omens draws.
Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on Heaven his eyes:
Hear thou, great mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd, (on Ida's holy hill,
Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will),
Firm thy own omens, lead us on to fight,
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.
He ſaid no more. And now renewing day
Had chac'd the ſhadows of the night away.

He charg'd the ſoldiers with preventing care,
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
Warn'd of th' enſuing fight, and bade them hope the war.

Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below,
His camp encompaſs'd, and th' incloſing foe.
His blazing ſhield embrac'd, he held on high;
The camp receive the ſign, and with loud ſhouts reply.
Hope arms their courage: from their towers they throw
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the ſignal given, the cranes ariſe
Before the ſtormy ſouth, and blacken all the ſkies.
King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd;
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd;
The ſeas with ſwelling canvaſs cover'd o'er;
And the ſwift ſhips deſcending on the ſhore.
The Latians ſaw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant creſt that ſeem'd in flames to riſe,
And dart diffuſive fires around the field;
And the keen glittering of the golden ſhield.

Thus threatening comets, when by night they riſe,
Shoot ſanguine ſtreams, and ſadden all the ſkies:
So Sirius, flaſhing forth ſiniſter lights,
Pale human-kind with plagues and with dry famine frights.
Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind, is bent
To man the ſhores, and hinder their deſcent:
And thus awakes the courage of his friends.
What you ſo long have wiſh'd, kind fortune ſends:

In

In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:
You find, and find him at advantage now.
Yours is the day, you need but only dare:
Your ſwords will make you maſters of the war.
Your ſires, your ſons, your houſes, and your lands,
And deareſt wives, are all within your hands.
Be mindful of the race from whence you came;
And emulate in arms your father's fame.
Now take the time, while ſtaggering yet they ſtand
With feet unfirm; and prepoſſeſs the ſtrand:
Fortune befriends the bold. No more he ſaid,
But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:
Then theſe elects, the landing to prevent;
And thoſe he leaves, to keep the city pent.
  Mean time the Trojan ſends his troops aſhore:
Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
With labouring oars they bear along the ſtrand,
Where the tide languiſhes, and leap a-land.
Tarchon obſerves the coaſt with careful eyes,
And where no ford he finds, no water fries,
Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,
But ſmoothly ſlide along, and ſwell the ſhore:
That courſe he ſteer'd, and thus he gave command,
Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:
Force on the veſſel, that her keel may wound
This hated ſoil, and furrow hoſtile ground.
Let me ſecurely land, I aſk no more,
Then ſink my ſhips, or ſhatter on the ſhore.
This fiery ſpeech inflames his fearful friends,
They tug at every oar; and every ſtretcher bends:

They

They run their ſhips aground, the veſſels knock,
(Thus forc'd aſhore) and tremble with the ſhock.
Tarchon's alone was loſt, and ſtranded ſtood,
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.
She breaks her back, the looſen'd ſides give way,
And plunge the Tuſcan ſoldiers in the ſea.
Their broken oars and floating planks withſtand
Their paſſage, while they labour to the land;
And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain ſand.

Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,
Advancing to the margin of the ſea.
The trumpets ſound: Æneas firſt aſſail'd
The clowns new-rais'd and raw; and ſoon prevail'd.
Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight:
Great Theron large of limbs, of giant height.
He firſt in open fields defy'd the prince,
But armour ſcal'd with gold was no defence
Againſt the fated ſword, which open'd wide
His plated ſhield, and pierc'd his naked ſide.

Next, Lycas fell; who, not like others born,
Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn:
Sacred, O Phœbus! from his birth to thee,
For his beginning life from biting ſteel was free.
Nor far from him was Gyas laid along,
Of monſtrous bulk; with Ciſſeus fierce and ſtrong;
Vain bulk and ſtrength; for when the chief aſſail'd,
Nor valour, nor Herculean arms, avail'd;
Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.

The

The noiſy Pharos next receiv'd his death,
Æneas writh'd his dart, and ſtopp'd his bawling breath.
Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
Who courted Clytius in his beardleſs bloom,
And ſought with luſt obſcene polluted joys:
The Trojan ſword had cur'd his love of boys,
Had not his ſeven bold brethren ſtopp'd the courſe
Of the fierce champion, with united force.
Seven darts are thrown at once, and ſome rebound
From his bright ſhield, ſome on his helmet ſound:
The reſt had reach'd him, but his mother's care
Prevented thoſe, and turn'd aſide in air.
The prince then call'd Achates, to ſupply
The ſpears that knew the way to victory.
Thoſe fatal weapons, which, inur'd to blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium ſtood:
Not one of thoſe my hand ſhall toſs in vain
Againſt our foes, on this contended plain,
He ſaid: then ſeiz'd a mighty ſpear, and threw;
Which, wing'd with fate, through Mæon's buckler flew;
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:
He ſtagger'd with intolerable ſmart.
Alcanor ſaw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping hand, his brother to ſuſtain.
A ſecond ſpear, which kept the former courſe,
From the ſame hand, and ſent with equal force,
His right arm pierc'd, and, holding on, bereft
His uſe of both, and pinion'd down his left.
Then Numitor, from his dead brother, drew
Th' ill-omen'd ſpear, and at the Trojan threw:

Prevent-

Preventing Fate directs the lance awry,
Which, glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.
In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came,
And from afar at Dryops took his aim.
The spear flew hissing through the middle space,
And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face:
It stopp'd at once the passage of his wind,
And the free soul to flitting air resign'd:
His forehead was the first that struck the ground;
Life-blood and life rush'd mingled through the wound.
He slew three brothers of the Borean race,
And three, whom Ismarus, their native place,
Had sent to war, but all the sons of Thrace.
Halesus next, the bold Aurunci leads;
The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,
Conspicuous on his horse: on either hand
These fight to keep, and those to win the land.
With mutual blood th' Ausonian soil is dy'd,
While on its borders each their claim decide.
As wintery winds, contending in the sky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try:
They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heaven
Stands without motion, and the tide undriven:
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield;
They long suspend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can:
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.
But in another part, th' Arcadian horse,
With ill-success engage the Latin force,

For

For where th' impetuous torrent, ruſhing down,
Huge craggy ſtones, and rooted trees had thrown,
They left their courſers, and, unus'd to fight
On foot, were ſcatter'd in a ſhameful flight.
Pallas, who with diſdain and grief had view'd
His foes purſuing, and his friends purſued,
Us'd threatnings mix'd with prayers, his laſt reſource;
With theſe to move their minds, with thoſe to fire their force.
Which way, companions! whither would you run?
By you yourſelves, and mighty battles won;
By my great ſire, by his eſtabliſh'd name,
And early promiſe of my future fame;
By my youth emulous of equal right,
To ſhare his honours, ſhun ignoble flight.
Truſt not your feet; your hands muſt hew your way
Through yon black body, and that thick array:
'Tis through that forward path that we muſt come:
There lies our way, and that our paſſage home.
Nor powers above, nor deſtinies below,
Oppreſs our arms; with equal ſtrength we go;
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
See on what foot we ſtand: a ſcanty ſhore;
The ſea behind, our enemies before:
No paſſage left, unleſs we ſwim the main;
Or, forcing theſe, the Trojan trenches gain.
This ſaid, he ſtrode with eager haſte along,
And bore amidſt the thickeſt of the throng,
Lagus, the firſt he met, with fate to foe,
Had heav'd a ſtone of mighty weight to throw;

Stoop-

Stooping, the ſpear deſcended on his chine,
Juſt where the bone diſtinguiſh'd either loin:
It ſtuck ſo faſt, ſo deeply bury'd lay,
That ſcarce the victor forc'd the ſteel away.
Hiſbon came on, but while he mov'd too ſlow
To wiſh'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow;
For, warding his at once, at once he preſs'd;
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breaſt.
Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in duſt,
Who ſtain'd his ſtepdam's bed with impious luſt.
And after him the Daunian twins were ſlain,
Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian plain:
So wondrous like in feature, ſhape, and ſize,
As caus'd an error in their parents' eyes.
Grateful miſtake! but ſoon the ſword decides
The nice diſtinction, and their fate divides.
For Thimbrus' head was lopp'd: and Laris' hand,
Diſmember'd, fought its owner on the ſtrand:
The trembling fingers yet the fauchion ſtrain,
And threaten ſtill th' intended ſtroke in vain.
Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came:
Sight of ſuch acts, and ſenſe of honeſt ſhame,
And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame.
Then with a caſual blow was Rhæteus ſlain,
Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to croſs the plain!
The flying ſpear was after Ilus ſent,
But Rhæteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From Teuthras and from Tyrus while he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead.

Roll'd

Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he ſpurn'd the ground.
As, when in ſummer welcome winds ariſe,
The watchful ſhepherd to the foreſt flies,
And fires the midmoſt plants; contagion ſpreads,
And catching flames infect the neighbouring heads;
Around the foreſt flies the furious blaſt,
And all the leafy nation ſinks at laſt;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waſte;
The paſtor, pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the ſatiate flames in ſheets aſcend the ſky:
So Pallas' troops their ſcatter'd ſtrength unite;
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.
Haleſus came, fierce with deſire of blood
(But firſt collected in his arms he ſtood);
Advancing then he ply'd the ſpear ſo well,
Ladon, Demodochus, and Pheres, fell:
Around his head he toſs'd his glittering brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat: then hurl'd a ſtone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
It ſtruck beneath the ſpace of either eye,
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
Deep ſkill'd in future fates, Haleſus' ſire
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But, when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire Deſtiny laid hold upon the ſon,
And haul'd him to the war: to find beneath
Th' Evandrian ſpear a memorable death.

Pallas th' encounter ſeeks; but, ere he throws,
To Tuſcan Tiber thus addreſs'd his vows:
O ſacred ſtream, direct my flying dart,
And give to paſs the proud Haleſus' heart:
His arms and ſpoils thy holy oak ſhall bear.
Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his prayer;
For, while his ſhield protects a friend diſtreſs'd,
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breaſt.
But Laufus, no ſmall portion of the war,
Permits not panick fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of ſo renown'd a knight;
But by his own example chears the fight.
Fierce Abas firſt he ſlew; Abas, the ſtay
Of Trojan hopes, and hindrance of the day.
The Phrygian troops eſcap'd the Greeks in vain,
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.
To the rude ſhock of war both armies came,
The leaders equal, and their ſtrength the ſame.
The rear ſo preſs'd the front, they could not wield
Their angry weapons, to diſpute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Laufus there,
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by Fate forbid to breathe their native air.
Their congreſs in the field great Jove withſtands,
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.
Mean time Juturna warns the Daunian chief
Of Laufus' danger, urging ſwift relief.
With his driven chariot he divides the crowd,
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:

Let

Let none preſume his needleſs aid to join;
Retire, and clear the field, the fight is mine:
To this right hand is Pallas only due:
Oh were his father here my juſt revenge to view!
From the forbidden ſpace his men retir'd,
Pallas their awe and his ſtern words admir'd,
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wondering ſight,
Struck with his haughty mien, and towering height.
Then to the king; your empty vaunts forbear;
Succeſs I hope, and Fate I cannot fear.
Alive or dead, I ſhall deſerve a name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the ſame.
He ſaid, and to the void advanc'd his pace;
Pale horror ſate on each Arcadian face.
Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
Addreſs'd himſelf on foot to ſingle fight.
And, as a lion, when he ſpies from far
A bull that ſeems to meditate the war,
Bending his neck, and ſpurning back the ſand,
Runs roaring downward from his hilly ſtand:
Imagine eager Turnus not more ſlow,
To ruſh from high on his unequal foe.
Young Pallas, when he ſaw the chief advance
Within due diſtance of his flying lance,
Prepares to charge him firſt, reſolv'd to try
If Fortune would his want of force ſupply;
And thus to Heaven and Hercules addreſs'd:
Alcides, once on earth Evander's gueſt,
His ſon adjures you by thoſe holy rites,
That hoſpitable board, thoſe genial nights;

Aſſiſt my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His raviſh'd ſpoils. 'Twas heard, the vain requeſt;
Alcides mourn'd; and ſtifled ſighs within his breaſt.
Then Jove, to ſooth his ſorrow, thus began:
Short bounds of life are ſet to mortal man;
'Tis virtue's work alone to ſtretch the narrow ſpan.
So many ſons of gods in bloody fight,
Around the walls of Troy, have loſt the light:
My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe,
Nor I, his mighty ſire, could ward the blow.
Ev'n Turnus ſhortly ſhall reſign his breath;
And ſtands already on the verge of death.
This ſaid, the god permits the fatal fight,
But from the Latian fields averts his ſight.
Now with full force his ſpear young Pallas threw;
And, having thrown, his ſhining fauchion drew:
The ſteel juſt graz'd along the ſhoulder joint,
And mark'd it ſlightly with the glancing point.
Fierce Turnus firſt to nearer diſtance drew,
And pois'd his pointed ſpear before he threw:
Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,
See now, ſaid he, whoſe arm is better ſtrung.
The ſpear kept on the fatal courſe, unſtay'd
By plates of iron, which o'er the ſhield were laid:
Through folded braſs and tough bull-hides it paſs'd,
His croſlet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at laſt.
In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood,
The ſoul comes iſſuing with the vital blood:

He

He falls; his arms upon his body ſound;
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.
Turnus beſtrode the corpſe: Arcadians hear,
Said he; my meſſage to your maſter bear:
Such as the fire deſerv'd, the ſon I ſend:
It coſts him dear to be the Phrygians' friend.
The lifeleſs body, tell him, I beſtow,
Unaſk'd, to reſt his wandering ghoſt below.
He ſaid, and trampled down with all the force
Of his left foot, and ſpurn'd the wretched corſe:
Then ſnatch'd the ſhining belt, with gold inlaid;
The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made:
Where fifty fatal brides, expreſs'd to fight,
All, in the compaſs of one mournful night,
Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.
In an ill hour inſulting Turnus tore
Thoſe golden ſpoils, and in a worſe he wore.
O mortals! blind in fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
The time ſhall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
Shall wiſh untouch'd the trophies of the ſlain:
Shall wiſh the fatal belt were far away;
And curſe the dire remembrance of the day.
The ſad Arcadians from th' unhappy field,
Bear back the breathleſs body on a ſhield.
O grace and grief of war! at once reſtor'd
With praiſes to thy fire, at once deplor'd.
One day firſt ſent thee to the fighting field,
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd;
One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy ſhield.

This diſmal news, not from uncertain fame,
But ſad ſpectators, to the hero came:
His friends upon the brink of ruin ſtand,
Unleſs reliev'd by his victorious hand.
He whirls his ſword around, without delay,
And hews through adverſe foes an ample way;
To find fierce Turnus, of his conqueſt proud:
Evander, Pallas, all that friendſhip ow'd
To large deſerts, are preſent to his eyes;
His plighted hand, and hoſpitable ties.
Four ſons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
He took in fight, and living victims led,
To pleaſe the ghoſt of Pallas; and expire
In ſacrifice, before his funeral fire.
At Magus next he threw: he ſtoop'd below
The flying ſpear, and ſhun'd the promis'd blow.
Then, creeping, claſp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd:
By young Iulus, by thy father's ſhade,
O ſpare my life, and ſend me back to ſee
My longing ſire, and tender progeny.
A lofty houſe I have, and wealth untold,
In ſilver ingots, and in bars of gold:
All theſe, and ſums beſides, which ſee no day,
The ranſom of this one poor life ſhall pay.
If I ſurvive, ſhall Troy the leſs prevail?
A ſingle ſoul 's too light to turn the ſcale.
He ſaid. The hero ſternly thus reply'd:
Thy bars, and ingots, and the ſums beſide,
Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke
All rules of war, by one relentleſs ſtroke,

When

When Pallas fell: ſo deems, nor deems
My father's ſhadow, but my living ſon.
Thus having ſaid, of kind remorſe bereft,
He ſeiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left:
Then with his right-hand, while his neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his ſhining fauchion ſheath'd.
Apollo's prieſt, Hæmonides, was near,
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glittering in arms he ſhone amidſt the crowd;
Much of his god, more of his purple proud:
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd through the field,
The holy coward fell: and, forc'd to yield,
The prince ſtood o'er the prieſt; and at one blow
Sent him an offering to the ſhades below.
His arms Sereſthus on his ſhoulders bears,
Deſign'd a trophy to the god of wars.
Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight;
And Umbro born upon the mountain's height.
The champion chears his troops t'encounter thoſe;
And ſeeks revenge himſelf on other foes.
At Anxur's ſhield he drove, and at the blow
Both ſhield and arm to ground together go.
Anxur had boaſted much of magic charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable arms;
So made by mutter'd ſpells: and from the ſpheres
Had life ſecur'd in vain, for length of years.
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
A nymph his mother, and his ſire a god.
Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince;
With his portended lance he makes defence:

Bears back his feeble foe; then, preſſing on,
Arreſts his better hand, and drags him down.
Stands o'er the proſtrate wretch, and as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
Mows off his head; the trunk a moment ſtood,
Then ſunk, and roll'd along the ſand in blood.
The vengeful victor thus upbraids the ſlain;
Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain:
Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
Far from thy mother, and thy native home:
Expos'd to ſavage beaſts, and birds of prey;
Or thrown for food to monſters of the ſea.
On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.
They fled for fear; with theſe he chac'd along,
Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa ſtrong,
Both great in arms, and both were fair and young:
Camers was ſon to Volſcens lately ſlain,
In wealth ſurpaſſing all the Latian train,
And in Amycla fix'd his ſilent eaſy reign.
And as Ægean, when with heaven he ſtrove,
Stood oppoſite in arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
Defy'd the forky lightning from afar:
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
And flaſh for flaſh returns, and fires for fires:
In his right-hand as many ſwords he wields,
And takes the thunder on as many ſhields:
With ſtrength like his the Trojan hero ſtood,
And ſoon the fields with falling crops were ſtrow'd,
When once his fauchion found the taſte of blood.

With

With fury ſcarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
Againſt Niphæus, whom four courſers drew.
They, when they ſee the fiery chief advance,
And puſhing at their cheſts his pointed lance,
Wheel'd with ſo ſwift a motion, mad with fear,
They drew their maſter headlong from the chair:
They ſtare, they ſtart, nor ſtop their courſe, before
They bear the bounding chariot to the ſhore.
Now Lucagus and Liger ſcour the plains,
With two white ſteeds, but Liger holds the reins,
And Lucagus the lofty ſeat maintains.
Bold brethren both, the former wav'd in air
His flaming ſword; Æneas couch'd his ſpear,
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.
Then Liger thus. Thy confidence is vain
To ſcape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:
Nor theſe the ſteeds which Diomede beſtrode,
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:
Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's ſhield:
Thy fatal hour is come; and this the field.
Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
Return'd his anſwer with his flying ſpear.
As Lucagus to laſh his horſes bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,
Prepar'd for fight, the fatal dart arrives,
And through the border of his buckler drives;
Paſs'd through, and pierc'd his groin; the deadly wound,
Caſt from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground.
Whom thus the chief upbraids with ſcornful ſpight:
Blame not the ſlowneſs of your ſteeds in flight;

Vain

Vain ſhadows did not force their ſwift retreat:
But you yourſelf forſake your empty ſeat.
He ſaid, and ſeiz'd at once the looſen'd rein
(For Liger lay already on the plain
By the ſame ſhock); then, ſtretching out his hands,
The recreant thus his wretched life demands:
Now by thyſelf, O more than mortal man!
By her and him from whom thy breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee ſpare
This forfeit life, and hear thy ſuppliant's prayer.
Thus much he ſpoke; and more he would have ſaid,
But the ſtern hero turn'd aſide his head,
And cut him ſhort: I hear another man,
You talk'd not thus before the fight began;
Now take your turn: and, as a brother ſhould,
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood:
Then through his breaſt his fatal ſword he ſent,
And the ſoul iſſued at the gaping vent.
As ſtorms the ſkies, and torrents tear the ground,
Thus rag'd the prince, and ſcatter'd deaths around:
At length Aſcanius, and the Trojan train,
Broke from the camp, ſo long beſieg'd in vain.
Meantime the king of gods and mortal man
Held conference with his queen, and thus began:
My ſiſter-goddeſs, and well-pleaſing wife,
Still think you Venus' aid ſupports the ſtrife;
Suſtains her Trojans, or themſelves alone
With inborn valour force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd!
Judge if ſuch warriors want immortal aid.

To

To whom the goddeſs with the charming eyes,
Soft in her tone, ſubmiſſively replies.
Why, O my ſovereign lord, whoſe frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear;
Why urge you thus my grief? when if I ſtill
(As once I was) were miſtreſs of your will,
From your almighty power, your pleaſing wife
Might gain the grace of lengthening Turnus' life;
Securely ſnatch him from the fatal fight;
And give him to his aged father's ſight.
Now let him periſh, ſince you hold it good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
And in the fourth degree from god Pilumnus came:
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incenſe at your ſhrine.
Then ſhortly thus the ſovereign god reply'd;
Since in my power and goodneſs you confide;
If for a little ſpace, a lengthen'd ſpan,
You beg reprieve for this expiring man:
I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence,
From inſtant fate, and can ſo far diſpenſe.
But if ſome ſecret meaning lies beneath,
To ſave the ſhort-liv'd youth from deſtin'd death:
Or if a farther thought you entertain,
To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain.
To whom the goddeſs thus, with weeping eyes:
And what if that requeſt your tongue denies,
Your heart ſhould grant; and not a ſhort reprieve,
But length of certain life to Turnus give?

Now

Now ſpeedy death attends the guiltleſs youth,
If my preſaging ſoul divines with truth,
Which, O! I wiſh might err through cauſeleſs fears,
And you (for you have power) prolong his years.
Thus having ſaid, involv'd in clouds, ſhe flies,
And drives a ſtorm before her through the ſkies.
Swift ſhe deſcends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
Of air condens'd, a ſpectre ſoon ſhe made,
And what Æneas was, ſuch ſeem'd the ſhade.
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
His head aloft, a plumy creſt he wore:
This hand appear'd a ſhining ſword to wield,
And that ſuſtain'd an imitated ſhield:
With manly mien he ſtalk'd along the ground;
Nor wanted voice bely'd, nor vaunting ſound
(Thus haunting ghoſts appear to waking ſight,
Or dreadful viſions in our dreams by night).
The ſpectre ſeems the Daunian chief to dare,
And flouriſhes his empty ſword in air:
At this advancing Turnus hurl'd his ſpear;
The phantom wheel'd, and ſeem'd to fly for fear.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.
Whither, O coward, (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he ſpoke to wind, and chac'd a cloud;)
Why thus forſake your bride! Receive from me
The fated land you fought ſo long by ſea.
He ſaid, and, brandiſhing at once his blade,
With eager pace purſued the flying ſhade.

By chance a ſhip was faſten'd to the ſhore,
Which from old Cluſium king Oſinius bore:
The plank was ready laid for ſafe aſcent;
For ſhelter there the trembling ſhadow bent,
And ſkipp'd, and ſculk'd, and under hatches went.
Exulting Turnus, with regardleſs haſte,
Aſcends the plank, and to the galley paſs'd.
Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand
The haulſers cuts, and ſhoots the ſhip from land.
With wind in poop, the veſſel ploughs the ſea,
And meaſures back with ſpeed her former way.
Meantime Æneas ſeeks his abſent foe,
And ſends his ſlaughter'd troops to ſhades below.
The guileful phantom now forſook the ſhrowd,
And flew ſublime, and vaniſh'd in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the deluſion found,
Far on the ſea, ſtill making from the ground.
Then, thankleſs for a life redeem'd by ſhame,
With ſenſe of honour ſtung, and forfeit fame,
Fearful beſides of what in fight had paſs'd,
His hands and haggard eyes to heaven he caſt.
O Jove! he cry'd, for what offence have I
Deſerv'd to bear this endleſs infamy?
Whence am I fore'd, and whither am I borne,
How, and with what reproach ſhall I return!
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or ſee Laurentum's lofty towers again?
What will they ſay of their deſerting chief?
The war was mine, I fly from their relief;

I led to ſlaughter, and in ſlaughter leave;
And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
Here, over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie,
There ſcatter'd o'er the fields ignobly fly.
Gape wide, O earth! and draw me down alive,
Or, oh, ye pitying winds! a wretch relieve;
On ſands or ſhelves the ſplitting veſſel drive:
Or ſet me ſhipwreck'd on ſome deſert ſhore,
Where no Rutulian eyes may [illegible] me more;
Unknown to friends, or foes. [illegible] conſcious Fame,
Leſt ſhe ſhould follow, and [illegible] ight proclaim!
Thus Turnus rav'd, and [illegible] us fates revolv'd,
The choice was doubtful, bu[illegible] death reſolv'd.
And now the ſword, and n[illegible] ſea took place:
That to revenge, and t[illegible] ge diſgrace.
Sometimes he thought to [illegible] e ſtormy main,
By ſtretch of arms the diſtant [illegible] re to gain:
Thrice he the ſword aſſay'd, and thrice the flood;
But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withſtood:
And thrice repreſs'd his rage: ſtrong gales ſupply'd,
And puſh'd the veſſel o'er the ſwelling tide.
At length ſhe lands him on his native ſhores,
And to his father's longing arms reſtores.
Meantime, by Jove's impulſe, Mezentius arm'd,
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardor warm'd
His fainting friends, reproach'd their ſhameful flight,
Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
Againſt their king the Tuſcan troops conſpire,
Such is their hate, and ſuch their fierce deſire

Of

Of wiſh'd revenge: on him, and him alone,
All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
He, like a ſolid rock by ſeas inclos'd,
To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd;
From his proud ſummit looking down, diſdains
Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.
Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
Then Latagus; and Palmus as he fled:
At Latagus a weighty ſtone he flung,
His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
But Palmus from behind receives his wound,
Hamſtring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
His creſt and armour, from his body torn,
Thy ſhoulders, Laufus, and thy head adorn.
Evas and Mymas, both of Troy, he ſlew,
Mymas his birth from fair Theano drew:
Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
The queen produc'd young Paris to his ſire.
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was ſlain;
Unthinking Mymus, on the Latian plain.
And as a ſavage boar on mountains bred,
With foreſt maſt and fattening marſhes fed;
When once he ſees himſelf in toils inclos'd,
By huntſmen and their eager hounds oppos'd,
He whets his tuſks, and turns, and dares the war;
Th' invaders dart their javelins from afar;
All keep aloof, and ſafely ſhout around,
But none preſumes to give a nearer wound.
He frets and froths, erects his briſtled hide,
And ſhakes a grove of lances from his ſide:

Nor

Not otherwiſe the troops, with hate inſpir'd
And juſt revenge, againſt the tyrant fir'd;
Their darts with clamour at a diſtance drive,
And only keep the languiſh'd war alive.
From Coritus came Acron to the fight,
Who left his ſpouſe betroth'd, and unconſummate night.
Mezentius ſees him through the ſquadrons ride,
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gameſome goat who friſks about the folds,
Or beamy ſtag that grazes on the plain;
He runs, he roars, he ſhakes his riſing mane;
He grins, and opens wide his reedy jaws,
The prey lies panting underneath his paws;
He fills his famiſh'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morſels, while he churns the gore:
So proud Mezentius ruſhes on his foes,
And firſt unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he ſpurns the ſwarthy ground,
The lance, beſmear'd with blood, lies broken in the wound.
Then with diſdain the haughty victor view'd
Orodes flying, nor the wretch purſued:
Nor thought the daſtard's back deſerv'd a wound,
But running gain'd th' advantage of the ground.
Then, turning ſhort, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace.
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppreſs'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breaſt,

And

And rested lance: and thus aloud he cries,
Lo here the champion of my rebels lies.
The fields around with Io Pæan ring,
And peals of shouts applaud the conquering king.
At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly spoke, and prophesy'd in death:
Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain;
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.
Then, sourly smiling, thus the king reply'd:
For what belongs to me, let Jove provide;
But die thou first, whatever chance ensue.
He said, and from the wound the weapon drew:
A hovering mist came swimming o'er his sight,
And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.
By Cadicus, Alcathous was slain;
Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain:
Orses the strong to greater strength must yield:
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.
Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.
But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,
Who threw his master as he made a bound;
The chief, alighting, stuck him to the ground.
Then Clonius hand in hand, on foot assails,
The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.
Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride,
To single fight the boldest foe defy'd;
Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame,
And not bely'd his mighty father's fame.

Salius to death the great Antronius ſent,
But the ſame fate the victor underwent;
Slain by Nealces' hand, well ſkill'd to throw
The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.
Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:
Victors, and vanquiſh'd, in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The gods from heaven ſurvey the fatal ſtrife,
And mourn the miſeries of human life.
Above the reſt two goddeſſes appear
Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there:
Amidſt the crowd infernal Até ſhakes
Her ſcourge aloft, and creſt of hiſſing ſnakes.
Once more the proud Mezentius with diſdain
Brandiſh'd his ſpear, and ruſh'd into the plain:
Where towering in the midmoſt ranks he ſtood,
Like tall Orion ſtalking o'er the flood:
When with his brawny breaſt he cuts the waves,
His ſhoulders ſcarce the topmoſt billow laves.
Or like a mountain-aſh, whoſe roots are ſpread,
Deep fix'd in earth, in clouds he hides his head.
The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntleſs undertook the doubtful war.
Collected in his ſtrength, and like a rock,
Poiz'd on his baſe, Mezentius ſtood the ſhock.
He ſtood, and, meaſuring firſt with careful eyes
The ſpace his ſpear could reach, aloud he cries;
My ſtrong right-hand, and ſword, aſſiſt my ſtroke;
(Thoſe only gods Mezentius will invoke)

His

His armour, from the Trojan pirate torn,
By my triumphant Laufus ſhall be worn.
He ſaid, and with his utmoſt force he threw
The maſſy ſpear, which, hiſſing as it flew,
Reach'd the celeſtial ſhield that ſtopp'd the courſe;
But glancing thence, the yet-unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
The ſides and bowels fam'd Anthores fix'd.
Anthores had from Argos travell'd far,
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war:
Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he choſe,
And in Evander's palace ſought repoſe:
Now falling by another wound, his eyes
He caſts to heaven, on Argos thinks, and dies.
The pious Trojan then his javelin ſent.
The ſhield gave way: through treble plates it went
Of ſolid braſs, of linen trebly roll'd,
And three bull-hides which round the buckler roll'd.
All theſe it paſs'd, reſiſtleſs in the courſe,
Tranſpierc'd his thigh, and ſpent its dying force.
The gaping wound guſh'd out a crimſon flood;
The Trojan, glad with ſight of hoſtile blood,
His fauchion drew, to cloſer fight addreſs'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppreſs'd.
His father's peril Laufus view'd with grief,
He ſigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief:
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I muſt
To thy immortal memory be juſt;
And ſing an act ſo noble and ſo new,
Poſterity will ſcarce believe 'tis true.

Pain'd with his wound, and uſeleſs for the fight,
The father fought to ſave himſelf by flight:
Incumber'd, ſlow he dragg'd the ſpear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
The pious youth, reſolv'd on death, below
The lifted ſword ſprings forth, to face the foe;
Proteſts his parent, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applauſe ran ringing through the field,
To ſee the ſon the vanquiſh'd father ſhield:
All fir'd with generous indignation ſtrive;
And, with a ſtorm of darts, at diſtance drive
The Trojan chief: who, held at bay from far,
On his Vulcanian orb ſuſtain'd the war.
As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
The ploughman, paſſenger, and labouring hind,
For ſhelter to the neighbouring covert fly;
Or hous'd, or ſafe in hollow caverns lie;
But, that o'erblown, when heaven above them ſmiles,
Return to travel, and renew their toils.
Æneas, thus o'erwhelm'd on every ſide,
The ſtorm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
And thus to Lauſus loud with friendly threatening cry'd:
Why wilt thou ruſh to certain death, and rage
In raſh attempts, beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious love? Nor thus forborn
The youth deſiſts, but with inſulting ſcorn
Provokes the lingering prince, whoſe patience, tir'd,
Gave place, and all his breaſt with fury fir'd.

For

For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd sheers;
And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
Which full descending, with a frightful sway,
Through shield and corslet forc'd th' impetuous way,
And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
The purple streams through the thin armour strove,
And drench'd th' embroider'd coat his mother wove;
And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.
But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,
The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He griev'd, he wept, the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought!
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said,
Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To love so great, to such transcendent store
Of early worth, and sure presage of more!
Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword!
And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
Inviolate, and sacred to the slain!
Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
To rest thy soul, at least if shadows know,
Or have a sense of human things below.
There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,
'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell.
With this his distant friends he beckons near,
Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
Himself assists to lift him from the ground,
With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out the
wound.

Mean time his father, now no father, hears
And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:
Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
His fainting limbs against an oak he leans.
A bough his brazen helmet did sustain,
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain:
A chosen train of youth around him stand,
His drooping head was rested on his hand:
His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought,
And all on Laufus ran his restless thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
He much enquir'd, and many a message sent
To warn him from the field: alas! in vain;
Behold his mournful followers bear him slain:
O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.

Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
The dire event with a foreboding mind.
With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head,
Then both his lifted hands to heaven he spread;
Last the dear corpse embracing, thus he said:
What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
That I have been so covetous to live?
To see my son, and such a son, resign
His life a ransom for preserving mine?
And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
How much too dear has that redemption cost!
'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel;
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.

My guilt thy growing virtues did defame,
My blackneſs blotted thy unblemiſh'd name.
Chac'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd,
For foul miſdeeds, were puniſhments too mild:
I ow'd my people theſe, and from their hate
With leſs reſentment could have born my fate.
And yet I live, and yet ſuſtain the ſight
Of hated men, and of more hated light:
But will not long. With that he rais'd from ground
His fainting limbs that ſtagger'd with his wound.
Yet with a mind reſolv'd, and unappal'd
With pains or perils, for his courſer call'd:
Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himſelf did dreſs
With daily care, and mounted with ſucceſs;
His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.
Soothing his courage with a gentle ſtroke,
The ſteed ſeem'd ſenſible, while thus he ſpoke:
O Rhæbus, we have liv'd too long for me
(If life and long were terms that could agree);
This day thou either ſhalt bring back the head
And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead;
This day thou either ſhalt revenge my woe
For murder'd Lauſus, on his cruel foe;
Or, if inexorable Fate deny
Our conqueſt, with thy conquer'd maſter die:
For, after ſuch a lord, I reſt ſecure,
Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load, endure.
He ſaid: and ſtraight th' officious courſer kneels
To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills

With

With pointed javelins: on his head he lac'd
His glittering helm, which terribly was grac'd
With waving horſe-hair, nodding from afar;
Then ſpurr'd his thundering ſteed amidſt the war.
Love, anguiſh, wrath, and grief, to madneſs wrought,
Deſpair, and ſecret ſhame, and conſcious thought
Of inborn worth, his labouring ſoul oppreſs'd,
Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breaſt.
Then loud he call'd Æneas [illegible]ce by name,
The loud repeated voice to[illegible] Æneas came.
Great Jove, he ſaid, and th[illegible]-ſhooting god,
Inſpire thy mind to make thy [illegible]hallenge good.
He ſpoke no more, but [illegible], void of fear,
And threa[illegible]otended ſpear.
To whom [illegible] Thy vaunts are vain,
M[illegible]: plain:
[illegible]dy won,
The wretched ſire is murder'd in the ſon.
Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy,
Forbear thy threats, my buſineſs is to die;
But firſt receive this parting legacy.
He ſaid: and ſtraight a whirling dart he ſent:
Another after, and another went.
Round in a ſpacious ring he rides the field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable ſhield:
Thrice rode he round, and thrice Æneas wheel'd,
Turn'd as he turn'd; the golden orb withſtood
The ſtrokes; and bore about an iron wood.
Impatient of delay, and weary grown,
Still to defend, and to defend alone:

To

To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
Urg'd and o'er-labour'd in unequal fight:
At length reſolv'd, he throws with all his force
Full at the temples of the warrior horſe.
Juſt where the ſtroke was aim'd, th' unerring ſpear
Made way, and ſtood transfix'd through either ear.
Seiz'd with unwonted pain, ſurpriz'd with fright,
The wounded ſteed curvets: and, rais'd upright,
Lights on his feet before; his hoofs behind
Spring up in air aloft, and laſh the wind.
Down comes the rider headlong from his height,
His horſe came after with unwieldy weight;
And, floundering forward, pitching on his head,
His lord's incumber'd ſhoulder overlaid.
From either hoſt the mingled ſhouts and cries
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the ſkies.
Æneas, haſtening, wav'd his fatal ſword
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word:
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce diſdain
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty ſtrain?
Struggling, and wildly ſtaring on the ſkies,
With ſcarce recover'd ſight, he thus replies:
Why theſe inſulting words, this waſte of breath,
To ſouls undaunted, and ſecure of death?
'Tis no diſhonour for the brave to die,
Nor came I here with hope of victory.
Nor aſk I life, nor fought with that deſign:
As I had us'd my fortune, uſe thou thine.
My dying ſon contracted no ſuch band;
The gift is hateful from his murderer's hand.

For this, this only favour let me ſue:
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,
Refuſe it not: but let my body have
The laſt retreat of human-kind, a grave.
Too well I know th' inſulting people's hate;
Proteſt me from their vengeance after fate:
This refuge for my poor remains provide,
And lay my much-lov'd Lauſus by my ſide.
He ſaid, and to the ſword his throat apply'd.
The crimſon ſtream diſtain'd his arms around,
And the diſdainful ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.

[ ]

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John Dickinson
1786

THE WORKS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

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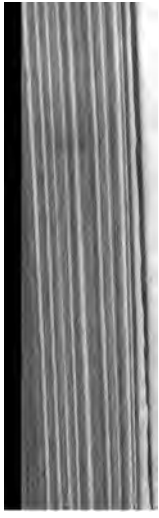

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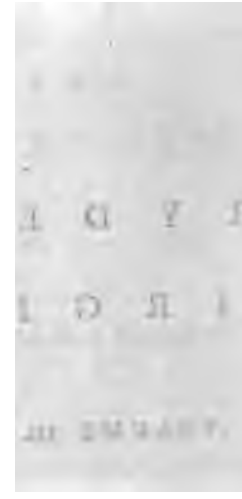

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneis erects a trophy of the ſpoils of Mezentius; grants a truce for burying the dead; and ſends home the body of Pallas with great ſolemnity. Latius calls a council to propoſe offers of peace to Æneas, which occaſions great animoſity betwixt Turnus and Drances: in the mean time there is a ſharp engagement of the horſe; wherein Camilla ſignalizes herſelf; is killed: and the Latine troops are intirely defeated.

SCARCE had the roſy morning rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her watery bed;
The pious chief whom double cares attend
For his unbury'd ſoldiers, and his friend:
Yet firſt to heaven perform'd a victor's vow:
A bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs:
Then on a riſing ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the ſpoils of his dead foe he grac'd.

The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked ſhag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
A trophy ſacred to the god of war.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafleſs wood,
Appear'd his plumy creſt, beſmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was ſeen;
Truncheons of ſhiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his corſlet, bor'd;
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing ſword.
A crowd of chiefs incloſe the godlike man:
Who thus, conſpicuous in the midſt, began:
Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with ſure ſucceſs:
The greater part perform'd [illegible]hieve the leſs.
Now follow chearful to the tr[illegible]ibling town;
Preſs but an entrance, and preſume it won.
Fear is no more: for fierce Mezentius lies,
As the firſt fruits of war, a ſacrifice.
Turnus ſhall ſtand extended on the pain;
And in this omen is already ſlain.
Prepar'd in arms, purſue your happy chance:
That none unwarn'd, may plead his ignorance:
And I, at heaven's appointed hour, may find
Your walike enſigns waving in the wind.
Mean time the rites and funeral pomps prepare,
Due to your dead companions of the war:
The laſt reſpect the living can beſtow,
To ſhield their ſhadows from contempt below.
That conquer'd earth be theirs for which they fought;
And which for us with their own blood they bought.

But

But first the corpse of our unhappy friend,
To the sad city of Evander send:
Who not inglorious in his age's bloom
Was hurry'd hence by too severe a doom.
Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, now in death, lamented Pallas lay:
Acœtes watch'd the corpse; whose youth deserv'd
The father's trust, and now the son he serv'd
With equal faith, but less auspicious care:
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair.
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;
But when Æneas view'd the grisly wound
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore:
First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began:
Unhappy youth! when fortune gave the rest
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best!
She came; but brought not thee along, to bless
My longing eyes, and share in my success:
She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
To prosperous valour, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when my father lent
Thy needless succour with a sad consent;
Imbrac'd me parting for th' Etrurian land,
And bad me to possess a large command.

He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike, diſciplin'd, and bold:
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odours on his loaded altars burn;
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To ſend him back his portion of the war;
A bloody breathleſs body: which can owe
No farther debt, but to the powers below.
The wretched father, ere his r e is run,
Shall view the funeral honours f his ſon.
Theſe are my triumphs of the Latian war;
Fruits of my plighted faith, and boaſted care.
And yet, unhappy Sire, thou ſhalt not ſee
A ſon, whoſe death diſgrac'd his anceſtry;
Thou ſhalt not bluſh, old man, however griev'd:
Thy Pallas no diſhoneſt wound receiv'd.
He dy'd no death to make thee wiſh, too late,
Thou hadſt not liv'd to ſee his ſhameful fate.
But what a champion has th' Auſonian coaſt,
And what a friend haſt thou, Aſcanius, loſt!
Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raiſe the breathleſs body from the ground;
And choſe a thouſand horſe, the flower of all
His warlike troops, wait the funeral:
To bear him back, and ſhare Evander's grief
(A well-becoming, but a weak relief).
Of oaken twigs they twiſt an eaſy bier;
Then on their ſhoulders the ſad burden rear.
The body on this rural herſe is born,
Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.

All

All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flower,
New cropt by virgin hands, to dreſs the bower:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green ſtem ſhall owe.
Then two fair veſts, of wondrous work and coſt,
Of purple woven, and with gold emboſs'd,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,
Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
One veſt array'd the corpſe, and one they ſpread
O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrap'd around his head:
That when the yellow hair in flame ſhould fall,
The catching fire might burn the golden caul.
Beſides, the ſpoils of foes in battle ſlain,
When he deſcended on the Latian plain:
Arms, trappings, horſes, by the herſe he led
In long array (th' atchievements of the dead).
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear:
Appointed offerings in the victor's name,
To ſprinkle with their blood, the funeral flame.
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are born;
Gauntlets and helms, their loaded hands adorn;
And fair inſcriptions fix'd, and titles read
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.
Acœtes on his pupil's corpſe attends,
With feeble ſteps; ſupported by his friends:
Pauſing at every pace, in ſorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their arms he ſinks upon the ground.
Where groveling, while he lies in deep deſpair,
He beats his breaſt, and rends his hoary hair.

The champion's chariot next is ſeen to roll,
Beſmear'd with hoſtile blood, and honourably foul.
To cloſe the pomp, Æthon, the ſteed of ſtate,
Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait.
Stripp'd of his tappings, with a ſullen pace
He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his face.
The lance of Pallas, and the crimſon creſt,
Are borne behind; the victor ſeiz'd the reſt.
The march begins: the trumpets hoarſely ſound,
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.
Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horſe,
To Pallantean towers direct their courſe,
In long proceſſion rank'd; the pious chief
Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
The public care, he ſaid, wh[illegible] war attends,
Diverts our preſent woes, at l[illegible]t ſuſpends:
Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell;
Hail holy relicks, and a laſt farewell!
He ſaid no more, but inly though he mourn'd,
Reſtrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.
Now ſuppliants, from Laurentum ſent, demand
A truce, with olive-branches in their hand.
Obteſt his clemency, and from the plain
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their ſlain.
They plead, that none thoſe common rites deny
To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.
All cauſe of hate was ended in their death;
Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.
A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's requeſt:
Whoſe ſon he once was call'd, and once his gueſt.

Their

Their ſuit, which was too juſt to be deny'd,
The hero grants, and farther thus reply'd:
O Latian princes, how ſevere a fate
In cauſeleſs quarrels has involv'd your ſtate!
And arm'd againſt an unoffending man,
Who fought your friendſhip ere the war began!
You beg a truce, which I would gladly give,
Not only for the ſlain, but thoſe who live.
I came not hither but by heaven's command,
And ſent by Fate to ſhare the Latian land.
Nor wage I wars unjuſt; your king deny'd
My proffer'd friendſhip, and my promis'd bride.
Left me for Turnus; Turnus then ſhould try
His cauſe in arms, to conquer or to die.
My right and his are in diſpute: the ſlain
Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
In equal arms let us alone contend;
And let him vanquiſh, whom his Fates befriend.
This is the way, ſo tell him, to poſſeſs
The royal virgin, and reſtore the peace.
Bear this my meſſage back; with ample leave
That your ſlain friends may funeral-rites receive.
Thus having ſaid, th' embaſſadors amaz'd,
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd:
Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breaſt
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profeſs'd,
Broke ſilence firſt, and to the godlike man,
With graceful action bowing, thus began:
Auſpicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
But yet whoſe actions far tranſcend your fame:

Would I your juſtice or your force expreſs,
Thought can but equal; and all words are leſs:
Your anſwer we ſhall thankfully relate,
And favours granted to the Latian ſtate:
If wiſh'd ſucceſs your labour ſhall attend,
Think peace concluded, and the king your friend:
Let Turnus leave the realm to your command:
And ſeek alliance in ſome other land:
Build you the city which you [illegible]ates aſſign:
We ſhall be proud in the gre[illegible] work to join.
Thus Drances; and his wo[illegible] ſo well perſuade
The reſt impower'd, that ſoon a truce is made.
Twelve days the term allow[illegible] and during thoſe,
Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
Mix'd in the woods, for fun[illegible] piles prepare,
To fell the timber, and forg[illegible] he war.
Loud axes through the groaning groves reſound:
Oak, mountain-aſh, and poplar, ſpread the ground:
Firs fall from high: and ſome the trunks receive,
In loaden wains, with wedges ſome they cleave.
And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
Through the ſhort circuit of th' Arcadian town,
Of Pallas ſlain: by Fame, which juſt before
His triumphs on diſtended pinions bore.
Ruſhing from out the gate, the people ſtand,
Each with a funeral flambeau in his hand:
Wildly they ſtare, diſtracted with amaze:
The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
That caſt a ſullen ſplendor on their friends
(The marching troop which their dread prince attends).

Both

arties meet: they raiſe a doleful cry:
matrons from the walls with ſhrieks reply:
heir mix'd mourning rends the vaulted ſky.
own is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
e loud clamours reach Evander's ears:
ful of his ſtate, he runs along,
a diſorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng:
on the corpſe, and groaning there he lies,
ſilent grief, that ſpeaks but at his eyes:
ſighs and ſobs ſucceed: till ſorrow breaks
age, and at once he weeps and ſpeaks.
allas! thou haſt fail'd thy plighted word!
ht with caution, not to tempt the ſword,
d thee, but in vain; for well I knew
perils youthful ardour would purſue:
oiling blood would carry thee too far;
; as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
t eſſay of arms, diſaſtrous doom,
e of bloody fields, and fights to come!
lements of inauſpicious war,
ows to heaven, and unavailing care!
happy thou, dear partner of my bed,
holy ſoul the ſtroke of fortune fled:
ous of ills, and leaving me behind,
nk the dregs of life by fate aſſign'd.
l the goal of nature I have gone;
llas late ſet out, but reach'd too ſoon.
m my league againſt th' Auſonian ſtate,
their weapons I had found my fate,

(Deſerv'd from them) then I had been return'd
A breathleſs victor, and my ſon had mourn'd.
Yet will not I my Trojan friend upbraid,
Nor grudge th' alliance I ſo gladly made.
'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell ſo young,
But my own crime for having liv'd too long.
Yet, ſince the gods had deſtin'd him to die,
At leaſt he led the way to victory:
Firſt for his friends he won the fatal ſhore,
And ſent whole herds of ſlaughter'd foes before:
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
Nor will I add new honours to thy grave;
Content with thoſe the Trojan hero gave.
That funeral pomp thy Ph an friends deſign'd;
In which the Tuſcan chiefs d army join'd:
Great ſpoils, and trophies gain'd by thee, they bear:
Then let thy own atchievements be thy ſhare.
Ev'n thou, O Turnus, hadſt a trophy ſtood,
Whoſe mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood.
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal ſtrength.
But why, unhappy man, doſt thou detain
Theſe troops to view the tears thou ſhed'ſt in vain?
Go, friends, this meſſage to your lord relate;
Tell him, that if I bear my bitter fate,
And after Pallas' death, live lingering on,
'Tis to behold his vengeance for my ſon.
I ſtay for Turnus; whoſe devoted head
Is owing to the living and the dead:

My

My ſon and I expect it from his hand;
'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
Joy is no more: but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with ſuch news below.
The morn had now diſpell'd the ſhades of night;
Reſtoring toils, when ſhe reſtor'd the light:
The Trojan king, and Tuſcan chief, command
To raiſe the piles along the winding ſtrand:
Their friends convey the dead to funeral fires;
Black ſmouldring ſmoke from the green wood expires;
The light of heaven is chok'd, and the new day retires.
Then thrice around the kindled piles they go
(For ancient cuſtom had ordain'd it ſo).
Thrice horſe and foot about the fires are led,
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.
Tears trickling down their breaſts bedew the ground;
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful ſound.
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
The ſpoils, in battle taken from the foe;
Helms, bitts emboſs'd, and ſwords of ſhining ſteel,
One caſts a target, one a chariot-wheel:
Some to their fellows their own arms reſtore:
The fauchions which in luckleſs fight they bore:
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts beſtow'd in vain,
And ſhiver'd lances gather'd from the plain,
Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,
And briſtled boars, and woolly ſheep expire.
Around the piles a careful troop attends,
To watch the waſting flames, and weep their burning friends.

Part, in the places where they fell, are
And part are to the neighbouring fields
The corpſe of kings, and captains of re
Born off in ſtate, are bury'd in the town
The reſt unhonour'd, and without a nam
Are caſt a common heap to feed the flam
Trojans and Latians vie with like deſire
To make the field of battle ſhine with fir
And the promiſcuous blaze to heaven aſ

Now had the morning thrice renew'd t
And thrice diſpell'd the ſhadows of the
When thoſe who round the waſted fires r
Perform the laſt ſad office to the ſlain:
They rake the yet warm aſhes, from bel
Theſe, and the bones unburn'd, in earth
Theſe relicks with their country rites the
And raiſe a mount of turf to mark the pl

But in the palace of the king, appears
A ſpace more ſolemn, and a pomp of war

ſe are the crimes, with whic[illegible]
Turnus, and on him alone [illegible]
him, who lords it [illegible]
ge the Troian [illegible]
the gain, our [illegible]
uſt, the ſway [illegible]
Drances aggrav[illegible]
[illegible] expect[illegible]
Turnus wont [illegible]
uſe and credi[illegible]
rmer acts [illegible]
he queen [illegible]
ile thus [illegible]
egates from [illegible]
[illegible]
are [illegible]
Diomede [illegible]
[illegible]
new alliance [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The princes come, commanded by their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.
Supreme in power, and reverenc'd for his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midſt appears:
Majeſtically ſad, he ſits in ſtate,
And bids his envoys their ſucceſs relate.
When Venulus began, the murmuring ſound
Was huſh'd, and ſacred ſilence reign'd around.
We have, ſaid he, perform'd y ur high command:
And paſs'd with peril a long t ct of land:
We reach'd the place deſir'd, with wonder fill'd,
The Grecian tents and riſing wers beheld.
Great Diomede has compaſs'd ound with walls
The city, which Argyripa he lls;
From his own Argos nam'd: e touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.
When introduc'd, our preſents firſt we bring,
Then crave an inſtant audience from the king:
His leave obtain'd, our native ſoil we name;
And tell th' important cauſe for which we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we ſpoke;
Then, with ſoft accents, and a pleaſing look,
Made this return: Auſonian race, of old,
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madneſs has your alter'd minds poſſeſs'd,
To change for war hereditary reſt?
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the ſword
(A needleſs ill your anceſtors abhor'd).
We (for myſelf I ſpeak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's deſtruction came)

Omitting

g thoſe who were in battle ſlain,
e by rolling Simois to the main:
but ſuffer'd, and too dearly bought
ze of honour which in arms he ſought.
om'd to death, and ſome in exile driven,
ls, abandon'd by the care of heaven:
, ſo wretched, ſo deſpis'd a crew,
old Priam might with pity view.
the veſſels by Minerva toſs'd
is, the vengeful Capharæan coaſt;
bæan rocks; the prince, whoſe brother led
ies to revenge his injur'd bed,
t loſt; Ulyſſes, with his men,
n Charybdis, and the Cyclops den:
ould I name Idomeneus, in vain,
to ſceptres, and expell'd again?
g Achilles, by his rival ſlain?
, the king of men, the foremoſt name
e Greeks, and moſt renown'd by fame,
ud revenger of another's wife,
his own adultereſs loſt his life:
is threſhold, and the ſpoils of Troy
l polluters of his bed enjoy.
ds have envy'd me the ſweets of life,
ch-lov'd country, and my more lov'd wife:
l from both, I mourn; while in the ſky,
rm'd to birds, my loſt companions fly:
g about the coaſts they make their moan;
ff the cliffs with pinions not their own.

What

What ſqualid ſpectres, in the dead of night,
Break my ſhort ſleep, and ſkim before my ſight!
I might have promis'd to myſelf thoſe harms,
Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms
Preſum'd againſt immortal powers to move,
And violate with wounds the queen of love.
Such arms this hand ſhall never more employ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
I war not with its duſt; nor am I glad
To think of paſt events, or good or bad.
Your preſents I return: whate'er you bring
To buy my friendſhip, ſend the Trojan king.
We met in fight, I know him to my coſt;
With what a whirling force his lance he toſs'd:
Heavens! what a ſpring was in his arm, to throw!
How high he held his ſhield, and roſe at every blow!
Had Troy produc'd two more, his match in might,
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight:
Th' invaſion of the Greeks had been return'd:
Our empire waſted, and our cities burn'd.
The long defence the Trojan people made,
The war protracted, and the ſiege delay'd,
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand;
Both brave alike, and equal in command:
Æneas not inferior in the field,
In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.
He ſaid no more; but, with this cold excuſe,
Refus'd th' alliance, and adviſ'd a truce.

Thus

Thus Venulus concluded his report.
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
As when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
And daſhes o'er the ſtones that ſtop the courſe;
The flood, conſtrain'd within a ſcanty ſpace,
Roars horrible along th' uneaſy race:
White foam in gathering eddies floats around:
The rocky ſhores rebellow to the ſound.
The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun:
I wiſh, ye Latins, what we now debate
Had been reſolv'd before it was too late:
Much better had it been for you and me,
Unforc'd by this our laſt neceſſity,
To have been earlier wiſe; than now to call
A council, when the foe ſurrounds the wall.
O citizens! we wage unequal war,
With men, not only heaven's peculiar care,
But heaven's own race: unconquer'd in the field,
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:
Our hopes muſt center on ourſelves alone.
Yet thoſe how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
You ſee too well; nor need my words explain.
Vanquiſh'd without reſource; laid flat by fate,
Factions within, a foe without the gate;
Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts,
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:
With our united ſtrengh the war we wag'd;
With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd:

You see th' event—Now hear what I propose,
To save our friends, and satisfy our foes:
A tract of land the Latins have possess'd
Along the Tiber, stretching to the West,
Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till:
And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill;
Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
If you consent, the Trojan shall command;
Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
On terms agreed, the common country share.
There let them build, and settle, if they please;
Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,
In search of seats remote of I ly;
And from unwelcome inmates set us free.
Then twice ten gallies let us build with speed,
Or twice as many more, if more they need;
Materials are at hand: a well-grown wood
Runs equal with the margin of the flood:
Let them the number, and the form assign;
The care and cost of all the stores be mine.
To treat the peace, a hundred senators
Shall be commission'd hence with ample powers;
With olive crown'd: the presents they shall bear,
A purple robe, a royal ivory chair;
And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs wear;
And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate
This great affair, and save the sinking state.
Then Drances took the word; who grudg'd long since,
The rising glories of the Daunian prince.

Rabious

Factious and rich, bold at the council-board,
But cautious in the field, he shun'd the sword;
A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
Noble his mother was, and near the throne,
But what his father's parentage, unknown.
He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.
Such truths, O king, said he, your words contain,
As strike the sense, and all replies are vain:
Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek
What common needs require; but fear to speak.
Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,
Whose pride this inauspicious war began:
For whose ambition (let me dare to say,
Fear set apart, though death is in my way)
The plains of Latium run with blood around;
So many valiant heroes bite the ground:
Dejected grief in every face appears;
A town in mourning, and a land in tears.
While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
The man who menaces the gods with arms,
Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the fight,
And sought his safety in ignoble flight.
Now, best of kings, since you propose to send
Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;
Add yet a greater at our joint request,
One which he values more than all the rest;
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride:
With that alliance let the league be ty'd;
And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.

Let inſolence no longer awe the throne,
But with a father's right beſtow your own.
For this maligner of the general good,
If ſtill we fear his force, he muſt be woo'd:
His haughty godhead we with prayers implore,
Your ſceptre to releaſe, and our juſt rights reſtore.
O curſed cauſe of all our ills, muſt we
Wage wars unjuſt, and fall in fight thee!
What right haſt thou to rule the Latian ſtate,
And ſend us out to meet our certain fate?
'Tis a deſtructive war: from Turnus' hand
Our peace and public ſafety we demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
If not, the peace without the pledge is vain.
Turnus, I know, you think me not your friend,
Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatneſs not to give the law
In other realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our eſtate;
Nor twiſt our fortunes with your ſinking fate.
Your intereſt is, the war ſhould never ceaſe;
But we have felt enough, to wiſh the peace:
A land exhauſted to the laſt remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
Yes, if deſire of fame, and thirſt of power,
A beauteous princeſs, with a crown in dower,
So fire your mind, in arms aſſert your right;
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
Mankind, it ſeems, is made for you alone;
We, but the ſlaves who mount you to the throne:

A bull

A baſe ignoble crowd, without a name:
Unwept, unworthy of the funeral flame:
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may poſſeſs a royal wife.
Permit not, mighty man, ſo mean a crew
Should ſhare ſuch triumphs; and detain from you
The poſt of honour, your undoubted due:
Rather alone your matchleſs force employ;
To merit, what alone you muſt enjoy.

Theſe words, ſo full of malice, mix'd with art,
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
Then, groaning from the bottom of his breaſt,
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath expreſs'd.
You, Drances, never want a ſtream of words,
Then, when the public need requires our ſwords.
Firſt in the council-hall to ſteer the ſtate;
And ever foremoſt in a tongue-debate.
While our ſtrong walls ſecure us from the foe,
Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow:
But let the potent orator declaim,
And with the brand of coward blot my name;
Free leave is given him, when his fatal hand
Has cover'd with more corpſe the ſanguine ſtrand;
And high as mine his towering trophies ſtand.
If any doubt remains who dares the moſt,
Let us decide it at the Trojans' coſt:
And iſſue both a-breaſt, where honour calls;
Foes are not far to ſeek without the walls.
Unleſs his noiſy tongue can only fight:
And feet *were given him* but to ſpeed his flight.

I beaten from the field! I forc'd away!
Who, but ſo known a daſtard, dares to ſay?
Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
Had witneſs'd for me what his tongue denies:
What heaps of Trojans by this hand were ſlain,
And how the bloody Tiber ſwell'd the main.
All ſaw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire,
In ſcatter'd ſquadrons, and their prince expire.
The giant brothers, in their camp, have found,
I was not forc'd with eaſe to q t my ground.
Not ſuch the Troj try'd me. when, inclos'd,
I ſingly their u ms o 'd:
Firſt fo an their thick array;
Then, d ter, freed my way.
'Tis be,
But ar to thee.
Mean time proceed to fill the people's ears
With falſe reports, their minds with panick fears:
Extol the ſtrength of a twice-conquer'd race,
Our foes encourage, and our friends debaſe.
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
Triumphant ſtands, the Grecians are o'erthrown:
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies;
And Diomede from fierce Æneas flies.
Say rapid Aufidus with awful dread,
Runs backward from the ſea, and hides his head,
When the great Trojan on his bank appears:
For that 's as true as thy diſſembled fears
Of my revenge: diſmiſs that vanity,
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.

Let

Let that vile soul in that vile body rest:
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.
Now, royal father, to the present state
Of our affairs, and of this high debate;
If in your arms thus early you decide,
And think your fortune is already try'd;
If one defeat has brought us down so low;
As never more in fields to meet the foe;
Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat,
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.
But oh, if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers in our veins:
That man would I prefer before the rest,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast:
Who comely fell by no dishoneſt wound,
To shun that fight; and dying gnaw'd the ground.
But, if we still have fresh recruits in store,
If our confederates can afford us more;
If the contended field we bravely fought:
And not a bloodless victory was bought:
Their losses equal'd ours; and for their slain,
With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain;
Why thus unforc'd should we so tamely yield;
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field?
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again;
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.
If Diomede refuse his aid to lend,
The great Messapus yet remains our friend:

Tolumnius, who foretels events, is ours:
Th' Italian chiefs, and princes, join their powers:
Nor leaſt in number, nor in name the laſt,
Your own brave ſubjects have our cauſe embrac'd.
Above the reſt, the Volſcian Amazon
Contains an army in herſelf alone:
And heads a ſquadron, terrible to fight,
With glittering ſhields, in brazen armour bright.
Yet if the foe a ſingle fight demand,
And I alone the public peace withſtand;
If you conſent, he ſhall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
This new Achilles let him take the field,
With fated armour, and Vulcanian ſhield;
For you, my royal father, and my fame,
I, Turnus, not the leaſt of all my name,
Devote my ſoul. He calls me hand to hand,
And I alone will anſwer his demand.
Drances ſhall reſt ſecure, and neither ſhare
The danger, nor divide the prize of war.
While they debate; nor theſe nor thoſe will yield;
Æneas draws his forces to the field;
And moves his camp. The ſcouts with flying ſpeed
Return, and through the frighted city ſpread
Th' unpleaſing news, the Trojans are deſcry'd
In battle marching by the river's ſide;
And bending to the town. They take th' alarm,
Some tremble, ſome are bold, all in confuſion arm.
Th' impetuous youth preſs forward to the field;
They claſh the ſword, and clatter on the ſhield;

The

The fearful matrons raiſe a ſcreaming cry;
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;
A jarring ſound reſults, and mingles in the ſky,
Like that of ſwans remurmuring to the floods,
Or birds of differing kinds in hollow woods.
Turnus th' occaſion takes, and cries aloud,
Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crown:
Declaim in praiſe of peace, when danger calls;
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls.
He ſaid, and, turning ſhort, with ſpeedy pace,
Caſts back a ſcornful glance, and quits the place.
Thou, Voluſus, the Volſcian troops command
To mount; and lead thyſelf our Ardean band.
Meſſapus, and Catillus, poſt your force
Along the fields, to charge the Trojan horſe.
Some guard the paſſes, others man the wall;
Drawn up in arms, the reſt attend my call.
They ſwarm from every quarter of the town;
And with diſorder'd haſte the rampires crown.
Good old Latinus, when he ſaw, too late,
The gathering ſtorm, juſt breaking on the ſtate,
Diſmiſs'd the council, till a fitter time,
And own'd his eaſy temper as his crime:
Who, forc'd againſt his reaſon, had comply'd
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.
Some help to ſink new trenches, others aid
To ram the ſtones, or raiſe the paliſade.
Hoarſe trumpets ſound th' alarm: around the walls
Runs a diſtracted crew, whom their laſt labour calls.

A ſad

A ſad proceſſion in the ſtreets is ſeen,
Of matrons that attend the mother-queen:
High in her chair ſhe ſits, and at her ſide,
With down-caſt eyes, appears the fatal bride.
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple ſtands;
Prayers in their mouths, and preſents in their hands;
With cenſers, firſt they fume the ſacred ſhrine;
Then in this common ſupplication join:
O patroneſs of arms, unſpotted maid,
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid:
Break ſhort the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate,
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate.
Now Turnus arms for fight: his back and breaſt,
Well-temper'd ſteel and ſcaly braſs inveſt:
The cuiſhes, which his brawny thighs infold,
Are mingled metal damaſk'd o'er with gold.
His faithful fauchion ſits upon his ſide;
Nor caſque, nor creſt, his manly features hide:
But bare to view amid ſurrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tower deſcends.
Exulting in his ſtrength, he ſeems to dare
His abſent rival, and to promiſe war.
Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courſer prances o'er the plains:
O'er the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds:
And ſnuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
Or ſeeks his watering in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirſt, and cool his fiery blood:
He neighs aloud in the liquid plain,
And o'er his ſhoulder flows his waving mane:

He

He neighs, he ſnorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample cheſt the frothy waters fly.
Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volſcians, and their virgin-leader, wait
His laſt commands. Then, with a grateful mien,
Lights from her lofty ſteed the warrior queen:
Her ſquadron imitates, and each deſcends;
Whoſe common ſuit Camilla thus commends:
If ſenſe of honour, if a ſoul ſecure
Of inborn worth, that can all-teſts endure,
Can promiſe aught; or on itſelf rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die:
Then, I alone, ſuſtain'd by theſe, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promiſe their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the ſole renown;
You, general, ſtay behind, and guard the town.
Turnus a while ſtood mute, with glad ſurprize,
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes:
Then thus return'd: O grace of Italy,
With what becoming thanks can I reply!
Not only words lie labouring in my breaſt;
But thought itſelf is by thy praiſe oppreſt;
Yet rob me not of all, but let me join
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
The Trojan (not in ſtratagem unſkill'd)
Sends his light horſe before, to ſcour the field:
Himſelf, through ſteep aſcents and thorny brakes,
A larger compaſs to the city takes.
This news my ſcouts confirm: and I prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare.

With choſen foot his paſſage to forelay:
And place an ambuſh in the winding way.
Thou, with thy Volſcians, face the Thuſcan horſe:
The brave Meſſapus ſhall thy troops inforce;
With thoſe of Tibur; and the Latian band:
Subjected all to thy ſupreme command.
This ſaid, he warns Meſſapus to the war:
Then every chief exhorts, with equal care.
All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
And haſtes to proſecute his deep deſigns.
Inclos'd with hills, the winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for ſurprize;
A narrow track, by human ſteps untrode,
Leads, through perplexing thorns, to this obſcure abode.
High o'er the vale a ſteepy mountain ſtands:
Whence the ſurveying ſight the nether ground commands.
The top is level: an offenſive ſeat
Of war; and from the war a ſafe retreat.
For, on the right and left, is room to preſs
The foes at hand, or from afar diſtreſs:
To drive them headlong downward; and to pour,
On their deſcending backs, a ſtony ſhower.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way;
Poſſeſs'd the paſs, and in blind ambuſh lay.
Mean time, Latonian Phœbe, from the ſkies,
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her moſt belov'd, and ever-truſty maid.
Then with a ſigh began: Camilla goes
To meet her death, amidſt her fatal foes.

The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train;
Inveſted with Diana's arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindneſs for the virgin, new,
'Twas born with her, and with her years it grew:
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away
From old Privernum, for tyrannic ſway;
Snatch'd up, and ſav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Caſmilla was her mother; but he drown'd
One hiſſing letter in a ſofter ſound,
And call'd Camilla. Through the woods he flies;
Wrapt in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in ſight, he mends his weary pace;
With ſhouts and clamours they purſue the chace.
The banks of Amaſcene at length he gains;
The raging flood his farther plight reſtrains:
Rais'd o'er the borders with unuſual rains.
Prepar'd to plunge into the ſtream, he fears:
Not for himſelf, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious he ſtops a while; and thinks in haſte;
Then, deſperate in diſtreſs, reſolves at laſt.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow ſpace:
With twigs of bending oſier bound the caſe.
Then pois'd the ſpear, heavy with human weight:
And thus invok'd my favour for the freight:
Accept, great goddeſs of the woods, he ſaid,
Sent by her ſire, this dedicated maid:

Through

Through air ſhe flies a ſuppliant to thy ſhrine;
And the firſt weapons that ſhe knows, are thine.
He ſaid; and with full force the ſpear he threw;
Above the ſounding waves Camilla flew.
Then, preſs'd by foes, he ſtemm'd the ſtormy tide;
And gain'd, by ſtreſs of arms, the farther ſide.
His faſten'd ſpear he pull'd from out the ground;
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound.
Nor after that, in towns which walls incloſe,
Would truſt his hunted life amidſt his foes.
But rough, in open air he choſe to lie:
Earth was his couch, his covering was the ſky.
On hills unſhorn, or in a deſart den,
He ſhunn'd the dire ſociety of men.
A ſhepherd's ſolitary life he led:
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed;
The dugs of bears, and every ſavage beaſt,
He drew, and through her lips the liquor preſs'd.
The little Amazon could ſcarcely go,
He loads her with a quiver and a bow:
And, that ſhe might her ſtaggering ſteps command,
He with a ſlender javelin fills her hand:
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor ſwept her trailing robe the duſty ground.
Inſtead of theſe, a tiger's hide o'erſpread
Her back and ſhoulders, faſten'd to her head.
The flying dart ſhe firſt attempts to fling;
And round her tender temples toſs'd the ſling:
Then, as her ſtrength with years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in air the ſoaring ſwan:
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane.

The

The Tuſcan matrons with each other vy'd,
To bleſs their rival ſons with ſuch a bride:
But ſhe diſdains their love; to ſhare with me
The ſylvan ſhades, and vow'd virginity.
And oh! I wiſh, contented with my cares
Of ſavage ſpoils, ſhe had not ſought the wars:
Then had ſhe been of my celeſtial train;
And ſhunn'd the fate that dooms her to be ſlain.
But ſince, oppoſing heaven's decree, ſhe goes
To find her death among forbidden foes;
Haſte with theſe arms, and take thy ſteepy flight,
Where, with the gods adverſe, the Latins fight:
This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath,
This choſen arrow to revenge her death:
By whate'er hand Camilla ſhall be ſlain,
Or of the Trojan, or Italian train,
Let him not paſs unpuniſh'd from the plain.
Then, in a hollow cloud, myſelf will aid,
To bear the breathleſs body of my maid:
Unſpoil'd ſhall be her arms, and unprophan'd
Her holy limbs with any human hand:
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.
She ſaid: the faithful Nymph deſcends from high
With rapid flight, and cuts the ſounding ſky:
Black clouds and ſtormy winds around her body fly.
By this, the Trojan and the Tuſcan horſe,
Drawn up in ſquadrons, with united force,
Approach the walls; the ſprightly courſers bound;
Preſs forward on their bitts, and ſhift their ground:
Shields, arms, and ſpears, flaſh horribly from far;
And the fields glitter with a waving war.

Oppos'd

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Oppos'd

Oppos'd to theſe, come on with furious force
Meſſapus, Coras, and the Latian horſe;
Theſe in the body plac'd; on either hand
Suſtain'd, and cloſe'd by fair Camilla's band.
Advancing in a line, they couch their ſpears;
And leſs and leſs the middle ſpace appears.
Thick ſmoke obſcures the field: and ſcarce are ſeen
The neighing courſers, and the ſhouting men.
In diſtance of their darts they ſtop their courſe;
Then man to man they ruſh, and horſe to horſe.
The face of heaven their flying javelins hide:
And deaths unſeen are dealt on either ſide.
Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,
By mettled courſers borne in full career,
Meet firſt oppos'd: and, with a mighty ſhock,
Their horſes heads againſt each other knock.
Far from his ſteed is fierce Aconteus caſt;
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blaſt:
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his laſt.
The Latin ſquadrons take a ſudden fright;
And fling their ſhields behind, to ſave their backs in flight.
Spurring at ſpeed to their own walls they drew;
Cloſe in the rear the Tuſcan troops purſue,
And urge their flight; Aſylas leads the chace;
Till ſeiz'd with ſhame they wheel about, and face:
Receive their foes, and raiſe a threatening cry.
The Tuſcans take their turn to fear and fly.
So ſwelling ſurges, with a thundering roar,
Driven on each other's backs, inſult the ſhore;

Bound

Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land;
And far upon the beach eject the ſand.
Then backward, with a ſwing, they take their way;
Repuls'd from upper ground, and ſeek their mother-ſea:
With equal hurry quit th' invaded ſhore;
And ſwallow back the ſand and ſtones they ſpew'd before.
Twice were the Tuſcans maſters of the field,
Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
Aſham'd at length, to the third charge they ran,
Both hoſts reſolv'd, and mingled man to man:
Now dying groans are heard, the fields are ſtrow'd
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood:
Arms, horſes, men, on heaps together lie:
Confus'd the fight; and more confus'd the cry.
Orſilochus, who durſt not preſs too near
Strong Remulus, at diſtance drove his ſpear;
And ſtruck the ſteel beneath his horſe's ear.
The fiery ſteed, impatient of the wound,
Curvets, and, ſpringing upward with a bound,
His hopeleſs lord caſt backward on the ground.
Catillus pierc'd Iolas firſt; then drew
His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw:
The mighty champion of the Tuſcan crew.
His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
But ſhaded with a length of yellow hair:
Secure, he fought, expos'd on every part,
A ſpacious mark for ſwords, and for the flying dart:
Acroſs the ſhoulders came the feather'd wound;
Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the ground.

The ſands with ſtreaming blood are ſanguine dy'd;
And death with honour ſought on either ſide.
Reſiſtleſs, through the war, Camilla rode;
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
One ſide was bare for her exerted breaſt;
One ſhoulder with her painted quiver preſs'd.
Now from afar her fatal javelins play;
Now with her axe's edge ſhe hews her way;
Diana's arms upon her ſhoulder ſound;
And when, too cloſely preſs'd, ſhe quits the ground,
From her bent bow ſhe ſends a backward wound.
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either ſide,
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia ride;
Italians all: in peace, their queen's delight:
In war, the bold companions of the fight.
So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as theſe in ſhining arms were ſeen,
When Theſeus met in fight their maiden queen.
Such to the field Penthefilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled:
With ſuch, return'd triumphant from the war;
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car:
They claſh with manly force their moony ſhields:
With female-ſhouts reſound the Phrygian fields.
Who foremoſt, and who laſt, heroic maid,
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
Thy ſpear, of mountain-aſh, Eumenius firſt,
With fury driven, from ſide to ſide tranſpierc'd;

A purple

A purple ſtream came ſpouting from the wound;
Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.
Lyris and Pegaſus at once ſhe ſlew;
The former, as the ſlacken'd reins he drew,
Of his faint ſteed: the latter, as he ſtretch'd
His arm to prop his friend, the javelin reach'd,
By the ſame weapon, ſent from the ſame hand,
Both fall together, and both ſpurn the ſand.
Amaſtrus next is added to the ſlain:
The reſt in rout ſhe follows o'er the plain:
Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon,
And Chromys, at full ſpeed her fury ſhun.
Of all her deadly darts, not one ſhe loſt;
Each was attended with a Trojan ghoſt.
Young Ornithus beſtrode a hunter ſteed,
Swift for the chace, and of Apulian breed:
Him, from afar, ſhe ſpy'd in arms unknown;
O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown:
His helm a wolf, whoſe gaping jaws were ſpread
A covering for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head.
He clench'd within his hand an iron-prong;
And tower'd above the reſt, conſpicuous in the throng.
Him ſoon ſhe ſingled from the flying train,
And ſlew with eaſe: then thus inſults the ſlain.
Vain hunter, didſt thou think through woods to chace
The ſavage herd, a vile and trembling race?
Here ceaſe thy vaunts, and own my victory;
A woman-warrior was too ſtrong for thee.
Yet if the ghoſts demand the conqueror's name,
Confeſſing great Camilla, ſave thy ſhame.

Then Butes and Orſilochus ſhe ſlew,
The bulkieſt bodies of the Trojan crew.
But Butes breaſt to breaſt: the ſpear deſcends
Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
And o'er the ſhield which his left ſide defends.
Orſilochus, and ſhe, their courſers ply,
He ſeems to follow, and ſhe ſeems to fly.
But in a narrower [illegible]s the race;
And then he flies, [illegible]es the chace.
Gathering at lengt[illegible]ded foe,
She ſwings her axe, [illegible]t the blow:
Full on the helm h[illegible]uch a ſway
The weapon [illegible]en ſ[illegible]l gives way:
He groans, he roars, [illegible]ues i[illegible] vain for grace;
Brains, mingled with his blo[illegible], beſmear his face.
Aſtoniſh'd Aunus juſt arrives [illegible] chance,
To ſee his fall, nor farther dares advance:
But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
He ſtares, and ſhakes, and finds it vain to fly.
Yet like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At leaſt while fortune favour'd his deceit)
Cries out aloud, What courage have you ſhown,
Who truſt your courſer's ſtrength, and not your own?
Forego the 'vantage of your horſe, alight,
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It ſhall be ſeen, weak woman, what you can,
When, foot to foot, you combat with a man.
He ſaid: ſhe glows with anger and diſdain,
Diſmounts with ſpeed to dare him on the plain:
And leaves her horſe at large among her train.

With

With her drawn ſword defies him to the field:
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden ſhield:
The youth, who thought his cunning did ſucceed,
Reins round his horſe, and urges all his ſpeed,
Adds the remembrance of the ſpur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding ſides.
Vain fool, and coward, ſaid the lofty maid,
Caught in the train, which thou thyſelf haſt laid!
On others practiſe thy Ligurian arts;
Thin ſtratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
Are loſt on me. Nor ſhalt thou ſafe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious fire.
At this, ſo faſt her flying feet ſhe ſped,
That ſoon ſhe ſtrain'd beyond his horſe's head:
Then turning ſhort, at once ſhe ſeiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaſter groveling on the plain.
Not with more eaſe the falcon from above
Truſſes, in middle air, the trembling dove:
Then plumes the prey, in her ſtrong pounces bound;
The feathers foul with blood come tumbling to the ground.
Nor mighty Jove, from his ſuperior height,
With his broad eye ſurveys th' unequal fight.
He fires the breaſt of Tarchon with diſdain;
And ſends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.
Between the broken ranks the Tuſcan rides,
And theſe encourages, and thoſe he chides:
Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight;
Renews their ardour, and reſtores the fight.
What panic fear has ſeiz'd your ſouls? O ſhame,
O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name!

Cowards, incurable! a woman's hand
Drives, breaks, and ſcatters, your ignoble band!
Now caſt away the ſword, and quit the ſhield:
What uſe of weapons which you dare not wield?
Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
Nor ſhun the feaſt, when the full bowls invite:
When to offerings the glad augur calls,
And the ll horn-pipe ſounds to bacchanals.
Theſe are your ſtudy'd care our lewd delight:
Swift in debauch; but ſlow anly fight.
Thus having ſaid, he ſpurs an the foes,
Not managing the life he meant to loſe.
The firſt he found he ſeiz'd, with headlong haſte,
In his ſtrong gripe: and claſp' around the waſte:
'Twas Venulus; whom from his horſe he tore,
And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore.
Loud ſhouts enſue: the Latins turn their eyes,
And view th' unuſual ſight with vaſt ſurprize.
The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
Preſs'd in his arms the ponderous prey ſuſtains:
Then, with his ſhorten'd ſpear, explores around
His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.
Nor leſs the captive ſtruggles for his life:
He writhes his body to prolong the ſtrife:
And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
His utmoſt vigour, and the point averts.
So ſtoops the yellow eagle from on high,
And bears a ſpeckled ſerpent through the ſky;
Faſtening his crooked talons on the prey,
The priſoner hiſſes through the liquid way:

Reſiſts

Resists the royal hawk, and though oppress,
She fights in volumes, and erects her crest;
Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens every scale,
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threatening tail.
Against the victor all defence is weak;
Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak:
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores;
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.
Thus, through the midst of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatch'd, and bore away his prize:
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press
The Latins, and presume the like success.
Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd
To murder, unespy'd, the Volscian maid:
This way and that his winding course he bends,
And, whereso'er she turns, her steps attends.
When she retires victorious from the chace,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:
When, rushing on, she keeps her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threats, and trembles, trying every way
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.
Chloreus, the priest of Cybelè, from far,
Glittering in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd: the steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er,
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gaul'd the distant foe;
Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:

A golden helm his front and head ſurrounds,
A gilded quiver from his ſhoulder ſounds.
Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
With flowers of needle-work diſtinguiſh'd o'er,
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.
Him, the fierce maid beheld, with ardent eyes;
Fond and ambitious of ſo rich a prize:
Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or elſe to ſhine herſelf in Trojan gold:
Blind in her haſte, ſhe chaces him alone,
And ſeeks his life, regardleſs of her own.
This lucky moment the fly traitor choſe:
Then, ſtarting from his ambuſh, up he roſe,
And threw, but firſt to heaven addreſs'd his vows.
O patron of Soractes' high abodes,
Phœbus, the ruling power among the gods;
Whom firſt we ſerve, whole woods of unctuous pine
Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory ſhine;
By thee protected, with our naked ſouls,
Through flames unſing'd we march, and tread the kindled coals:
Give me, propitious power, to waſh away
The ſtains of this diſhonourable day:
Nor ſpoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;
But with my future actions truſt my fame.
Let me, by ſtealth, this female plague o'ercome,
And from the field return inglorious home.
Apollo heard, and, granting half his prayer,
Shuffled in winds the reſt, and toſs'd in empty air.
He gives the death deſir'd; his ſafe return,
By ſouthern tempeſts, to the ſeas is borne.

Now,

Now, when the javelin whiz'd along the ſkies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,
Directed by the ſound of either hoſt,
Th' unhappy virgin, though concern'd the moſt,
Was only deaf; ſo greedy was ſhe bent
On golden ſpoils, and on her prey intent:
Till in her pap the winged weapon ſtood
Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her ſad attendants haſten to ſuſtain
Their dying lady drooping on the plain:
Far from their ſight the trembling Aruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
Nor dares he farther to purſue his blow,
Or ev'n to bear the ſight of his expiring foe.
As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide,
At unawares, or ranch'd a ſhepherd's ſide:
Conſcious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quivering tail between his thighs;
So, ſpeeding once, the wretch no more attends;
But, ſpurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the javelin with her dying hands;
But, wedg'd within her breaſt, the weapon ſtands:
The wood ſhe draws, the ſteely point remains;
She ſtaggers in her ſeat with agonizing pains:
A gathering miſt o'erclouds her chearful eyes,
And from her cheeks the roſy colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She truſted moſt, and thus ſhe ſpeaks with pain:
Acca, 'tis paſt! he ſwims before my ſight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.

Bear

Bear my laſt words to Turnus, fly with ſpeed,
And bid him timely to my charge ſucceed:
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell; and in this kiſs my parting breath receive.
She ſaid; and ſliding ſunk upon the plain;
Dying, her open'd hand forſakes the rein;
Short, and more ſhort, ſhe pants: by ſlow degrees
Her mind the paſſions from her body frees.
She drops her ſw[illegible] her plumy creſt;
Her drooping hea[illegible] her breaſt:
In the laſt ſigh he[illegible]ul expires;
And, murmuri[illegible]in to Stygian ſounds retires.
A ſhout. t[illegible]len ſtars, enſu'd:
Deſpair ar[illegible]'d fight renew'd.
The Troja[illegible]ns in a line,
Advance t[illegible] Arcadians join.
By Cyn[illegible], high ſeated, from afar
Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:
Unmov'd a while, till proſtrate on the plain,
Weltering in blood, ſhe ſees Camilla ſlain;
And round her corpſe, of friends and foes a fighting train.
Then, from the bottom of her breaſt, ſhe drew
A mournful ſigh, and theſe ſad words enſue:
Too dear a fine, ah! much-lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans, thou haſt paid:
Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy ſtrife,
Diana's ſacred arms, to ſave thy life.
Yet unreveng'd thy goddeſs will not leave
Her votary's death, nor with vain ſorrow grieve.

Brandeſ

Branded the wretch, and be the name abhorr'd;
But after-ages shall thy praise record.
Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain;
Thus vows thy queen, and thus the fates ordain.
High o'er the field there stood a hilly mound,
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around;
Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,
A king that once in Latium bore the sway.
The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,
To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.
Him, in refulgent arms, she soon espy'd,
Swoln with success, and loudly thus she cry'd:
Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late;
Turn, like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.
Charg'd with my message to Camilla go;
And say I sent thee to the shades below;
In honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow.
She said: and from her quiver chose with speed
The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed:
Then, to the stubborn eugh her strength apply'd;
Till the far distant horns aproach'd on either side.
The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.
At once the twanging bow and sounding dart
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
The conquering damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings.
Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field;
And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.

The

The frighted ſoldiers, when their captains fly,
More on their ſpeed than on their ſtrength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,
And ſpur their horſes headlong to the town.
Driven by their foes, and to their fears reſign'd,
Not once they turn; but take their wounds behind.
Theſe drop the ſhield, and thoſe the lance forego;
Or on their ſhoulders bear the ſlacken'd bow.
The hoofs of [illegible] a rattling ſound,
Beat ſhort, and [illegible] ſhake the rotten ground
Black clouds of [illegible] rolling in the ſky,
And o'er the da[illegible]d walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, [illegible]om their lofty ſtands,
Rend heaven with female [illegible]icks, and wring their han
All preſſing on, purſuers [illegible]nd purſued,
Are cruſh'd in crowds, a [illegible]ingled multitude.
Some happy few eſcape: [illegible]e throng too late
Ruſh on for entrance, till they choke the gate.
Ev'n in the ſight of home, the wretched ſire
Looks on, and ſees his helpleſs ſon expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they cloſe:
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.
The vanquiſh'd cry; the victors loudly ſhout;
'Tis terror all within; and ſlaughter all without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce againſt the wall,
Or, to the moats purſu'd, precipitate their fall.
The Latian virgins, valiant with deſpair,
Arm'd on the towers, the common danger ſhare:
So much of zeal their country's cauſe inſpir'd;
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.

Pol

Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw,
With imitated darts, to gaul the foe;
Their lives, for god-like freedom they bequeath,
And crowd each other to be first in death.
Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tidings, came th' unhappy maid.
The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd,
The foes entirely masters of the field,
Like a resistless flood, come rolling on:
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town.
Inflam'd with rage, (for so the furies fire
The Daunian's breast, and so the fates require,)
He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain:
Scarce was he gone, when to the straights, now freed
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.
Through the black forest, and the ferny brake,
Unknowingly secure, their way they take.
From the rough mountains to the plain descend,
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.
Both armies, now, in open fields are seen:
Nor far the distance of the space between.
Both to the city bend: Æneas sees,
Through smoaking fields, his hastening enemies.
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town, both armies lie:
While night, with sable wings, involves the sky.

THE

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

TURNUS [illegible] s to a ſingle combat: articles ar[illegible] broken by the Rutuli, who woun[illegible] niraculouſly cured by Venus, fo[illegible]uel, and concludes the poem with his death.

WHEN Turnus ſaw the Latins leave the field,
Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd;
Himſelf become the mark of public ſpight,
His honour queſtion'd for the promis'd fight:
The more he was with vulgar hate oppreſs'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his breaſt:
He rouz'd his vigour for the late debate;
And rais'd his haughty ſoul, to meet his fate.
As when the ſwains the Libyan lion chace,
He makes a ſour retreat, nor mends his pace:
But if the pointed javelin pierce his ſide,
The lordly beaſt returns with double pride:

He wrenches out the ſteel, he roars for pain;
His ſides he laſhes, and erects his mane:
So Turnus fares; his eye-balls flaſh with fire,
Through his wide noſtrils clouds of ſmoke expire.
Trembling with rage, around the court he ran;
At length approach'd the king, and thus began:
No more excuſes or delays: I ſtand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
This baſe deſerter of his native land.
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
The ſame conditions which himſelf did make.
Renew the truce, the ſolemn rites prepare,
And to my ſingle virtue truſt the war.
The Latians, unconcern'd, ſhall ſee the fight;
This arm, unaided, ſhall aſſert your right:
Then, if my proſtrate body preſs the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain.
To whom the king ſedately thus reply'd:
Brave youth, the more your valour has been try'd,
The more becomes it us, with due reſpect,
To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.
You want not wealth, or a ſucceſſive throne,
Or cities, which your arms have made your own;
My town and treaſures are at your command;
And ſtor'd with blooming beauties is my land:
Laurentum more than one Lavinia ſees,
Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.
Now let me ſpeak, and you with patience hear,
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear:

But

But ſound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudful art.
The gods, by ſigns, have manifeſtly ſhown,
No prince, Italian born, ſhould heir my throne:
Oft have our augurs, in prediction ſkill'd,
And oft our prieſts, a foreign ſon reveal'd.
Yet, won by worth, that cannot be withſtood,
Brib'd by my kindneſs to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who would not be deny'd,
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties and of honour broke:
On your account I wag'd an impious war,
With what ſucceſs 'tis needleſs to declare;
I and my ſubjects feel; and you have had your ſhare.
Twice vanquiſh'd, while in bloody fields we ſtrive,
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;
The bones of Latians glance the neighbouring ſhore:
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unreſolv'd, and ſtill a ſlave to fate?
If Turnus' death a laſting peace can give,
Why ſhould not I procure it whilſt you live?
Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
What would my kinſmen, the Rutulians, ſay?
And ſhould you fall in fight, (which heaven defend)
How curſe the cauſe, which haſten'd to his end,
The daughter's lover, and the father's friend?
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war,
Pity your parent's age, and eaſe his care.

Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain;
The proffer'd medicine, but provok'd the pain.
The wrathful youth, diſdaining the relief,
With intermitting ſobs, thus vents his grief:
Thy care, O beſt of fathers, which you take
For my concerns, at my deſire forſake.
Permit me not to languiſh out my days;
But make the beſt exchange of life for praiſe.
This arm, this lance, can well diſpute the prize;
And the blood follows, where the weapon flies:
His goddeſs mother is not near, to ſhrowd
The flying coward with an empty cloud.
But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
And loath'd the hard conditions of the ſtrife,
Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In theſe ſad accents gave her ſorrow breath:
O Turnus, I adjure thee by theſe tears;
And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
Within thy breaſt, ſince thou art all my hope,
My ſickly mind's repoſe, my ſinking age's prop;
Since on the ſafety of thy life alone
Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:
Refuſe me not this one, this only prayer,
To waive the combat, and purſue the war.
Whatever chance atttends this fatal ſtrife,
Think it includes in thine Amata's life.
I cannot live a ſlave; or ſee my throne
Uſurp'd by ſtrangers, or a Trojan ſon.
At this a flood of tears Lavinia ſhed;
Crimſon bluſh her beauteous face o'erſpread,
Dying her cheeks by turns with white and red.

The driving colours, never at a ſtay,
Run here and there; and flush, and fade away.
Delightful change! thus Indian ivory ſhows,
Which, with the bordering paint of purple glows;
Or lilies damaſk'd by the neighbouring roſe.
The lover gaz'd, and, burning with deſire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
Revenge, and jealous rage, and ſecret ſpight,
Roll in his brea[ ]m to the fight.
Then fixing [ ]queen's ardent eyes,
Firm to his firſt [ ]he thus replies:
O, mother, do [ ]your ears, prepare
Such boding omens, and p[ ]dge the war.
Reſolv'd on fight, I am [ ]ger free
To ſhun my death, if h[ ]my death decree.
Then, turning to the he[ ], thus purſues;
Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news.
Denounce from me, that when to-morrow's light
Shall gild the heavens, he need not urge the fight:
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian ſhore:
Our ſingle ſwords the quarrel ſhall decide,
And to the victor be the beauteous bride.
He ſaid, and ſtriding on, with ſpeedy pace
He ſought his courſers of the Thracian race.
At his approach, they toſs their heads on high;
And, proudly neighing, promiſe victory.
The ſires of theſe Orithia ſent from far,
To grace Pilumnus, when he went to war.

The

The drifts of Tracian ſnows were ſcarce ſo white,
Nor northern winds in fleetneſs match'd their flight.
Officious grooms ſtand ready by his ſide;
And ſome with combs their flowing manes divide;
And others ſtroke their cheſts, and gently ſooth their pride.
He ſheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd maſs
Of golden metal thoſe, and mountain braſs.
Then to his head his glittering helm he ty'd;
And girt his faithful fauchion by his ſide.
In his Ætnean forge, the god of fire
That fauchion labour'd for the hero's ſire:
Immortal keenneſs on the blade beſtow'd,
And plung'd it hiſſing in the Stygian flood.
Prop'd on a pillar, which the cieling bore,
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;
Which with ſuch force he brandiſh'd in his hand,
Thy tough aſh trembled like an oſier wand.
Then cry'd, O ponderous ſpoil of Actor ſlain,
And never yet by Turnus toſs'd in vain,
Fail not, this day, thy wonted force: but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe:
Give me to tear his corſlet from his breaſt,
And from that eunuch head, to rend the creſt:
Drag'd in the duſt, his frizzled hair to ſoil,
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and ſmear'd with fragrant oil.
Thus while he raves, from his wide noſtrils flies
A fiery ſteam, and ſparkles from his eyes.
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's ſight;
Loudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:

He tries his goring horns againſt a tree;
And meditates his abſent enemy:
He puſhes at the winds, he digs the ſtrand
With his black hoofs, and ſpurns the yellow ſand.
Nor leſs the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
To terminate [illegible] the lingering wars.
To chear his [illegible] der ſon, relates
What heaven m[illegible] and expounds the fates.
Then to the La[illegible] ſends, to ceaſe
The rage of [illegible]ify the peace.
The morn[illegible] the mountain's height,
Had ſcarcely [illegible] s with roſy light;
Th' etherea[illegible] nding from the ſea,
From out th[illegible] trils breath'd the day:
When now [illegible] and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labour join'd, the liſt prepar'd.
Beneath the walls, they meaſure out the ſpace; 17
Then ſacred altars rear, on ſods of graſs;
Where, with religious rites, their common gods th
place.
In pureſt white the prieſts their heads attire,
And living waters bear, and holy fire:
And o'er their linen hoods, and ſhaded hair,
Long twiſted wreaths of ſacred vervain wear.
In order iſſuing from the town appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed ſpears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuſcan forces join:

Their various arms afford a pleaſing ſight:
A peaceful train they ſeem, in peace prepar'd for fight.
Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glittering with gold, and veſts in purple dy'd.
Here Mneſtheus, author of the Memmian line,
And there Meſſapus born of ſeed divine.
The ſign is given, and round the liſted ſpace
Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample ſhields, they ſtand;
And fix their pointed lances in the ſand.
Now, ſtudious of the ſight, a numerous throng
Of either ſex promiſcuous, old and young,
Swarm from the town: by thoſe who reſt behind,
The gates and walls, and houſes tops are lin'd.
Mean time the queen of heaven beheld the ſight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from Mount Albano's height:
(Since call'd Albano, by ſucceeding fame,
But then an empty hill, without a name.)
She thence ſurvey'd the field, the Trojan powers,
The Latian ſquadrons, and Laurentine towers.
Then thus the goddeſs of the ſkies beſpake,
With ſighs and tears, the goddeſs of the lake;
King Turnus' ſiſter, once a lovely maid,
Ere to the luſt of lawleſs Jove betray'd,
Compreſs'd by force, but by the grateful god,
Now made the Naïs of the neighbouring flood.
O nymph, the pride of living lakes, ſaid ſhe,
Moſt renown'd, and moſt belov'd by me,
Long haſt thou known, nor need I to record
The wanton ſallies of my wandering lord:

Of every Latian fair, whom Jove miſled,
To mount by ſtealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace;
But gave a part of heaven, and an unenvy'd place.
Now learn from me, thy near approaching grief,
Nor think my wiſhes want to thy relief.
While fortune favour'd, nor heaven's king deny'd,
To lend my ſuccour to t[illegible]ian ſide,
I ſav'd thy brother, and [illegible]king ſtate;
But now he ſtruggles with [illegible]qual fate;
And goes with gods averſe, [illegible]rmatch'd in might,
To meet inevitable death in [illegible]ht:
Nor muſt I break the tru[illegible] nor can ſuſtain the fight.
Thou, if thou dar'ſt, t[illegible]ent aid ſupply;
It well becomes a ſiſter's [illegible]o try.
At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppreſs'd,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breaſt.
To whom Saturnia thus; Thy tears are late:
Haſte, ſnatch him, if he can be ſnatch'd, from fate.
New tumults kindle, violate the truce;
Who knows what changeful fortune may produce?
'Tis not a crime t' atttempt what I decree,
Or if it were, diſcharge the crime on me.
She ſaid, and, ſailing on the winged wind,
Left the ſad nymph ſuſpended in her mind.
And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear:
Four ſteeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day.

Two ſnowy courſers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two maſſy ſpears he ſhook:
Then iſſued from the camp, in arms divine,
Æneas, author of the Roman line:
And by his ſide Aſcanius took his place,
The ſecond hope of Rome's immortal race.
Adorn'd in white, a reverend prieſt appears;
And offerings to the flaming altars bears;
A porket, and a lamb, that never ſuffer'd ſhears.
Then to the riſing ſun he turns his eyes,
And ſhews the beaſts deſign'd for ſacrifice,
With ſalt and meal: with like officious care
He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he ſheds,
With the ſame generous juice the flame he feeds.
Æneas then unſheath'd his ſhining ſword,
And thus with pious prayers the gods ador'd:
All-ſeeing ſun, and thou Auſonian ſoil,
For which I have ſuſtain'd ſo long a toil,
Thou king of heaven, and thou the queen of air,
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by prayer,)
Thou god of war, whoſe unreſiſted ſway
The labours and events of arms obey;
Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
All powers of ocean, all ethereal gods,
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
Or recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,
My Trojans ſhall increaſe Evander's town;
Aſcanius ſhall renounce th' Auſonian crown:

All claims, all queſtions of debate ſhall ceaſe;
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
But if my juſter arms prevail in fight
As ſure they ſhall, if I divine aright,
My Trojans ſhall not o'er th' Italians reign:
Both equal, both unconquer'd, ſhall remain:
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
I aſk but altars for my weary gods.
The care of thoſe religious rites be mine:
The crown to king Latinus I reſign;
His be the ſovereign ſway. Nor will I ſhare
His power in peace, or his command in war.
For me, my friends another town ſhall frame,
And bleſs the riſing towers, with fair Lavinia's name.
Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,
The Latian king before his altar ſtands.
By the ſame heaven, ſaid he, and earth, and main,
And all the powers, that all the three contain;
By hell below, and by that upper god,
Whoſe thunder ſigns the peace, who ſeals it with his nod;
So let Latona's double offſpring hear,
And double-fronted Janus what I ſwear:
I touch the ſacred altars, touch the flames,
And all thoſe powers atteſt, and all their names:
Whatever chance befal on either ſide,
No term of time this union ſhall divide:
No force, no fortune, ſhall my vows unbind,
Or ſhake the ſtedfaſt tenour of my mind;

Not

Not though the circling ſeas ſhould break their bound,
O'erflow the ſhores, or ſap the ſolid ground;
Not though the lamps of heaven their ſpheres forſake,
Hurl'd down, and hiſſing in the nether lake:
Ev'n as this royal ſceptre (for he bore
A ſceptre in his hand) ſhall never more
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth;
(An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
By the keen axe, diſhonour'd of its hair,
And cas'd in braſs, for Latian kings to bear).
When thus in public view the peace was ty'd
With ſolemn vows, and ſworn on either ſide,
All dues perform'd which holy rites require;
The victim beaſts are ſlain before the fire:
The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.
Already the Rutulians deem their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
Firſt riſing fears are whiſper'd through the crowd;
Then, gathering ſound, they murmur more aloud.
Now ſide to ſide, they meaſure with their eyes
The champions bulk, their ſinews, and their ſize:
The nearer they approach, the more is known
Th' apparent diſadvantage of their own.
Turnus himſelf appears in public fight
Conſcious of fate, deſponding of the fight.
Slowly he moves; and at his altar ſtands
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands:
And, while he mutters undiſtinguiſh'd prayers,
A livid deadneſs in his cheeks appears.

With anxious pleaſure when Juturna view'd
Th' increaſing fright of the mad multitude;
When their ſhort ſighs and thickening ſobs ſhe heard,
And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;
Diſſembling her immortal form, ſhe took
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look;
A chief of ancient blood: in arms well known
Was his great ſire, and he, his greater ſon.
His ſhape aſſum'd, amid the ranks ſhe ran,
And, humouring their firſt motions, thus began:
For ſhame, Rutulians, can you bear the ſight
Of one expos'd for all, in ſingle fight?
Can we, before the face of heaven, confeſs
Our courage colder, or our numbers leſs?
View all the Trojan hoſt, th' Arcadian band,
And Tuſcan army; count them as they ſtand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce every ſecond man will ſhare a foe.
Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal ſtrife
Shall loſe, with honour, his devoted life:
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
But you, a ſervile, and inglorious band,
For foreign lords ſhall ſow your native land:
Thoſe fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd,
Which have ſo long their lazy ſons ſuſtain'd.
With words like theſe, ſhe carry'd her deſign;
A riſing murmur runs along the line.
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latins, tir'd
With tedious war, ſeem with new ſouls inſpir'd:
Then

Their champion's fate with pity they lament;
And of the league, ſo lately ſworn, repent.
Nor fails the goddeſs to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a falſe preſage:
But adds a ſign, which, preſent to their eyes,
Inſpires new courage, and a glad ſurprize.
For, ſudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A plump of fowl he ſpies, that ſwim the lakes;
And o'er their heads his ſounding pinions ſhakes.
Then ſtooping on the faireſt of the train,
In his ſtrong talons truſs'd a ſilver ſwan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unuſual ſight;
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the daſtard fowl return anew;
And with united force the foe purſue:
Clamorous around the royal hawk they fly;
And thickening in a cloud, o'erſhade the ſky.
They cuff, they ſcratch, they croſs their airy courſe;
Nor can th' incumber'd bird ſuſtain their force:
But vex'd, not vanquiſh'd, drops the ponderous prey;
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.
Th' Auſonian bands with ſhouts ſalute the ſight:
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts,
Cries out, and thus his boaſted ſkill imparts:
At length 'tis granted, what I long deſir'd;
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye *gods, I take your omen*, and obey:
Advance, my friends, and charge; I lead the way.

Thef

These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea
By strength united, and forego the prey;
Your timely succour to your country bring;
Haste to the rescue, and redeem your king.
He said: and pressing onward, through the crew,
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd.
At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
At once tumultuous shouts and clamours rise.
Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood:
Gylippus' sons: the fatal javelin flew,
Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.
A passage through the jointed arms is found,
Just where the belt was to the body bound,
And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground.
Then, fir'd with pious rage, the generous train
Run madly forward to revenge the slain.
And some with eager haste their javelins throw;
And some with sword in hand assault the foe.
The wish'd insult the Latin troops embrace;
And meet their ardour in the middle space.
The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,
With equal courage obviate their design.
Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
Both armies urges to their mutual fate.

With impious haſte their altars are o'erturn'd,
The ſacrifice half broil'd, and half-unburn'd.
Thick ſtorms of ſteel from either army fly,
And clouds of claſhing darts obſcure the ſky:
Brands from the fire are miſſive weapons made;
With chargers, bowls, and all the prieſtly trade.
Latinus, frighted, haſtens from the fray,
And bears his unregarded gods away.
Theſe on their horſes vault, thoſe yoke the car;
The reſt, with ſwords on high, run headlong to the war.
Meſſapus, eager to confound the peace,
Spurr'd his hot courſer through the fighting preſs,
At king Auleſtes; by his purple known
A Tuſcan prince, and by his regal crown;
And with a ſhock encountering, bore him down.
Backward he fell; and, as his fate deſign'd,
The ruins of an altar were behind:
There pitching on his ſhoulders, and his head,
Amid the ſcattering fires he lay ſupinely ſpread.
The beamy ſpear deſcending from above,
His cuiraſs pierc'd, and through his body drove.
Then, with a ſcornful ſmile, the victor cries;
The gods have found a fitter ſacrifice.
Greedy of ſpoils, th' Italians ſtrip the dead
Of his rich armour; and uncrown his head.
Prieſt Chorinæus arm'd his better hand,
From his own altar, with a blazing brand:
And, as Ebuſus with a thundering pace,
Advanc'd to battle, daſh'd it on his face:

His

His briſtly beard ſhines out with ſudden fires,
The crackling crop a noiſome ſcent expires.
Following the blow, he ſeiz'd his curling crown
With his left hand; his other caſt him down.
The proſtrate body with his knees he preſs'd,
And plung'd his holy poinard in his breaſt.
While Podalirius, with his ſword, purſued
The ſhepherd Alſus through the flying crowd,
Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow,
Full on the front of his unwary foe.
The broad axe enters with a craſhing ſound,
And cleaves the chin with one continued wound:
Warm blood, and mingled brains, beſmear his arms around.
An iron ſleep his ſtupid eyes oppreſs'd,
And ſeal'd their heavy lids in endleſs reſt.
But good Æneas ruſh'd amid the bands,
Bare was his head, and naked were his hands,
In ſign of truce: then thus he cries aloud,
What ſudden rage, what new deſire of blood
Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans, ceaſe
From impious arms, nor violate the peace.
By human ſanctions, and by laws divine,
The terms are all agreed, the war is mine.
Diſmiſs your fears, and let the fight enſue;
This hand alone ſhall right the gods and you:
Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
To this avenging ſword the faithleſs Turnus owe.
Thus while he ſpoke, unmindful of defence,
A winged arrow ſtruck the pious prince,

But

But whether from ſome human hand it came,
Or hoſtile god, is left unknown by fame:
No human hand, or hoſtile god was found,
To boaſt the triumph of ſo baſe a wound.
When Turnus ſaw the Trojan quit the plain,
His chiefs diſmay'd, his troops a fainting train:
Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd ſoul inſpires,
At once his arms and courſers he requires.
Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
And with a ready hand aſſumes the reins.
He drives impetuous, and where-e'er he goes,
He leaves behind a lane of ſlaughter'd foes.
Theſe his lance reaches, over thoſe he rolls
His rapid car, and cruſhes out their ſouls:
In vain the vanquiſh'd fly; the victor ſends
The dead mens' weapons at their living friends.
Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood
The god of battles, in his angry mood,
Claſhing his ſword againſt his brazen ſhield,
Let looſe the reins, and ſcours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery courſers fly,
Groans the ſad earth, reſounds the rattling ſky.
Wrath, terror, treaſon, tumult, and deſpair,
Dire faces, and deform'd, ſurround the car;
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.
With fury not unlike, nor leſs diſdain,
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:
His ſmoking horſes, at their utmoſt ſpeed,
He laſhes on; and urges o'er the dead.

Their

Their fetlocks run with blood; and when they bound,
The gore, and gathering duſt, are daſh'd around.
Thamyris and Pholus, maſters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthelenus afar:
From far e ſons of Imbracus he ſlew,
Glaucu d Lades, of the Lycian crew:
Both ta : to fight on foot, in battle join'd;
Or mount the courſer that out-ſtrips the wind.
Mean time Eumedes, vaun ng in the field,
New fir'd the Trojans, and t r foes repell'd.
This ſon of Dolon bore his grandſire's name;
But emulated more his father's fame.
His guileful father, ſent a nightly ſpy,
The Grecian camp and order to deſcry:
Hard enterprize, and well he r ght require
Achilles' car, and horſes for his hire;
But, met upon the ſcout, th' Etolian prince
In death beſtow'd a juſter recompence.
Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar;
And lanch'd his javelin from his lofty car:
Then lightly leaping down, purſued the blow,
And, preſſing with his foot, his proſtrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the ſhining ſword;
And plung'd it in the boſom of its lord.
Poſſeſs, ſaid he, the fruit of all thy pains,
And meaſure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand,
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the land.
Then Daris, Butis, Sybaris, he ſlew,
Whom o'er his neck the ſtoundering courſer threw.

As when loud Boreas, with his bluſtering train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
Where-e'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
And rolls the billows on th' Ægean ſhore:
So where reſiſtleſs Turnus takes his courſe,
The ſcatter'd ſquadrons bend before his force:
His creſt of horſes hair is blown behind,
By adverſe air, and ruffles in the wind.
This haughty Phegeus ſaw with high diſdain,
And as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
Light from the ground he leapt, and ſeiz'd the rein.
Thus hung in air, he ſtill retain'd his hold;
The courſers frighted, and their courſe control'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms; but paſs'd along,
And only raz'd the ſkin: he turn'd, and held
Againſt his threatening foe his ample ſhield;
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cry'd in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
He lies revers'd; the victor-king deſcends,
And ſtrikes ſo juſtly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk,
With ſtreams that iſſue from the bleeding trunk.
While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
The wounded prince is forc'd to have the field:
Strong Mneſtheus and Achates often try'd,
And young Aſcanius weeping by his ſide,
Conduct him to his tent: ſcarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, ſupported on his ſpear.

Reſolv'd in mind, regardleſs of the ſmart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The ſteel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than t' inlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.
Iäpis was at hand to prove his art,
Whoſe blooming youth ſo fir'd Apollo's heart,
That for his love he proffer'd to beſtow
His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow:
The pious youth, more ſtudious how to ſave
His aged ſire, now ſinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the power of plants, and ſilent praiſe
Of healing arts, before Phœbeian bays.
Prop'd on his lance the penſive hero ſtood,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd phyſician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and haſtens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, ſoliciting the dart,
And exerciſes all his heavenly art.
All ſoftening ſimples, known of ſovereign uſe,
He preſſes out, and pours their noble juice;
Theſe firſt infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
Meantime the war approaches to the tents:
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noiſe augments:

Th

The driving dust proclaims the danger near,
And first their friends, and then their foes appear;
Their friends retreat, their foes pursue the rear.
The camp is fill'd with terror and affright;
The hissing shafts within the trench alight;
An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky;
The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those who die.
But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.
A branch of healing Dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought:
Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
The leaves with flowers, the flowers with purple crown'd:
Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosial dews,
And odorous Panacee: unseen she stands,
Tempering the mixture with her heavenly hands:
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound.
The leech, unknowing of superior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foments the part,
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
Iapis first perceiv'd the closing wound;
And *first the footsteps of* a god he found.

Arms, arms, he cries, the ſword and ſhield prepare,
And ſend the willing chief, renew'd to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine:
Some god our general to the battle ſends;
Some god preſerves his life for greater ends.
The hero arms in haſte: his hands infold
His thighs with cuiſhes of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and ruſhing to the field,
That hand ſuſtaining the cœleſtial ſhield,
This gripes the lance; and with ſuch vigour ſhakes,
That to the reſt the beamy weapon quakes.
Then, with a cloſe embrace, he ſtrain'd his ſon;
And, kiſſing through his hel t, thus begun:
My ſon, from my example n the war,
In camps to ſuffer, and in ls to dare:
But happier chance than mine attend thy care!
This day my hand thy tender age ſhall ſhield,
And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:
Thou, when thy riper years ſhall ſend thee forth,
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth,
Aſſert thy birthright; and in arms be known,
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' ſon.
He ſaid; and, ſtriding, iſſued on the plain;
Anteus, and Mneſtheus, and a numerous train,
Attend his ſteps: the reſt their weapons take,
And, crowding to the field, the camp forſake.
A cloud of blinding duſt is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.

Now

Now Turnus, poſted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progreſs of the moving war:
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains;
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturna ſaw th' advancing troops appear;
And heard the hoſtile ſound, and fled for fear.
Æneas leads; and draws a ſweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As when a whirlwind, ruſhing to the ſhore,
From the mid ocean drives the waves before:
The painful hind, with heavy heart, foreſees
The flatted fields, and ſlaughter of the trees;
With ſuch impetuous rage the prince appears,
Before his doubled front; nor leſs deſtruction bears.
And now both armies ſhock, in open field;
Oſyris is by ſtrong Thymbræus kill'd.
Arcetius, Ufens, Epulon, are ſlain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train);
By Gyas, Mneſtheus, and Achates' hand:
The fatal augur falls, by whoſe command
The truce was broken, and whoſe lance, embrued
With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd.
Loud ſhouts and clamours rend the liquid ſky;
And o'er the field the frighted Latins fly.
The prince diſdains the daſtards to purſue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few:
Turnus alone, amid the duſky plain,
He ſeeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and, ſeiz'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;

Aſſumes his ſhape, his armour, and his mien;
And like Metiſcus in his ſeat is ſeen.
As the black ſwallow near the palace plies;
O'er empty courts, and under arches flies:
Now hawks aloft, now ſkims along the flood,
To furniſh her loquacious neſt with food:
So drives the rapid goddeſs o'er the plains;
The ſmoking horſes run [illegible]oſen'd reins.
She ſteers a various cours[illegible]g the foes;
Now here, now th[illegible]r c[illegible]ering brother ſhows;
Now with a ſtrai[illegible]w [illegible] wheeling flight,
She turns, and b[illegible]t ſh[illegible] the ſingle fight.
Æneas, fir'd [illegible] breaks the croud,
And [illegible] alls [illegible] name aloud:
He ru[illegible], and tries
To ſtop [illegible] [illegible] ariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpſe, Juturna fears,
And far away the Daunian hero bears.
What ſhould he do? Nor arts nor arms avail;
And various cares in vain his mind aſſail;
The great Meſſapus thundering through the field,
In his left hand two pointed javelins held:
Encountering on the prince, one dart he drew,
And with unerring aim and utmoſt vigour threw.
Æneas ſaw it come, and ſtooping low
Beneath his buckler, ſhunn'd the threatening blow.
The weapon hiſs'd above his head, and tore
The waving plume, which on his helm he wore.
Forc'd by this hoſtile act, and fir'd with ſpite,
That flying Turnus ſtill declin'd the fight;

The prince, whoſe piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardour, now invades the field:
Invokes the powers of violated peace,
Their rites and injur'd altars to redreſs:
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and ſlaughter'd bodies fills the plain.
What god can tell, what numbers can diſplay,
The various labours of that fatal day?
What chiefs and champions fell on either ſide,
In combat ſlain, or by what deaths they dy'd?
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd:
Who ſhar'd the fame and fortune of the field?
Jove, could'ſt thou view, and not avert thy ſight,
Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
Whom leagues of laſting love ſo ſhortly ſhall unite!
Æneas firſt Rutulian Sucro found,
Whoſe valour made the Trojans quit their ground.
Betwixt his ribs the javelin drove ſo juſt,
It reach'd his heart, nor needs a ſecond thruſt.
Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren ſlew;
Firſt from his horſe fierce Amicus he threw;
Then leaping on the ground, on foot aſſail'd
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.
Their lifeleſs trunks he leaves upon the place;
Their heads, diſtilling gore, his chariot grace.
Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw;
Whom without reſpite at one charge he ſlew:
Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppreſs'd,
And ſad Onythes, added to the reſt;

Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.
Turnus two brothers from the Lycian ſhore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle ſent,
O'erthrew, nor Phœbus could their fate prevent.
Peaceful Menætes after theſe he kill'd,
Who long had ſhunn'd the dangers of the field:
On Lerna's lake a ſilent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread.
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces he knew,
But wiſely from th' infectious world withdrew.
Poor was his houſe; his father's painful hand
Diſcharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land.
As flames among the lofty woods are thrown,
On different ſides, and both by winds are blown,
The laurels crackle in the ſputtering fire;
The frighted ſylvans from their ſhades retire:
Or as two neighbouring torrents fall from high,
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry:
They roll to ſea, with unreſiſted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their courſe:
Not with leſs rage the rival heroes take
Their different ways; nor leſs deſtruction make.
With ſpears afar, with ſwords at hand they ſtrike,
And zeal of ſlaughter fires their ſouls alike.
Like them, their dauntleſs men maintain the field,
And hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield:
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
And heaps of bodies raiſe the level ground.
Murranus, boaſting of his blood, that ſprings
From a long royal race of Latin kings,

Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Cruſh'd with the weight of an unwielding ſtone:
Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels that bore
His living load, his dying body tore.
His ſtarting ſteeds, to ſhun the glittering ſword,
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.
Fierce Hillus threaten'd high; and face to face
Affronted Turnus in the middle ſpace:
The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd the deadly ſpear:
So fatally the flying weapon ſped,
That through his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.
Nor, Ciſſeus, could'ſt thou 'ſcape from Turnus' hand,
In vain the ſtrongeſt of th' Arcadian band:
Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford
Availing aid againſt th' Æneian ſword:
Which to his naked heart purſued the courſe:
Nor could his plated ſhield ſuſtain the force.
Iölus fell, whom not the Grecian powers,
Nor great ſubverter of the Trojan towers,
Were doom'd to kill, while heaven prolong'd his date:
But who can paſs the bounds prefix'd by fate?
In high Lyrneſſus, and, in Troy, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the laſt remains
A little ſpot of foreign earth contains.
And now both hoſts their broken troops unite,
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Preſthus and undaunted Mneſtheus join
The Trojan, Tuſcan, and Arcadian line:

See-

Sea-born Meſſapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin ſquadrons, and to battle leads.
They ſtrike, they puſh, they throng the ſcanty ſpace;
Reſolv'd on death, impatient of diſgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his place.
The Cyprian goddeſs now inſpires her ſon
To leave th' unfiniſh'd fight, and ſtorm the town.
For, while he rolls [illegible] nd the plain,
In queſt of Turnus, [illegible] eeks in vain,
He views th' unguar[illegible] m afar,
In careleſs quiet, ano[illegible] war:
Occaſion offers, and [illegible] mind,
To dare beyond th[illegible] deſign'd.
Reſolv'd, he calls [illegible] ey leave the fight;
Attended thus, h[illegible] bouring height:
The crowding troops about [illegible] r general ſtand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince: Hear and obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the leaſt delay.
Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
Requires our utmoſt vigour, and our ſpeed.
Your inſtant arms againſt the town prepare;
The ſource of miſchief, and the ſeat of war.
This day the Latian towers, that mate the ſky,
Shall level with the plain in aſhes lie:
The people ſhall be ſlaves, unleſs in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquiſh'd on the plain;
Then ſhall I wait till Turnus will be ſlain?

Your

Your force againſt the perjur'd city bend:
There it began, and there the war ſhall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires,
Cleanſe the polluted place with purging fires.
He finiſh'd; and, one ſoul inſpiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are ſlain.
Some firebrands, others ſcaling ladders bear;
And thoſe they toſs aloft, and theſe they rear:
The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
The clouds of miſſive arms obſcure the ſky.
Advancing to the front, the hero ſtands,
And, ſtretching out to heaven his pious hands,
Atteſts the gods, aſſerts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Auſonian prince:
Declares the royal honour doubly ſtain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.
Diſſenting clamours in the town ariſe;
Each will be heard, and all at once adviſe.
One part for peace, and one for war contends:
Some would exclude their foes, and ſome admit their friends.
The helpleſs king is hurry'd in the throng;
And whate'er tide prevails, is born along.
Thus, when the ſwain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with ſuffocating ſmoke,
They run around, or labour on their wings,
Diſus'd to flight; and ſhoot their ſleepy ſtings;
To ſhun the bitter fumes, in vain they try;
Black vapours, iſſuing from the vent, involve the ſky.

But fate, and envious fortune, now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.
The queen, who saw the foes invade the town,
And brands on tops of burning houses thrown;
Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear;
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain;
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.
Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, she loaths the vital air.
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
She raves against the gods, she beats her breast,
She tears with both her hands her purple vest;
Then round a beam a running noose she ty'd,
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely dy'd.
Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter known;
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair,
And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share:
With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of despair.
The spreading rumour fills the public place;
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame, are seen in every face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private woes:
With filth his venerable beard besmears,
And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.

And

And much he blames the ſoftneſs of his mind,
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
And ſoon reduc'd to change, what he ſo well deſign'd:
To break the ſolemn league ſo long deſir'd,
Nor finiſh what his fates, and thoſe of Troy, requir'd.
Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains,
And here and there ſome ſtraggling foes he gleans.
His flying courſers pleaſe him leſs and leſs,
Aſham'd of eaſy fight, and cheap ſucceſs.
Thus half contented, anxious in his mind,
The diſtant cries come driving in the wind:
Shouts from the walls, but ſhouts in murmurs drown'd;
A jarring mixture, and a boding ſound.
Alas, ſaid he, what mean theſe diſmal cries?
What doleful clamours from the town ariſe?
Confus'd he ſtops, and backward pulls the reins:
She, who the driver's office now ſuſtains,
Replies: Neglect, my lord, theſe new alarms;
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms:
There want not others to defend the wall:
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall,
So ſhall your fatal ſword his friends oppreſs,
In honour equal, equal in ſucceſs.
To this, the prince: O ſiſter, (for I knew
The peace infring'd, proceeded firſt from you,)
I knew you when you mingled firſt in fight,
And now in vain you would deceive my ſight:
Why, goddeſs, this unprofitable care?
Who ſent you down from heaven, involv'd in air?

Your

Your ſhare of mortal ſorrows to ſuſtain,
And ſee your brother bleeding on the plain?
For to what power can Turnus have recourſe,
Or how reſiſt his fate's prevailing force!
Theſe eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground.
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
I heard my deareſt friend, with dying breath,
My name invoking to revenge his death:
Brave Ufens fell with honour on the place;
To ſhun the ſhameful ſight of my diſgrace.
On earth ſupine, a manly corpſe he lies;
His veſt and armour are the victor's prize.
Then ſhall I ſee Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted to compleat my ſhame?
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight;
How Drances will inſult, and point them to the ſight!
Is death ſo hard to bear? ye gods below,
(Since thoſe above ſo ſmall compaſſion ſhow,)
Receive a ſoul unſully'd yet ith ſhame,
Which not belies my great i efathers' name.
He ſaid: and while he ſpo :, with flying ſpeed,
Came Sages, urging on his f amy ſteed;
Fix'd on his wounded face a ſhaft he bore,
And ſeeking Turnus ſent his voice before:
Turnus, on you, on you alone depends
Our laſt relief; compaſſionate your friends.
Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on,
With arms inveſts, with flames invades the town:
The brands are toſs'd on high: the winds conſpire
To drive along the deluge of the fire:

All

All eyes are fix'd on you; your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king ſtaggers, and ſuſpends his choice.
Doubts to deliver, or defend the town;
Whom to reject, or whom to call his ſon.
The queen, on whom your utmoſt hopes were plac'd,
Herſelf ſuborning death, has breath'd her laſt.
'Tis true, Meſſapus, fearleſs of his fate,
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
On every ſide ſurrounded by the foe;
The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
An iron harveſt mounts, and ſtill remains to mow.
You, far aloof from your unſhaken bands,
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty ſands.
Stupid he ſate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind:
Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breaſt,
And ſorrow, mix'd with ſhame, his ſoul oppreſs'd;
And conſcious worth lay labouring in his thought:
And love, by jealouſy, to madneſs wrought.
By ſlow degrees his reaſon drove away
The miſts of paſſion, and reſum'd her ſway.
Then, riſing on his car, he turn'd his look;
And ſaw the town involv'd in fire and ſmoke.
A wooden tower with flames already blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd:
And bridges laid above to join the ſpace:
And wheels below to roll from place to place.
Siſter, the fates have vanquiſh'd: let us go
The way which heaven and my hard fortune ſhow.

The

The fight is fix'd: nor ſhall the branded name
Of a baſe coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice: but ſuffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage before I die.
He ſaid, and, leaping down without delay,
Through crouds of ſcatter'd foes he freed his way.
Striding, he paſs'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving maidens far behind.
As when a mountain torn
By raging rents borne,
Or ſapp'd d from the roots,
Prone through rocky ruin ſhoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from ſteep to ſteep;
Down ſink, at once, the ſhepherds and their ſheep;
Involv'd alike, they ruſh to ether ground,
Stunn'd with the ſhock, t fall, and ſtunn'd from
earth rebound:

So, Turnus, haſting headlong to the town,
Shouldering and ſhoving, bore the ſquadrons down.
Still preſſing on onward, to the walls he drew,
Where ſhafts, and ſpears, and darts, promiſcuous flew;
And ſanguine ſtreams the ſlippery ground embrue.
Firſt ſtretching out his arm, in ſign of peace,
He cries aloud, to make the combat ceaſe;
Rutulians, hold, and Latin troops retire;
The fight is mine, and me the gods require.
'Tis juſt that I ſhould vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day ſhall free from wars th' Auſonian ſtate;
Or finiſh my misfortunes in my fate.

Both armies from their bloody work desist:
And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,
Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls,
Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.
He springs to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in the course.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
Or father Appenine, when white with snows,
His head divine, obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.
The nations, o'er-aw'd, surcease the fight,
Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their sight:
Ev'n Death stands still; nor from above they throw
Their darts, nor drive their battering rams below.
In silent order either army stands;
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.
Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wondering sight,
Two mighty champions match'd in single fight,
Born under climes remote, and brought by fate,
With swords to try their titles to the state.
Now, in clos'd field, each other from afar
They view; and, rushing on, begin the war.
They lanch their spears, then hand to hand they meet;
The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet:
Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Courage conspires with chance; and both engage
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.

As when two bulls for their fair female fight,
In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height;
With horns adverse they meet: the keeper flies:
Mute stands the herd, the heifers roll their eyes,
And wait th' event; which victor they shall bear,
And who shall be the Lord, to rule the lusty year:
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And push for push, and wound for wound return:
Their dewlaps gor'd, thei[illegible]es are lav'd in blood: 105
Loud cries and roaring foun[illegible] rebellow through the woo
Such was the combat in the lifted ground;
So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.
Jove sets the beam; in either scale he lays
The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs.
On this side life, and lucky chance ascends;
Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow,
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side:
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
Now 'tis but death, or flight: disarm'd he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies.
Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,
Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could find.
'Twas not the fated sword his father bore;
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.

This, while the Trojans fled, the toughneſs held;
But vain againſt the great Vulcanian ſhield.
The mortal-temper'd ſteel deceiv'd his hand:
The ſhiver'd fragments ſhone amid the ſand.
Surpriz'd with fear, he fled along the field;
And now forthright, and now in orbits, wheel'd.
For here the Trojan troops the liſt ſurround;
And there the paſs is clos'd with pools and marſhy ground.
Æneas haſtens, though with heavier pace,
His wound, ſo newly knit, retards the chace:
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuſe,
Yet preſſing foot by foot his foe purſues.
Thus, when a fearful ſtag is clos'd around
With crimſon toils, or in a river found;
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears;
Still opening, following ſtill, where-e'er he ſteers:
The perſecuted creature to and fro,
Turns here and there to 'ſcape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is th' aſcent, and if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the ſtrand:
His eager foe, determin'd to the chace,
Stretch'd at his length gains ground at every pace:
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey:
Juſt at the pinch the ſtag ſprings out with fear,
He bites the wind, and fills his ſounding jaws with air.
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the ſkies.
Thus flies the Daunian prince: and, flying, blames
His tardy troops: and, calling by their names,

Demands his truſty ſword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient ſeats
To lay in aſhes, if they dare ſupply,
With arms or aid, his vanquiſh'd enemy:
Thus menacing, he ſtill purſues the courſe
With vigour, though diminiſh'd of his force.
Ten times, already, round the liſted place
One chief had fled, and t' other given the chace:
No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life
Or death of Turnus, now depends the ſtrife.
Within the ſpace an olive-tree had ſtood,
A ſacred ſhade, a venerable wood,
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins guardian god.
Here hung the veſts, and tablets were engrav'd,
Of ſinking mariners from ſhipwreck ſav'd.
With heedleſs hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
To make the ground incloſ'd for combat free,
Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,
Or erring haſte, the Trojan drove his lance:
Then ſtoop'd, and tugg'd with force immenſe, to free
Th' incumber'd ſpear from the tenacious tree:
That whom his fainting limbs purſued in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.
Confus'd with fear, bereft with human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and firſt to Faunus pray'd:
O Faunus pity, and thou mother earth,
Where I thy foſter-ſon receiv'd my birth,
Hold faſt the ſteel; if my religious hand
Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd;

Propitious hear my pious prayer! He ſaid,
Nor with ſucceſsleſs vows invok'd the aid.
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and ſtrain'd,
But ſtill the ſtubborn earth the ſteel detain'd.
Juturna took her time: and, while in vain
He ſtrove, aſſum'd Metiſcus' form again:
And, in that imitated ſhape, reſtor'd
To the deſpairing prince, his Daunian ſword.
The queen of love, who, with diſdain and grief,
Saw the bold Nymph afford this prompt relief;
T' aſſert her offspring with a greater deed,
From the tough root the lingering weapon freed.
Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance;
One truſts the ſword, and one the pointed lance:
And both reſolv'd alike, to try their fatal chance.
Meantime imperial Jove to Juno ſpoke,
Who from a ſhining cloud beheld the ſhock:
What new arreſt, O queen of heaven, is ſent
To ſtop the fates now labouring in th' event,
What further hopes are left thee to purſue?
Divine Æneas (and thou know'ſt it too)
Free-doom'd to theſe celeſtial ſeats is due.
What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou lingereſt in this lonely ſhade!
Is it becoming of the due reſpect,
And awful honour of a god elect,
A wound unworthy of our ſtate to feel;
Patient of human hands, and earthly ſteel?

Or ſeems it juſt, the Siſter ſhould reſtore
A ſecond ſword, when one was loſt before,
And arm a conquer'd wretch againſt his conqueror?
For what without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay, more, thy dictate, durſt Juturna do?
At laſt, in deference to my love, forbear
To lodge within thy ſoul this anxious care:
Reclin'd upon my breaſt, thy grief unload;
Who ſhould [illegible] go, deſs but the god?
Now, all thi[illegible]r utmoſt iſſue tend;
Puſh'd by th[illegible] their appointed end:
While leave [illegible]iv'n thee, and a lawful hour
For vengeance, wrath, and unreſiſted power:
Toſs'd on the ſeas thou could'ſt thy foes diſtreſs,
And driven aſhore, with hoſtile arms oppreſs:
Deform the royal houſe; and from the ſide
Of the juſt bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:

Now ceaſe at my command. The thunderer ſa
And with dejected eyes this anſwer Juno made.
Becauſe your dread decree too well I knew;
From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew
Elſe ſhould you not behold me here alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds my friends bemoan;
But girt with vengeful flames, in open fight,
Engag'd againſt my foes in mortal fight.
'Tis true, Juturna mingled in thy ſtrife
By my command, to ſave her brother's life;
At leaſt to try: but by the Stygian lake,
(The moſt religious oath the gods can take)

With this reſtriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toſs the ſpear, or trembling dart to throw.
And now reſign'd to your ſuperior might,
And tir'd with fruitleſs toils, I loath the fight.
This let me beg (and this no fates withſtand)
Both for myſelf, and for your father's land;
That when the nuptial bed ſhall bind the peace,
(Which I, ſince you ordain, conſent to bleſs)
The laws of either nation be the ſame;
But let the Latins ſtill retain their name:
Speak the ſame language which they ſpoke before;
Wear the ſame habits which their grandſires wore:
Call them not Trojans: periſh the renown
And name of Troy with that deteſted town,
Latium be Latium ſtill; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majeſty remain.
Then thus the founder of mankind replies
(Unruffled was his front, ſerene his eyes):
Can Saturn's iſſue, and heavens other heir,
Such endleſs anger in her boſom bear?
Be miſtreſs, and your full deſires obtain:
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Auſonian people ſprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
The Trojans to their cuſtoms ſhall be ty'd,
I will, myſelf, their common rites provide;
The natives ſhall command, the foreigners ſubſide.
All ſhall be Latium; Troy without a name:
And her loſt ſons forget from whence they came.

From blood ſo mix'd, a pious race ſhall flow;
Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation m[illegible]re reſpect to you ſhall pay,
Or greater [illegible]rings on your altars lay.
Juno cor[illegible], well pleas'd that her deſires
Had [illegible]ceſs, and from the clouds retires.
Th[illegible]hus made, the Thunderer next prepares
To fo[illegible], goddeſ[illegible] the wars.
Deep in[illegible]al regions, [illegible] light,
Three daughters at a birth [illegible]rn to Night:
Theſe their brown mother, br[illegible]g on her care,
Indulg'd with windy wings to [illegible]in air:
With ſerpents girt alike, and cro[illegible]'d with hiſſing hair.
In heaven the Diræ call'd, a[illegible]ll at hand,
Before the throne of angry [illegible]ey ſtand,
His miniſters of wrath; a[illegible] ſtill
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill:
When-e'er the moody fire, to wreak his hate
On realms, or towns, deſerving of their fate,
Hurls down diſeaſes, death, and deadly care,
And terrifies the guilty world with war.
One ſiſter-plague of theſe from heaven he ſent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
The peſt comes whirling down: by far more ſlow
Springs the ſwift arrow from the Parthian bow,
Or Cydon eugh; when, traverſing the ſkies,
And drench'd in poiſonous juice, the ſure deſtruction flies.
With ſuch a ſudden and unſeen a flight,
Shot through the clouds the daughter of the night.

Soon as the field incloſe'd the lord in view,
And from afar her deſtin'd quarry knew:
Contracted, to the boding bird ſhe turns,
Which haunts the ruin'd piles, and hallow'd urns,
And beats about the tombs with nightly wings;
Where ſongs obſcene on ſepulchres ſhe ſings.
Thus leſſen'd in her form, with frightful cries
The fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his ſhield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
A lazy chilneſs crept along his blood,
Chok'd was his voice, his hair with horror ſtood.
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill omen, by her ſcreaming cry,
And ſtridour of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,
Her beauteous breaſt ſhe beat, and rent her flowing hair.
Ah me, ſhe cries, in this unequal ſtrife,
What can thy ſiſter more to ſave thy life!
Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend
In arms, with that inexorable fiend!
Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
My tender ſoul, ye baleful birds of night!
The laſhing of your wings I know too well:
The ſounding flight, and funeral ſcreams of hell!
Theſe are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
The worthy recompence of raviſh'd love!
Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
O hard conditions of immortal ſtate!
Though born to death, not privileg'd to die,
But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!

Take

Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
Companion to my brother's ghoſt below!
The joys are vaniſh'd: nothing now remains
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
What earth will open her devouring womb,
To reſt a weary goddeſs in the tomb!
She drew a length of ſighs; nor more ſhe ſaid,
But in her azure mantle wrap'd her head:
Then plung'd into her ſtream, with deep deſpair,
And her laſt ſobs came bubbling up in air.
Now ſtern Æneas waves his weighty ſpear
Againſt his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
What farther ſubterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
'Tis not thy ſwiftneſs can ſecure thy flight:
Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
Vary thy ſhape in thouſand forms, and dare
What ſkill and courage can attempt in war:
Wiſh for the wings of wind to mount the ſky;
Or hid within the hollow earth to lie.
The champion ſhook his head, and made this ſhort reply:
No threats of thine my manly mind can move:
'Tis hoſtile heaven I dread; and partial Jove.
He ſaid no more; but, with a ſigh, repreſs'd.
The mighty ſorrow in his ſwelling breaſt.
Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
An antique ſtone he ſaw; the common bound
Of neighbouring fields, and barrier of the ground:

So

So vaſt, that twelve ſtrong men of modern days
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raiſe.
He heav'd it at a lift: and, pois'd on high,
Ran ſtaggering on, againſt his enemy.
But ſo diſorder'd, that he ſcarcely knew
His way; or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load:
And ſhivering cold congeals his vital blood.
The ſtone drops from his arms; and falling ſhort,
For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
The fickly fancy labours in the night:
We ſeem to run; and, deſtitute of force,
Our ſinking limbs forſake us in the courſe:
In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:
The nerves unbrac'd their uſual ſtrength deny,
And on the tongue the faultering accents die:
So Turnus far'd, whatever means he try'd,
All force of arms, and points of art employ'd,
The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour void.
A thouſand various thoughts his ſoul confound:
He ſtar'd about; nor aid nor iſſue found:
His own men ſtop the paſs, and his own walls ſurround.
Once more he pauſes; and looks out again:
And ſeeks the goddeſs charioteer in vain.
Trembling, he views the thundering chief advance,
And brandiſhing aloft the deadly lance:

Amaz'd

Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conquering foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
Aſtoniſh'd while he ſtands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his ſhield he ſees th' impending ſpear.
The hero meaſur'd firſt, with narrow view,
The deſtin'd mark: and, riſing as he threw,
With its full ſwing the fatal weapon flew.
Not with leſs rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or ſtones from battering engine break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm ſo ſtrong,
The lance drove on; and bore the death along.
Nought could his ſeven-fold ſhield the prince avail,
Nor aught beneath his arms the coat of mail;
It pierc'd through all; and, with a grizly wound,
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted ſky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.
Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes caſt upwards, and with arms diſplay'd;
And recreant thus to the proud victor pray'd:
I know my death deſerv'd, nor hope to live:
Uſe what the gods and thy good fortune give.
Yet think; oh think, if mercy may be ſhown,
(Thou hadſt a father once, and hadſt a ſon):
Pity my ſire, now ſinking to the grave;
And for Anchiſes' ſake, old Daunus ſave!
Or, if they vow'd revenge, purſue my death;
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The Latian chiefs have ſeen me beg my life;
Thine is the conqueſt, thine the royal wife;
Againſt a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble ſtrife.

In deep ſuſpence the Trojan ſeem'd to ſtand;
And, juſt appear'd to ſtrike, repreſs'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and every moment felt
His manly ſoul with more compaſſion melt.
When, caſting down a caſual glance, he ſpy'd
The golden belt that glitter'd on his ſide:
The fatal ſpoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then, rouz'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
(Flames, while he ſpoke, came flaſhing from his eyes);
Traitor, doſt thou, doſt thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To this ſad ſoul a grateful offering go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.
He rais'd his arm aloft; and at the word,
Deep in his boſom drove the ſhining ſword.
The ſtreaming blood diſtain'd his arms around,
And the diſdainful ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in p[illegible]y and at eaſe, I have undertaken to tranſlate in [illegible] declining years: ſtruggling with wants, oppreſſed [illegible]th ſickneſs, curbed in my genius, liable to be miſcon[illegible]ed in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced againſt me, by the lying character which [illegible]as been given them of my morals. Yet, ſteady to [illegible]y principles, and not diſpirited with my afflictions, [illegible] have, by the bleſſing of God on my endeavours, overco[illegible]e all difficulties; and, in ſome meaſure, acquitted m[illegible]elf of the debt which I owed the public, when I [illegible]dertook this work. In the firſt place, therefore, I th[illegible]kfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the aſſiſtance he has given me in the beginning, the proſecution, and concluſion of my preſent ſtudies, which are more happily performed, than I could have promiſed to myſelf, when I laboured under ſuch diſcouragements. For, what I have done, imperfect as it is, for want of health and leiſure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and poſſibly in the preſent, to be no diſhonour to my native country; wh[illegible]ſe language and poetry would be more eſteemed abroad, if they were better underſtood. Somewhat (give me leave to ſay) I have added to both of them, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting, eſpecially the laſt, in all our poets, even in thoſe who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with ſuffi-

cient

cient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and ſweetneſs of ſound, unneceſſary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our Engliſh Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived, but when ſound or ſignificancy is wanting in the preſent language. But many of his deſerve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are ſlain for ſix-pence in a battle, merit to be reſtored to life, if a wiſh could revive them. Others have no ear for verſe, nor choice of words, nor diſtinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the ſum. Here is a field of ſatire opened to me: but, ſince the Revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent. For who would give phyſic to the great, when he is uncalled? to do this patient no good, and endanger himſelf for his preſcription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may juſtly be condemned for many of theſe faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

"Cynthius aurem vellet, & admonuit."

It is enough for me, if the government will let me paſs unqueſtioned. In the mean time, I am obliged, in gratitude, to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only diſtinguiſhed me from others of the ſame party, by a particular exception of grace, but, without conſidering the man, have been bountiful to the poet: have encouraged Virgil to ſpeak ſuch Engliſh as I could teach him, and reward his interpreter, for the pains he has taken, in bringing him over into Britain, by *defraying the charges* of his voyage. Even Cerberus, *when he had* received the ſop, permitted Æneas

to

to paſs freely to Elyſium. Had it been offered me, and I had refuſed it, yet ſtill ſome gratitude is due to ſuch who were willing to oblige me. But how much more to thoſe from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different perſuaſion? amongſt whom I cannot omit naming the earls of Derby and of Peterborough. To the firſt of theſe, I have not the honour to be known; and therefore his liberality was as much unexpecte , as it was undeſerved. The preſent earl of Peterbor gh has been pleaſed long ſince to accept the tenders of y ſervice: his favours are ſo frequent to me, that I receive them almoſt by preſcription. No difference of intereſts or opinion have been able to withdraw his protection from me: and I might juſtly be condemned for the moſt unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preſerve for him a moſt profound reſpect and inviolable gratitude. I muſt alſo add, that if the laſt Æneid ſhine among its fellows, it is owing to the commands of Sir William Trumball, one of the principal ſecretaries of ſtate, who recommended it, as his favourite, to my care; and, for his ſake particularly, I have made it mine. For who would confeſs wearineſs, when he enjoined a freſh labour? I could not but invoke the aſſiſtance of a Muſe, for this laſt office.

"Extremum hunc Arethuſa:—
"Negat quis carmina Gallo?"

Neither am I to forget the noble preſent which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Eſq; the worthy ſon of the late archbiſhop of York; who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the ſeveral editions of Vir-

gil, and all the commentaries of thoſe editions in Latin; amongſt which, I could not but prefer the Dauphine's, as the laſt, the ſhorteſt, and the moſt judicious. Fabrini I had alſo ſent me from Italy; but either he underſtands Virgil but very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited, by that worthy gentleman Sir William Bowyer, to Denham-court, I tranſlated the firſt Georgic at his houſe, and the greateſt part of the laſt Æneid. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. No wonder therefore if both thoſe verſions ſurpaſs the reſt, and own the ſatisfaction I received in his converſe, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the ſame College. The ſeventh Æneid was made Engliſh at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter: in a village belonging to his family I was born, and under his roof I endeavoured to make that Æneid appear in Engliſh with as much luſtre as I could: though my author has not given the finiſhing ſtrokes either to it, or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durſt preſume to criticize my maſter.

By a letter from William Walſh, of Abberly, Eſq; (who has ſo long honoured me with his friendſhip, and who, without flattery, is the beſt critick of our nation) I have been informed that his grace the Duke of Shrewſbury has procured a printed copy of the Paſtorals, Georgics, and ſix firſt Æneids, from my bookſeller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble perſon having been pleaſed to give them a *commendation*, which I preſume not to

inſert; has made me vain enough to boaſt of ſo great a favour, and to think I have ſucceeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteneſs of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, his humanity, his eaſineſs of acceſs, and deſire of obliging thoſe who ſtand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his converſation. Whoever has given the world the tranſlation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls "The Power of Love," has put me to ſufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his: as my Lord Roſcommon's Silenus had formerly given me the ſame trouble. The moſt ingenious Mr. Addiſon, of Oxford, has alſo been as troubleſome to me as the other two, and on the ſame account. After his bees, my latter ſwarm is ſcarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's "Praiſe of a Country Life" is excellent; but is rather an imitation of Virgil, than a verſion. That I have recovered in ſome meaſure the health which I had loſt by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the ſkill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profeſſion; whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me: and the only one of them, who endeavoured to defame me, had it not in his power *.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

TRANS.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

JUVENAL.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES

EARL of DORSET and MIDDLESEX, Lord Chamberlain of his Majeſty's Houſhold, Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

THE wiſhes and deſires of all good men, which have attended your Lordſhip from your firſt appearance in the world, are at length accompliſhed, in your obtaining thoſe honours and dignities, which you have ſo long deſerved. There are no factions, though irreconcileable to one another, that are not united in their affection to you, and the reſpect they pay you. They are equally pleaſed in your proſperity, and would be equally concerned in your affliction. Titus Veſpaſian was not more the delight of human-kind. The univerſal empire made him only more known, and more powerful, but could not make him more beloved. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclination to it is not leſs: and though you could not extend your beneficence to ſo many perſons, yet you have loſt as few days as that excellent emperor, and never had

had his complaint to make when you went to bed, that the ſun had ſhone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving ſome unhappy man. This, my Lord, has juſtly acquired you as many friends as there are perſons who have the honour to be known to you: mere acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer line; and they who have converſed with you are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a truth ſo generally acknowledged, that it needs no proof: it is of the nature of a firſt principle, which is received as ſoon as it is propoſed; and needs not the reformation which Deſcartes uſed to his: for we doubt not, neither can we properly ſay, we think we admire and love you, above all other men: there is a certainty in the propoſition, and we know it. With the ſame aſſurance can I ſay, you neither have enemies, nor can ſcarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither love or hate you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you, than that which they receive from the public, that you are the beſt of men. After this, my teſtimony can be of no farther uſe, than to declare it to be day-light at high-noon: and all who have the benefit of ſight, can look up as well, and ſee the ſun.

It is true, I have one privilege which is almoſt particular to myſelf, that I ſaw you in the eaſt at your firſt ariſing above the hemiſphere: I was as ſoon ſenſible as any man of that light, when it was but juſt ſhooting out, and beginning to travel upward to the meridian. I made my early addreſſes to your Lordſhip,

in

in my eſſay of Dramatic Poetry; and therein beſpoke you to the world, wherein I have the right of a firſt diſcoverer. When I was myſelf in the rudiments of my Poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the ſkill; when I was drawing the out-lines of an art, without any living maſter to inſtruct me in it; an art which had been better praiſed than ſtudied here in England, wherein Shakeſpeare, who created the ſtage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and juſtly: and Jonſon, who, by ſtudying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules, yet ſeemed to envy poſterity that knowledge, and like an inventor of ſome uſeful art, to make a monopoly of his learning: when thus, as I may ſay, before the uſe of the loadſtone, or knowledge of the compaſs, I was ſailing in a vaſt ocean, without other help than the pole-ſtar of the ancients, and the rules of the French ſtage amongſt the moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reaſon of their oppoſite taſte; yet, even then, I had the preſumption to dedicate to your Lordſhip: a very unfiniſhed piece, I muſt confeſs, and which only can be excuſed by the little experience of the author, and the modeſty of the title, An Eſſay. Yet I was ſtronger in prophecy than I was in criticiſm; I was inſpired to foretel you to mankind, as the reſtorer of Poetry, the greateſt genius, the trueſt judge, and the beſt patron.

Good ſenſe and good nature are never ſeparated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwiſe. *Good nature*, by which I mean beneficence and can-

dor, is the product of right reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and, by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candor in the judge. It is incident to an elevated understanding, like your Lordship's, to find out the errors of other men: but it is your prerogative to pardon them; to look with pleasure on those things, which are somewhat congenial, and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions: and to forgive the many failings of those, who, with their wretched art, cannot arrive to those heights that you possess from a happy, abundant, and native genius; which are as inborn to you, as they were to Shakespeare; and, for aught I know, to Homer; in either of whom we find all arts and sciences, all moral and natural philosophy, without knowing that they ever studied them.

There is not an English writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your Lordship excels all others, in all the several parts of Poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The most vain, and the most ambitious of our age, have not dared to assume so much, as the competitors of Themistocles: they have yielded the first place without dispute; and have been arrogantly content to be esteemed as second to your Lordship; and even that also with a "longe sed "proximi intervallo." If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their self-conceit, they must be very singular in their opinion: they must be like the

Oldisw.

Officer in a play, who was called Captain, Lieutenant, and Company. The world will eaſily conclude, whether ſuch unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnaſſus.

I will not attempt, in this place, to ſay any thing particular of your Lyric Poems, though they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The ſubject of this book confines me to ſatyr; and in that, an author of your own quality, (whoſe aſhes I ſhall not diſturb) has given you all the commendation, which his ſelf-ſufficiency could afford to any man: "The beſt good man, with the worſt-"natured Muſe." In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonſon's verſes to the memory of Shakeſpeare: an inſolent, ſparing, and invidious panegyric: where good-nature, the moſt godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your perſon, and denied to your writings: for they are every where ſo full of candor, that, like Horace, you only expoſe the follies of men, without arraigning their vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedneſs of thought, which is viſibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more of ſalt in all your verſes, than I have ſeen in any of the moderns, or even of the ancients: but you have been ſparing of the gall; by which means you have pleaſed all readers, and offended none. Donne alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your verſification. And were he tranſlated into numbers and Engliſh, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expreſſion. That

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which is the prime virtue and chief ornament of Virgil, which diſtinguiſhes him from the reſt of writers, is ſo conſpicuous in your verſes, that it caſts a ſhadow on all your contemporaries; we cannot be ſeen, or but obſcurely, while you are preſent. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner, and the words. I read you both with the ſame admiration, but not with the ſame delight. He affects the metaphyſics, not only in his ſatires, but in his amorous verſes, where nature only ſhould reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair ſex with nice ſpeculations of philoſophy, when he ſhould engage their hearts, and entertain them with the ſoftneſs of love. In this (if I may be pardoned for ſo bold a truth) Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; ſo great a one, in my opinion, that it throws his miſtreſs infinitely below his Pindariques, and his latter compoſitions, which are undoubtedly the beſt of his poems, and the moſt correct. For my own part, I muſt avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted any thing in ſatyr, wherein I have not ſtudied your writings as the moſt perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greateſt commendation, which my own partiality can give to my productions, is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have ſomething more or leſs of the original. Some few touches of your Lordſhip, ſome ſecret graces which I have endeavoured to expreſs after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to paſs with approbation: but take your verſes altogether, and they

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are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, it is becauſe you have not written more. You have not ſet me ſufficient copy to tranſcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

It is a general complaint againſt your Lordſhip, and I muſt have leave to upbraid you with it, that, becauſe you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wiſhes you ſo well, in all things that relate to your proſperity, have their intervals of wiſhing for themſelves, and are within a little of grudging you the fullneſs of your fortune: they would be more malicious if you uſed it not ſo well, and with ſo much generoſity.

Fame is in itſelf a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires ſtrength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolence as an attribute to his gods, and place in it the happineſs of the bleſt: the divinity which we worſhip has given us not only a precept againſt it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my Lord, would be content to allow you a ſeventh day for reſt; or, if you thought that hard upon you, we would not refuſe you half your time: if you come out, like ſome great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diverſion, though you had no need to extend your territories: in ſhort, if you were a bad, or which is worſe, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for our own quiet, and not expoſe you to the want of yours. But when you are ſo great and ſo ſucceſsful, and when we have

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that neceſſity of your writing, that we cannot ſubſiſt intirely without it; any more (I may almoſt ſay) than the world without the daily courſe of ordinary Providence, methinks this argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your repoſe for the public benefit. It is not that you are under any deſire of working daily miracles, to prove your being; but now and then ſomewhat of extraordinary, that is any thing of your production, is requiſite to refreſh your character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a ſufficient reproach to you; and, ſhould I carry it as far as mankind would authorize me, would be little leſs than ſatyr. And indeed, a provocation is almoſt neceſſary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced ſometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of ſcribblers, who daily peſter the world with their inſufferable ſtuff, that they might be diſcouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons and libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either ſhot at rovers, and therefore miſſed, or their power was ſo weak, that I might ſafely ſtand them, at the neareſt diſtance. I anſwered not the Rehearſal, becauſe I knew the author ſate to himſelf when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce. Becauſe alſo I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was in that ſatyr: and, laſtly, becauſe Mr. Smith and Mr. Jonſon, the main pillars

of

of it, were two ſuch languiſhing gentlemen in their converſation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, thoſe noble characters of men of wit and pleaſure about the town. The like conſiderations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their proſe and doggrel; I am ſo far from defending my Poetry againſt them, that I will not ſo much as expoſe theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof againſt their attacks, let me be thought by poſterity, what thoſe authors would be thought, if any memory of them, or of their writings, could endure ſo long, as to another age. But theſe dull makers of lampoons, as harmleſs as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public: ſome witty men may perhaps ſucceed to their deſigns, and, mixing ſenſe with malice, blaſt the reputation of the moſt innocent amongſt men, and the moſt virtuous amongſt women.

Heaven be praiſed, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit, as of morality; and therefore whatever miſchief they have deſigned, they have performed but little of it. Yet theſe ill writers, in all juſtice, ought themſelves to be expoſed: as Perſius has given us a fair example in his firſt ſatyr; which is levelled particularly at them: and none is ſo fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but alſo ſo juſt, that he will never defame the good; and is armed with the power of verſe, to puniſh and make examples of the bad. But of this I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak

further,

further, when I come to give the definition and character of true ſatires.

In the mean time, as a counſellor, bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and ſtatute laws, may honeſtly inform a juſt prince how far his prerogative extends; ſo I may be allowed to tell your Lordſhip, who, by an undiſputed title, are the king of poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exerciſe it, over the petulant ſcribblers of this age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know, you are abſolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good-manners of the ſtage. You can baniſh from thence ſcurrility and prophaneneſs, and reſtrain the licentious inſolence of poets and their actors in all things that ſhock the public quiet, or the reputation of private perſons, under the notion of humour. But I mean not the authority which is annexed to your office: I ſpeak of that only which is inborn, and inherent to your perſon. What is produced in you by an excellent wit, a maſterly and commanding genius over all writers: whereby you are impowered, when you pleaſe, to give the final deciſion of wit; to put your ſtamp on all that ought to paſs for current; and ſet a brand of reprobation on clipt poetry and falſe coin. A ſhilling, dipt in the bath, may go for gold amongſt the ignorant; but the ſceptres on the guineas ſhew the difference. That your Lordſhip is formed by nature for this ſupremacy, I could eaſily prove, (were it not already granted by the world,) from the diſtinguiſhing character of your writings; which is ſo viſible to me, that I never

never could be impoſed on to receive for yours what is written by any others; or to miſtake your genuine poetry for their ſpurious productions. I can farther add with truth (though not without ſome vanity in ſaying it) that in the ſame paper, written by divers hands, whereof your Lordſhip was only part, I could ſeparate your gold from their copper: and though I could not give back to every author his own braſs (for there is not the ſame rule for diſtinguiſhing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never failed of knowing what was yours, and what was not; and was abſolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was poſitively yours, and could not poſitively be written by any other.

True it is, that ſome bad poems, though not all, carry their owner's mark about them. There is ſome peculiar aukwardneſs, falſe grammar, imperfect ſenſe, or, at the leaſt, obſcurity; ſome brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who the owners of the cattle, though they ſhould not ſign it with their names. But your Lordſhip, on the contrary, is diſtinguiſhed, not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your ſtyle and manner of expreſſing them. A painter, judging of ſome admirable piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of Holben, or Van Dyck: but vulgar deſigns, and common draughts, are eaſily miſtaken and miſapplied. Thus, by my long ſtudy of your Lordſhip, I am arrived at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like thoſe artiſts, I can only ſay, this is

like the draught of ſuch a one, or like the colouring of another. In ſhort, I can only be ſure, that it is the hand of a good maſter; but in your performances, it is ſcarcely poſſible for me to be deceived. If you write in your ſtrength, you ſtand revealed at the firſt view; and ſhould you write under it, you cannot avoid ſome peculiar graces, which only coſt me a ſecond conſideration to diſcover you: for I muſt ſay it, with all the ſeverity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your Lordſhip's only fault is, that you have not written more; unleſs I could add another, and that yet a greater, but I fear for the publick the accuſation would not be true, that you have written, and out of vicious modeſty will not publiſh.

Virgil has confined his works within the compaſs of eighteen thouſand lines, and has not treated many ſubjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the reputation of the beſt poet. Martial ſays of him, that he could have excelled Varius in Tragedy, and Horace in Lyric Poetry, but, out of deference to his friends, he attempted neither.

The ſame prevalence of genius is in your Lordſhip: but the world cannot pardon your concealing it, on the ſame conſideration; becauſe we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whoſe excellencies both of Poems, Odes, and Satires you have equalled them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majeſty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good ſenſe is the ſame in all or moſt ages; and courſe of time rather improves

nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: another Homer, and another Virgil, may poſſibly ariſe from thoſe very cauſes which produced the firſt: though it would be imprudence to affirm that any ſuch have appeared.

It is manifeſt, that ſome particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, in all ſorts of arts and ſciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Ariſtophanes, and the reſt for Stage Poetry amongſt the Greeks: that of Auguſtus for Heroic, Lyric, Dramatic, Elegiac, and indeed all ſorts of Poetry in the perſons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; eſpecially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth; wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the ſame time lived Cicero, Saluſt, and Cæſar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his ſon Leo X. wherein Painting was revived, and Poetry flouriſhed, and the Greek language was reſtored.

Examples in all theſe are obvious: but what I would infer is this; That, in ſuch an age, it is poſſible ſome great genius may ariſe, equal to any of the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: and mutual borrowing and commerce makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil government.

But ſuppoſe that Homer and Virgil were the only of their ſpecies, and that Nature was ſo much worn out *in producing them*, that ſhe is never able to bear

he like again; yet, the example only holds in Heroic Poetry: in Tragedy and Satyr, I offer myſelf to maintain againſt ſome of our modern critics, that this age and the laſt, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both thoſe kinds; and, I would inſtance in Shakeſpeare of the former, of your Lordſhip in the latter ſort.

Thus I might ſafely confine myſelf to my native country; but, if I would only croſs the ſeas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the perſon of the admirable Boileau; whoſe numbers are excellent, whoſe expreſſions are noble, whoſe thoughts are juſt, whoſe language is pure, whoſe ſatyr is pointed, and whoſe ſenſe is cloſe: what he borrows from the ancients, he repays with uſury of his own, in coin as good, and almoſt as univerſally valuable: for, ſetting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the ſtamp of Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Auguſtus Cæſar. Let this be ſaid without entering into the intereſt of factions and parties, and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praiſe ſo juſt, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuſe it to him.

Now if it be permitted me to go back again t the conſideration of Epique Poetry, I have confeſſe that no man hitherto has reached, or ſo much as a proached to, the excellencies of Homer, or of Virg I muſt further add, that Statius, the beſt verſific next Virgil, knew not how to deſign after him, the

he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is, besides, too full of heat and affectation; that, among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught: his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency; and his adventures, without the compass of nature and possibility: Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action; he confesses himself to have been too lyrical; that is, to have written beneath the dignity of Heroic Verse, in his Episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and besides, is full of conception, points of Epigram and witticism; all which are not only below the dignity of Heroic Verse, but contrary to its nature: Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as Heroic Poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to the Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's Epigrams, and from Spenser to Fleenoe; that is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. But to return to Tasso: he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his Poem, which is infinitely the worse, imitates Homer so very servilely, *that (for example)* he gives the king of Jerusalem his

fifty ſons, only, becauſe Homer had beſtowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngeſt in the ſame manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not as below thoſe two Italians, and ſubject to a thouſand more reflections, without examining their St. Lewis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique: the Engliſh have only to boaſt of Spenſer and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning, to have been perfect Poets; and yet, both of them are liable to many cenſures. For there is no uniformity in the deſign of Spenſer: he aims at the accompliſhment of no one action: he raiſes up a hero for every one of his adventures; and endows each of them with ſome particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without ſubordination or performance. Every one is moſt valiant in his own legend; only we muſt do them that juſtice to obſerve, that magnanimity, which is the character of prince Arthur, ſhines throughout the whole Poem; and ſuccours the reſt, when they are in diſtreſs. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them, that virtue which he thought moſt conſpicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finiſh his Poem, in the ſix remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, becauſe the model was not true. But

prince.

prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the Poet both of means and ſpirit, to accompliſh his deſign: for the reſt, his obſolete language, and the ill choice of his ſtanza, are faults but of the ſecond magnitude: for, notwithſtanding the firſt, he is ſtill intelligible, at leaſt after a little practice; and for the laſt, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under ſuch a difficulty, his verſes are ſo numerous, ſo various, and harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he profeſſedly imitated, has ſurpaſſed him, among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the Engliſh.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with ſo much juſtice, his ſubject is not that of an Heroic Poem, properly ſo called. His deſign is the loſing of our happineſs: his event is not proſperous, like that of all other Epic works: his heavenly machines are many, and human perſons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promiſed the world a Critique on that author; wherein, though he will not allow his Poem for Heroic, I hope he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words ſounding, and that no man has ſo happily copied the manner of Homer, or ſo copiouſly tranſlated his Græciſms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true, he runs into a flat thought, ſometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he is got into a track of ſcripture: his antiquated words were his choice, *not his neceſſity*; for therein he imitated Spenſer

ſer, as Spenſer imitated Chaucer. And though, perhaps the love of their maſters may have tranſported both too far, in the frequent uſe of them; yet, in my opinion, obſolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more ſounding, or more ſignificant, than thoſe in practice; and, when their obſcurity is taken away, by joining other words to them, which clear the ſenſe; according to the rule of Horace, for the admiſſion of new words. But in both caſes a moderation is to be obſerved in the uſe of them. For unneceſſary coinage, as well as unneceſſary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I juſtify Milton for this blank verſe, though I may excuſe him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have uſed it: for whatever cauſes he alledges for the aboliſhing of rhyme (which I have not now the leiſure to examine) his own particular reaſon is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the eaſe of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifeſt in his Juvenilia, or verſes written in his youth; where his rhyme is always conſtrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the ſoul is moſt pliant, and the paſſion of love makes almoſt every man a rhymer, though not a Poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my bias ſo long together, and made ſo tedious a digreſſion from Satyr to Heroic Poetry. But, if you will not excuſe it, by the tattling quality of age, which, as Sir William Da-

nant ſays, is always narrative; yet I hope the uſefulneſs of what I have to ſay on this ſubject, will qualify the remoteneſs of it; and this is the laſt time I will commit the crime of prefaces, or trouble the world with my notions of any thing that relates to verſe. I have then, as you ſee, obſerved the failings of many great wits amongſt the moderns, who have attempted to write an Epic Poem: beſides theſe, or the like animadverſions of them or other men, there is yet a farther reaſon given, why they cannot poſſibly ſucceed ſo well as the ancients, even though we could allow them not to be inferior, either in genius or learning, or the tongue in which they write, or all thoſe other wonderful qualifications which are neceſſary to the forming of a true accompliſhed Heroic Poet. The fault is laid on our religion: they ſay, that Chriſtianity is not capable of thoſe embelliſhments which are afforded in the belief of thoſe ancient heathens.

And it is true, that in the ſevere notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Chriſtian conſiſts in patience and ſuffering, for the love of God, whatever hardſhips can befal in the world; not in any great attempts, or in performance of thoſe enterprizes which the Poets call Heroic; which are commonly the effects of intereſt, oſtentation, pride, and worldly honours. That humility and reſignation are our prime virtues; and that theſe include no action, but that of the ſoul: whereas, on the contrary, an Heroic Poem requires to its neceſſary deſign, and as its laſt perfection, ſome great action of war, the accom

compliſhment of ſome extraordinary undertaking, which requires the ſtrength and vigour of the body, the duty of a ſoldier, the capacity and prudence of a general; and, in ſhort, as much, or more, of the active virtue, than the ſuffering. But to this, the anſwer is very obvious. God has placed us in our ſeveral ſtations; the virtues of a private Chriſtian are patience, obedience, ſubmiſſion, and the like; but thoſe of a magiſtrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counſel, active fortitude, coërcive power, awful commands, and the exerciſe of magnanimity, as well as juſtice. So that this objection hinders not, but that an Epic Poem, or the Heroic action of ſome great commander, enterprized for the common good and honour of the Chriſtian cauſe, and executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the heathens; provided the Poet be endued with the ſame talents; and the language, though not of equal dignity, yet, as near approaching to it as our modern barbariſm will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own or any other now extant, though more refined; and therefore we are to reſt contented with that only inferiority, which is not poſſibly to be remedied.

I wiſh I could as eaſily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. It is objected by a great French critic, as well as an admirable poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that honour which his merit exacts from me, I mean Boileau, That the machines of our Chriſtian religion, in heroic poetry, are much more feeble to ſupport the weight than thoſe of

Heatheniſm.

Heatheniſm. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their Gods did not only intereſt themſelves in the event of wars (which is the effect of a ſuperior Providence); but alſo eſpouſed the ſeveral parties, in a viſible corporeal deſcent, managed their intrigues, and fought their battles ſometimes in oppoſition to each other: though Virgil (more diſcreet than Homer in that laſt particular) has contented himſelf with the partiality of his deities, their favours, their counſels, or commands, to thoſe whoſe cauſe they had eſpouſed, without bringing them to the outrageouſneſs of blows. Now our religion (ſays he) is deprived of the greateſt part of thoſe machines; at leaſt the moſt ſhining in epick poetry. Though St. Michael, in Arioſto, ſeeks out Diſcord, to ſend her among the pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars, where peace ſhould reign, which indeed is fine ſatire; and Satan, in Taſſo, excites Solyman to an attempt by night on the Chriſtian camp, and brings an hoſt of devils to his aſſiſtance; yet the arch-angel, in the former example, when Diſcord was reſtive, and would not be drawn from her beloved monaſtery with fair words, has the whip-hand of her, drags her out with many ſtripes, ſets her, on God's name, about her buſineſs; and makes her know the difference of ſtrength betwixt a nuncio of heaven, and a miniſter of hell: the ſame angel, in the latter inſtance from Taſſo (as if God had never another meſſenger belonging to the court, but was *confined* like Jupiter to Mercury, and

Juno

Juno to Iris) when he ſees his time, that is, when half of the Chriſtians are already killed, and all the reſt are in a fair way of being routed, ſtickles betwixt the remainders of God's hoſt, and the race of fiends; pulls the devils backwards by the tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwiſe the whole buſineſs had miſcarried, and Jeruſalem remained untaken. This, ſays Boileau, is a very unequal match for the poor devils, who are ſure to come by the worſt of it in the combat; for nothing is more eaſy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reaſon, when he pleaſes. Conſequently, what pleaſure, what entertainment, can be raiſed from ſo pitiful a machine, where we ſee the ſucceſs of the battle, from the very beginning of it; unleſs that, as we are Chriſtians, we are glad that we have gotten God on our ſide, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the work ourſelves? For if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had coſt him nothing, or at leaſt had made them exceed the Turks in number, then he might have gained the victory for us Chriſtians, without intereſting heaven in the quarrel; and that with as much eaſe, and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of one hundred ſoldiers defeats another, which conſiſts only of fifty.

This, my Lord, I confeſs, is ſuch an argument againſt our modern poetry, as cannot be anſwered by thoſe mediums which have been uſed. We cannot hitherto boaſt, that our religion has furniſhed us with any

any ſuch machines, as have made the ſtrength and beauty of the ancient buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an invention of my own, to ſupply the manifeſt defects of our new writers? I am ſufficiently ſenſible of my weakneſs; and it is not very probable that I ſhould ſucceed in ſuch a project, whereof I have not had the leaſt hint from any of my predeceſſors, the poets, or any of their ſeconds, and coadjutors, the criticks. Yet we ſee the art of war is improved in ſieges, and new inſtruments of death are invented daily: ſomething new in philoſophy and the mechanics is diſcovered almoſt every year: and the ſcience of former ages is improved by the ſucceeding. I will not detain you with a long preamble to that, which better judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

It is this, in ſhort, That Chriſtian poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own ſtrength. If they had ſearched the Old Teſtament as they ought, they might there have found the machines which are proper for their work; and thoſe more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Teſtament is, in the rules ſufficient for ſalvation. The peruſing of one chapter in the Prophecy of Daniel, and accommodating what there they find, with the principles of Platonic Philoſophy, as it is now chriſtianized, would have the miniſtry of angels as ſtrong an engine, for the working up heroic poetry, in our religion, as that of the ancients has been to raiſe theirs by all the fables of their gods,

gods, which were only received for truths by the moſt ignorant and weakeſt of the people.

It is a doctrine almoſt univerſally received by Chriſtians, as well proteſtants as catholicks, That there are guardian angels appointed by God Almighty as his vicegerents, for the protection and government of cities, provinces, kingdoms, and monarchies; and thoſe as well of heathens, as of true believers. All this is ſo plainly proved from thoſe texts of Daniel, that it admits of no farther controverſy. The prince of the Perſians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting miniſters of thoſe empires. It cannot be denied, that they were oppoſite, and reſiſted one another. St. Michael is mentioned by his name, as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Chriſtians, as the protector-general of our religion. Theſe tutelar genii, who preſided over the ſeveral people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commiſſions could poſſibly extend. The general purpoſe, and deſign of all, was certainly the ſervice of their Great Creator. But it is an undoubted truth, that, for ends beſt known to the Almighty Majeſty of heaven, his providential deſigns for the benefit of his creatures, for the debaſing and puniſhing of ſome nations, and the exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to theſe his miniſters; elſe why theſe factious quarrels, controverſies, and battles, amongſt themſelves, when they were all united in the ſame deſign, the ſervice and honour of their common maſter?

Bur.

but being inſtructed only in the general, and zealous of the main deſign; and, as finite beings, not admitted into the ſecrets of government, the laſt reſorts of Providence, or capable of diſcovering the final purpoſes of God, who can work good out of evil, as he pleaſes; and irreſiſtibly ſways all manner of events on earth, directing them finally for the beſt, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular: they muſt of neceſſity be ſometimes ignorant of the means conducing to thoſe ends, in which alone they can jar and oppoſe each other. One angel, as we may ſuppoſe the prince of Perſia, as he is called, judging that it would be more for God's honour, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Perſian monarchy, when delivered from the Babyloniſh captivity, ſhould ſtill be uppermoſt: and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of God might be more particularly revealed, contending on the other ſide, for the riſe of Alexander and his ſucceſſors, who were appointed to puniſh the backſliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more obſervient of the law revealed. But how far theſe controverſies and appearing enmities of thoſe glorious creatures may be carried; how theſe oppoſitions may beſt be managed, and by what means conducted, is not my buſineſs to ſhew or determine: theſe things muſt be left to the invention and judgment of the poet: if any of ſo happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce *a man, who, being* converſant in the philoſophy

of

of Plato, as it is now accommodated to chriſtian uſe; for (as Virgil gives us to underſtand by his example) he is the only proper perſon, of all others, for an epick poem, who, to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a ſtrong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and ſciences, and particularly moral philoſophy, the mathematics, geography, and hiſtory, and with all theſe qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practiſe, the variety of numbers, and is maſter of the language in which he writes; if ſuch a man, I ſay, be now ariſen, or ſhall ariſe, I am vain enough to think, that I have propoſed a model to him, by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant, ſince the ancients.

There is another part of theſe machines yet wanting; but, by what I have ſaid, it would have been eaſily ſupplied by a judicious writer. He could not have failed to add the oppoſition of ill ſpirits to the good; they have alſo their deſign, ever oppoſite to that of heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect ſyſtem, if I may call it ſuch, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypotheſis of the evil ſpirits contending with the good. For, being ſo much weaker ſince their fall than thoſe bleſſed beings, they are yet ſuppoſed to have a permitted power of God, of acting ill, as, from their own depraved nature, they have always the will of deſigning it. A great teſtimony of which we find in holy writ, when God Almighty

nighty suffered Satan to appear in the holy synod of the angels (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets), and also gave him power over all things belonging to his servant Job, excepting only life.

Now what these wicked spirits cannot compass by the vast disproportion of their forces to those of the superior beings, they may by their fraud and cunning carry farther, in a seeming league, confederacy, or subserviency to the designs of some good angel, as far as consists with his purity, to suffer such an aid, the end of which may possibly be disguised, and concealed from his finite knowledge. This is indeed to suppose a great error in such a being: yet since a devil can appear like an angel of light; since craft and malice may sometimes blind for a while a more perfect understanding; and lastly, since Milton has given us an example of the like nature, when Satan appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the intelligence of the sun, circumvented him even in his own province, and passed only for a curious traveller through those new-created regions, that he might observe therein the workmanship of God, and praise him in his works.

I know not why, upon the same supposition, or some other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himself, but yet a creature; at least by the connivance, or tacit permission, of the omniscient Being.

Thus, my Lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your Lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what *I have been long* labouring in my imagination,

and

and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the attempt of ſuch a poem); and to have left the ſtage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged: of two ſubjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I ſhould chooſe that of king Arthur conquering the Saxons; which, being farther diſtant in time, gives the greater ſcope to my invention: or that of Edward the Black Prince, in ſubduing Spain, and reſtoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which, for the compaſs of time, including only the expedition of one year; for the greatneſs of the action, and its anſwerable event; for the magnanimity of the Engliſh hero, oppoſed to the ingratitude of the perſon whom he reſtored; and for the many beautiful epiſodes which I had interwoven with the principal deſign, together with the characters of the chiefeſt Engliſh perſons; wherein, after Virgil and Spenſer, I would have taken occaſion to repreſent my living friends and patrons of the nobleſt families, and alſo ſhadowed the events of future ages, in the ſucceſſion of our Imperial lines: with theſe helps, and thoſe of the machines, which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as ſome of my predeceſſors; or at leaſt chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like deſign. But, being encouraged only by fair words by king Charles II. my little ſalary ill paid, and no proſpect

of a future ſubſiſtence, I was then diſcouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more inſufferable evil, through the change of times, has wholly diſenabled me. Though I muſt ever acknowledge, to the honour of your Lordſhip, and the eternal memory of your charity, that ſince this revolution, wherein I have patiently ſuffered the ruin of my ſmall fortune, and the loſs of that poor ſubſiſtence which I had from two kings, whom I had ſerved more faithfully than profitably to myſelf; then your Lordſhip was pleaſed, out of no other motive but your own nobleneſs, without any deſert of mine, or the leaſt ſolicitation from me, to make me a moſt bountiful preſent, which, at that time, when I was moſt in want of it, came moſt ſeaſonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favour my Lord, is of itſelf ſufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgment, and to all the future ſervice, which one of my mean condition can ever be able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in bleſſing you here, and rewarding you hereafter. I muſt not preſume to defend the cauſe for which I now ſuffer, becauſe your Lordſhip is engaged againſt it: but the more you are ſo, the greater is my obligation to you: for your laying aſide all the conſiderations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure diſintereſted charity. This is one among many of your ſhining qualities, which diſtinguiſh you from others of your rank: but let *me* add a farther truth, that without

theſe ties of gratitude, and abſtracting from them all, I have a moſt particular inclination to honour you; and, if it were not too bold an expreſſion, to ſay, I love you. It is no ſhame to be a Poet, though it is to be a bad one. Auguſtus Cæſar of old, and Cardinal Richlieu of late, would willingly have been ſuch; and David and Solomon were ſuch. You, who without flattery, are the beſt of the preſent age in England, and would have been ſo had you been born in any other country, will receive more honour in future ages, by that one excellency, than by all thoſe honours to which your birth has intitled you, or your merits have acquired you.

"Ne, forte, pudori
"Sit tibi muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo."

I have formerly ſaid in this epiſtle, that I could diſtinguiſh your writings from thoſe of any others: it is now time to clear myſelf from any imputation of ſelf-conceit on that ſubject. I aſſume not to myſelf any particular lights in this diſcovery; they are ſuch only as are obvious to every man of ſenſe and judgment, who loves Poetry, and underſtands it. Your thoughts are always ſo remote from the common way of thinking, that they are, as I may ſay, of another ſpecies than the conceptions of other Poets; yet, you go not out of Nature for any of them: gold is never bred upon the ſurface of the ground; but lies ſo hidden, and ſo deep, that the mines of it are ſeldom found; but the force of waters

caſts

caſts it out from the bowels of mountains, and expoſes it amongſt the ſands of rivers: giving us of her bounty, what we could not hope for by our ſearch. This ſucceſs attends your Lordſhip's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the ſame tenor. If I grant that there is care in it, it is ſuch a care as would be ineffectual and fruitleſs in other men. It is the "curioſa felicitas" which Petronius aſcribes to Horace in his Odes. We have not wherewithal to imagine ſo ſtrongly, ſo juſtly, and ſo pleaſantly: in ſhort, if we have the ſame knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the ſame quinteſſence: we cannot give it ſuch a term, ſuch a propriety, and ſuch a beauty: ſomething is deficient in the manner, or the words, but more in the nobleneſs of our conception. Yet when you have finiſhed all, and it appears in its full luſtre, when the diamond is not only found, but the roughneſs ſmoothed, when it is cut into a form, and ſet in gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect work of art and nature: and every one will be ſo vain, to think he himſelf could have performed the like, till he attempts it. It is juſt the deſcription that Horace makes of ſuch a finiſhed piece: it appears ſo eaſy, "Ut ſibi quivis ſpe-"ret idem; ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret, au-"ſus idem." And beſides all this, it is your Lordſhip's particular talent to lay your thoughts ſo cloſe together, that were they cloſer they would be crouded, and even a due connection would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which

are to come after a long parentheſis of twenty bad; which is the April-poetry of other writers; a mixture of rain and ſunſhine by fits; you are always bright, even almoſt to a fault, by reaſon of the exceſs. There is continual abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates ſuch an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloyed with any thing, but ſatisfied with all. It is that which the Romans call "Cæna dubia;" where there is ſuch plenty, yet, withal, ſo much diverſity and ſo good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the concluſion, by a due climax, is evermore the beſt; that is, as a concluſion ought to be, ever the moſt proper for its place. See, my Lord, whether I have not ſtudied your Lordſhip with ſome application: and ſince you are ſo modeſt, that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeneſs, though it is but in miniature: and, that ſome of the beſt features are yet wanting. Yet, what I have done is enough to diſtinguiſh you from many others, which is the propoſition I took upon me to demonſtrate.

And now, my Lord, to apply what I have ſaid to my preſent buſineſs. The ſatires of Juvenal and Perſius appearing in this new Engliſh dreſs, cannot ſo properly be inſcribed to any man as to your Lordſhip, who are the firſt of the age in that way of writing. Your Lordſhip, amongſt many other favours, has given me your permiſſion for this addreſs; and you have par-

ticularly

ticularly encouraged me by your peruſal and approbation of the ſixth and tenth ſatires of Juvenal, as I have tranſlated them. My fellow-labourers have likewiſe commiſſioned me to perform in their behalf this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge with all poſſible reſpect and gratitude, your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honour to be known to your Lordſhip already; and they who have not yet that happineſs, deſire it now. Be pleaſed to receive our common endeavours with your wonted candour, without intitling you to the protection of our common failings, in ſo difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tired with this long epiſtle, to give you, from the beſt authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the compleatment of ſatire among the Romans. To deſcribe, if not define, the nature of that Poem, with its ſeveral qualifications and virtues, together with the ſeveral ſorts of it. To compare the excellencies of Horace, Perſius, and Juvenal, and ſhew the particular manners of their ſatires. And laſtly, to give an account of this new way of verſion which is attempted in our performance. All which, according to the weakneſs of my ability, and the beſt lights which I can get from others, ſhall be the ſubject of my following diſcourſe.

The moſt perfect work of Poetry, ſays our maſter Ariſtotle, is Tragedy. His reaſon is, becauſe it is the moſt *united; being more* ſeverely confined within the *rules of action, time,* and place. The action is entire,

of a piece, and one, without epiſodes: the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumſcribed at leaſt within the compaſs of one town or city. Being exactly proportioned thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without diſtraction.

But after all theſe advantages, an Heroic Poem is certainly the greateſt work of human nature. The beauties and perfections of the other are but mechanical; thoſe of the Epic are more noble. Though Homer has limited his place to Troy and the fields about it; his action to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holidays, or ceſſation from buſineſs, during the funerals of Patroclus. To proceed, the action of the Epic is greater: the extenſion of time enlarges the pleaſure of the reader, and the epiſodes give it more ornament, and more variety. The inſtruction is equal; but in the firſt is only inſtructive, the latter forms a hero and a prince.

If it ſignifies any thing which of them is of the more ancient family, the beſt and moſt abſolute Heroic Poem was written by Homer long before Tragedy was invented: but if we conſider the natural endowments, and acquired parts, which are neceſſary to make an accompliſhed writer in either kind, Tragedy requires a leſs and more confined knowledge: moderate learning, and obſervation of the rules is ſufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an Epick Poet, one who is worthy of that name, beſides an univerſal genius, is required univerſal learning, together with all thoſe

qualities

qualities and acquiſitions which I have named above, and as many more as I have, through haſte or negligence, omitted. And after all, he muſt have exactly ſtudied Homer and Virgil as his patterns, Ariſtotle and Horace as his guides, and Vida and Boſſu as their commentators, with many others, both Italian and French critics, which I want leiſure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to ſay in relation to this ſubject, which does not particularly concern ſatire, is, that the greatneſs of an Heroic Poem, beyond that of a Tragedy, may eaſily be diſcovered, by obſerving how few have attempted that work, in compariſon of thoſe who have written drama's; and of thoſe few, how ſmall a number have ſucceeded. But, leaving the critics on either ſide, to contend about the preference due to this or that ſort of Poetry; I will haſten to my preſent buſineſs, which is the antiquity and origin of ſatire, according to thoſe informations which I have received from the learned Caſaubon, Heinſius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's Juvenal; to which I ſhall add ſome obſervations of my own.

There has been a long diſpute among the modern critics, whether the Romans derived their ſatire from the Grecians, or firſt invented it themſelves. Julius Scaliger, and Heinſius, are of the firſt opinion; Caſaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publiſher of the Dauphin's Juvenal, maintain the latter. If we take ſatire in the general ſignification of the word, as it is uſed in all modern languages for an invective,

it is certain that it is almoſt as old as verſe; and, though hymns, which are praiſes of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had curſed Adam and Eve in Paradiſe, the huſband and wife excuſed themſelves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to thoſe conjugal dialogues in proſe, which the Poets have perfected in verſe. The third chapter of Job is one of the firſt inſtances of this Poem in Holy Scripture: unleſs we will take it higher, from the latter end of the ſecond; where his wife adviſes him to curſe his Maker.

The original, I confeſs, is not much to the honour of ſatire; but here it was nature, and that depraved! When it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that ſcoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and conſequently that neither the Greek Poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But conſidering ſatire as a ſpecies of Poetry, here the war begins amongſt the Critics. Scaliger the father will have it deſcend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word Satire from Satyrus, that mixt kind of animal, or, as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human head, hooked noſe, pewting lips, a bunch or ſtruma under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body ſhagged with hair, eſpecially from the waiſt, and ending in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But

Caſaubon,

Caſaubon, and his followers, with reaſon, condemn this derivation; and prove that from Satyrus, the word *ſatira*, as it ſignifies a poem, cannot poſſibly deſcend. For *ſatira* is not properly a ſubſtantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx*, in Engliſh a charger, or large platter, is underſtood: ſo that the Greek poem, made acccording to the manner of a ſatyr, and expreſſing his qualities, muſt properly be called ſatyrical, and not ſatyr. And thus far it is allowed that the Grecians had ſuch poems; but that they were wholly different in ſpecies from that to which the Romans gave the name of ſatyr.

Ariſtotle divides all poetry, in relation to the progreſs of it, into nature without art, art begun, and art compleated. Mankind, even the moſt barbarous, have the ſeeds of poetry implanted in them. The firſt ſpecimen of it was certainly ſhewn in the praiſes of the Deity, and prayers to him: and as they are of natural obligation, ſo they are likewiſe of divine inſtitution. Which Milton obſerving, introduces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. The firſt poetry was thus begun, in the wild notes of natural poetry, before the invention of feet and meaſures. The Grecians and Romans had no other original of their poetry. Feſtivals and holidays ſoon ſucceeded to private worſhip, and we need not doubt but they were enjoined by the true God to his own people; as they were afterwards imitated by the heathens; who by the light of reaſon knew they were to invoke ſome ſuperior Being in their neceſſities, and to thank him

for

for his benefits. Thus the Grecian holidays
celebrated with offerings to Bacchus and Ceres,
other deities, to whoſe bounty they ſuppoſed they
owing for their corn and wine, and other helps of
And the ancient Romans, Horace tells us, paid
thanks to mother Earth, or Veſta, to Silvanus,
their genius, in the ſame manner. But as all feſt
have a double reaſon of their inſtitution; the fi
religion, the other of recreation, for the unbendi
our minds: ſo both the Grecians and Romans ag
after their ſacrifices were performed, to ſpend th
mainder of the day in ſports and merriments; am
which, ſongs and dances, and that which they c
wit (for want of knowing better), were the chiefe
tertainments. The Grecians had a notion of ſa
whom I have already deſcribed; and taking them
the Sileni, that is, the young ſatyrs and the old,
the tutors, attendants, and humble companion
their Bacchus, habited themſelves like thoſe rural
ties, and imitated them in their ruſtic dances, to w
they joined ſongs, with ſome ſort of rude harm
but without certain numbers; and to theſe they a
a kind of chorus.

The Romans alſo (as nature is the ſame in all pl
though they knew nothing of thoſe Grecian demi-g
nor had any communication with Greece, yet had
tainly young men, who, at their feſtivals, danced
ſung after their uncouth manner, to a certain ki
verſe, which they called Saturnian: what it was
have no certain light from antiquity to diſcover;

we may conclude, that, like the Grecian, it was void of art, or at leaſt with very feeble beginnings of it. Thoſe ancient Romans, at theſe holidays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a cuſtom of reproaching each other with their faults, in a ſort of extempore poetry, or rather of tunable hobbling verſe; and they anſwered in the ſame kind of groſs raillery; their wit and their muſic being of a piece. The Grecians, ſays Caſaubon, had formerly done the ſame in the perſons of their petulant ſatyrs: but I am afraid he miſtakes the matter, and confounds the ſinging and dancing of the ſatyrs, with the ruſtical entertainments of the firſt Romans. The reaſon of my opinion is this; that Caſaubon, finding little light from antiquity, of theſe beginnings of poetry, amongſt the Grecians, but only theſe repreſentations of ſatyrs, who carried caniſters and cornucopias full of ſeveral fruits in their hands, and danced with them at their public feaſts: and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of his homely Romans jeſting at one another in the ſame kind of ſolemnities, might ſuppoſe thoſe wanton ſatyrs did the ſame. And eſpecially becauſe Horace poſſibly might ſeem to him to have ſhewn the original of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans. Though it is plainly otherwiſe, that he only deſcribed the beginning, and firſt rudiments of poetry in his own country. The verſes are theſe, which he cites from the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, which was written to Auguſtus:

" Agricola

" Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
" Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
" Corpus & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
" Cum ſociis operum pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
" Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
" Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:
" Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
" Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit."

Our brawny clowns of old, who turn'd the ſoil,
Content with little, and inur'd to toil,
At harveſt-home, with mirth and country-cheer
Reſtor'd their bodies for another year;
Refreſh'd their ſpirits, and renew'd their hope
Of ſuch a future feaſt, and future crop.
Then, with their fellow joggers of the ploughs,
Their little children, and their faithful ſpouſe,
A ſow they ſlew to Veſta's deity
And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
With flowers, and wine, their genius they ador'd;
A ſhort life, and a merry, was the word.
From flowing cups, defaming rhymes enſue,
And at each other homely taunts they threw.

Yet ſince it is a hard conjecture, that ſo great a man as Caſaubon ſhould miſapply what Horace writ concerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manners of ancient Greece, I will not inſiſt on this opinion, but rather judge in general, that ſince all poetry had its original from religion, that of the Grecians and Romans had the ſame beginning: both were invented at feſtivals

feſtivals of thankſgiving: and both were proſecuted with mirth and raillery, and rudiments of verſe: amongſt the Greeks, by thoſe who repreſented ſatyrs; and amongſt the Romans by real clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading Caſaubon on theſe two ſubjects, methinks I hear the ſame ſtory told twice over with very little alteration. Of which Dacier taking notice in his interpretation of the Latin verſes which I have tranſlated, ſays plainly, that the beginning of poetry was the ſame, with a ſmall variety, in both countries: and that the mother of it, in all nations, was devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that moſt learned critick takes notice alſo, in his illuſtrations on the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had the ſame beginning, at feaſts of thankſgiving, as it has been obſerved: and the old comedy of the Greeks which was invective, and the ſatire of the Romans which was of the ſame nature, were begun on the very ſame occaſion, ſo the fortune of both, in proceſs of time, was juſt the ſame; the old comedy of the Grecians was forbidden, for its too much licence in expoſing of particular perſons, and the rude ſatire of the Romans was alſo puniſhed by a law of the Decemviri, as Horace tells us, in theſe words:

" Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
" Luſit amabiliter, donec jam ſævus apertam
" In rabiem verti cœpit jocus; & per honeſtas
" Ire domos impune minax: doluere cruento
" Dente laceſſiti; fuit intactis quoque cura

" Con-

" Conditione ſuper communi: quinetiam lex,
" Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollit carmine quemquam
" Deſcribi, vertere modum formidine fuſtis;
" Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti."

The law of the Decemviri was this; "Siquis occen-
" taſſit malum carum, ſive condidiſit, quod infamiam
" faxit, flagitiumve alteri, capital eſto." A ſtrange likeneſs, and barely poſſible: but the critics being all of the ſame opinion, it becomes me to be ſilent, and to ſubmit to better judgments than my own.

But to return to the Grecians, from whoſe ſatiric drama's, the elder Scaliger and Heinſius will have the Roman ſatire to proceed; I am to take a view of them firſt, and ſee if there be any ſuch deſcent from them as thoſe authors have pretended.

Theſpis, or whoſoever he were that invented Tragedy, (for authors differ) mingled with them a chorus and dancers of ſatyrs, which had been uſed in the celebration of their feſtivals; and there they were ever afterwards retained. The character of them was alſo kept, which was mirth and wantonneſs: and this was given, I ſuppoſe, to the folly of the common audience, who ſoon grow weary o' good ſenſe; and, as we daily ſee, in our own age and country, are apt to forſake poetry, and ſtill ready to return to buffoonry and farce. From hence it came, tha the Olympic Games, where the poets contended for four prizes, the ſatirique tragedy was the laſt of them; for, in the reſt, the ſatyrs were excluded from the chorus. Among the plays of Euri-

Euripides which are yet remaining, there is one of theſe ſatiriques, which is called the Cyclops; in which we may ſee the nature of thoſe poems, and from thence conclude what likeneſs they have to the Roman ſatire.

The ſtory of this Cyclops, whoſe name was Polyphemus, ſo famous in the Grecian fables, was, that Ulyſſes, who, with his company, was driven on the coaſt of Sicily, where thoſe Cyclops inhabited, coming to aſk relief from Silenus, and the ſatyrs, who were herdſmen to that one-ey'd giant, was kindly received by them, and entertained; till, being perceived by Polyphemus, they were made priſoners againſt the rites of hoſpitality, for which Ulyſſes eloquently pleaded; were afterwards put down in the den, and ſome of them devoured; after which, Ulyſſes, having made him drunk, when he was aſleep, thruſt a great fire-brand into his eye; and ſo revenging his dead followers, eſcaped with the remaining party of the living: and Silenus, and the ſatyrs, were freed from their ſervitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their firſt liberty of attending and accompanying their patron Bacchus.

This was the ſubject of the tragedy; which being one of thoſe that end with a happy event, is therefore by Ariſtotle judged below the other ſort, whoſe ſucceſs is unfortunate. Notwithſtanding which, the ſatyrs, who were part of the "dramatis perſonæ," as well as the whole chorus, were properly introduced into the nature of the poem, which is mixed of farce and tragedy. The adventure of Ulyſſes was to entertain

the

the judging part of the audience, and the uncouth perſons of Silenus, and the ſatyrs, to divert the common people with their groſs railleries.

Your Lordſhip has perceived by this time, that this ſatyric tragedy, and the Roman ſatire, have little reſemblances in any other features. The very kinds are different: for what has a paſtoral tragedy to do with a paper of verſes ſatirically written? The character and raillery of the ſatyrs, is the only thing that could pretend to a likeneſs: were Scaliger and Heinſius alive to maintain their opinion. And the firſt farces of the Romans, which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks; or, indeed, any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek ſatiric poem, from Caſaubon, before I leave this ſubject. The ſatiric, ſays he, is a dramatic poem, annexed to a tragedy; having a chorus, which conſiſts of ſatyrs: the perſons repreſented in it, are illuſtrious men: the action of it is great; the ſtyle is partly ſerious, and partly jocular; and the event of the action moſt commonly is happy.

The Grecians, beſides theſe ſatiric tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they called Silli; which were more of kin to the Roman ſatire: thoſe Silli were indeed invective poems, but of a different ſpecies from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the reſt of their ſucceſſors. They were ſo called, ſays Caſaubon in one place, from Silenus, the foſter-father to Bacchus; but in another place, bethinking

ing himſelf better, he derives their name ἀπὸ τῦ σιλλαίνειν, from their ſcoffing and petulancy. From ſome fragments of the Silli, written by Timon, we may find, that they were Satiric Poems, full of parodies; that is, of verſes patched up from great Poets, and turned into another ſenſe than their author intended them. Such among the Romans is the famous Cento of Auſonius, where the words are Virgil's: but by applying them to another ſenſe, they are made the relation of a wedding-night; and the act of conſummation fulſomely deſcribed in the very words of the moſt modeſt amongſt all Poets. Of the ſame manner are our ſongs, which are turned into burleſque, and the ſerious words of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in Timon's Silli, the words are generally thoſe of Homer, and the Tragic Poets; but he applies them ſatirically to ſome cuſtoms and kinds of philoſophy, which he arraigns. But the Romans not uſing any of theſe parodies in their ſatires; ſometimes, indeed, repeating verſes of other men, as Perſius cites ſome of Nero's; but not turning them into another meaning, the Silli cannot be ſuppoſed to be the original of Roman ſatire. To theſe Silli, conſiſting of parodies, we may properly add the ſatires which were written againſt particular perſons; ſuch as were the iambiques of Archilochus againſt Lycambes, which Horace undoubtedly imitated in ſome of his odes and epodes, whoſe titles bear a ſufficient witneſs of it: I might alſo name the invective of Ovid againſt Ibis, and many others: but theſe are the under-wood of ſatire, rather than the

timber-tree, they are not a general extenſion, as reaching only to ſome individual perſon. And Horace ſeems to have purged himſelf from thoſe ſplenetic reflections in thoſe odes and epodes, before he undertook the noble work of ſatires, which were properly ſo called.

Thus, my Lord, I have at length diſengaged myſelf from thoſe antiquities of Greece; and have proved, I hope, from the beſt Critics, that the Roman ſatire was not borrowed from thence, but of their own manufacture: I am now almoſt gotten into my depth; at leaſt by the help of Dacier I am ſwimming towards it. Not that I will promiſe always to follow him, any more than he follows Caſaubon; but to keep him in my eye, as my beſt and trueſt guide; and where I think he may poſſibly miſlead me, there to have recourſe to my own lights, as I expect that others ſhould do by me.

Quintilian ſays, in plain words, "Satira quidem "tota noſtra eſt:" and Horace has ſaid the ſame thing before him, ſpeaking of his predeceſſor in that ſort of Poetry, "Et Græcis intacti carminis author." Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the Poet, and the Orator, both the beſt Critics of the two beſt ages of the Roman empire, than that ſatire was wholly of Latin growth, and not tranſplanted from Athens to Rome. Yet, as I have ſaid, Scaliger the father, according to his cuſtom; that is, inſolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better reaſon, than the derivation of Satyrus from σαθὺ, *ſalacitas*;

citas; and ſo, from the letchery of thoſe fauns, thinks he has ſufficiently proved, that ſatire is derived from them. As if wantonneſs and lubricity were eſſential to that ſort of Poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other allegation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful: that the ſatyrs carried platters and caniſters full of fruit, in their hands. If they had entered empty-handed, had they been ever the leſs ſatyrs? Or were the fruits and flowers, which they offered, any thing of kin to ſatire? Or any argument that this Poem was originally Grecian? Caſaubon judged better, and his opinion is grounded on ſure authority, that ſatire was derived from *ſatura*, a Roman word, which ſignifies full, and abundant, and full alſo of variety, in which nothing is wanting in its due perfection. It is thus, ſays Dacier, that we lay a full colour, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive. According to this derivation from *ſatur*, comes *ſatura*, or *ſatyra*, according to the new ſpelling; as *optumus* and *maxvmus* are now ſpelled *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word *lanx*, which is underſtood. And this *lanx*, in Engliſh, a charger, or large platter, was yearly filled with all ſorts of fruits, which were offered to the gods at their feſtivals, as the premices, or firſt-gatherings. Theſe offerings of ſeveral ſorts thus mingled, it is true, were not known to the Grecians, who called them παντάχροι θυσίαι, a ſacrifice of all ſorts of fruits;

and παντερμίαν, when they offered all kinds of grain. Virgil has mentioned theſe ſacrifices in his Georgiques.

" Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus exta."

And in another place, " Lanceſque & liba feremus:" that is, we offer the ſmoaking entrails in great platters, and we will offer the chargers and the cakes.

This word *ſatura* has been afterwards applied to many other ſorts of mixtures; as Feſtus calls it a kind of olla, or hotchpotch, made of ſeveral ſorts of meats. Laws were alſo called *leges ſaturæ*, when they were of ſeveral heads and titles; like our tacked bills of parliament. And *per ſaturam legem ferre*, in the Roman ſenate, was to carry a law without telling the ſenators, or counting voices, when they were in haſte. Salluſt uſes the word *per ſaturam ſententias exquirere*; when the majority was viſibly on one ſide. From hence it might probably be conjectured, that the diſcourſes or ſatires of Ennius Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them, took their name; becauſe they are full of various matters, and are alſo written on various ſubjects, as Porphyrius ſays. But Dacier affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that theſe ſatires are ſo called: for that name had been uſed formerly for other things, which bore a nearer reſemblance to thoſe diſcourſes of Horace. In explaining of which (continues Dacier) a method is to be purſued, of which Caſaubon himſelf has never thought, and which will put all things into ſo clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the leaſt diſpute.

During

During the ſpace of almoſt four hundred years, ſince the building of their city, the Romans had never known any entertainments of the ſtate: chance and jollity firſt found out thoſe verſes which they called Saturnian, and Feſcennine: or rather human nature, which is inclined to Poetry, firſt produced them, rude and barbarous, and unpoliſhed, as all other operations of the ſoul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with art and ſtudy. However, in occaſions of merriment they were firſt practiſed; and this rough caſt unhewn poetry was inſtead of ſtage-plays, for the ſpace one hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the French call them, *impromptus*; for which the Tarſians of old were much renowned; and we ſee the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramucha. Such was the poetry of that ſalvage people, before it was turned into numbers, and the harmony of verſe. Little of the Saturnian verſes is now remaining; we only know from authors, that they were nearer proſe than poetry, without feet or meaſure. They were ἔῤῥυθμοι, but not ἔμμετροι: perhaps they might be uſed in the ſolemn part of their ceremonies; and the Feſcennine, which were invented after them, in their afternoon's debauchery, becauſe they were ſcoffing and obſcene.

The Feſcennine and Saturnian were the ſame; for as they were called Saturnian from their ancientneſs, when Saturn reigned in Italy; they were alſo called Feſcennine, from Feſcennina, a town in the ſame country, where they were firſt practiſed. The actors, with

a groſs and ruſtic kind of raillery, reproached each other with their failing; and at the ſame time were nothing ſparing of it to their audience. Somewhat of this cuſtom was afterwards retained in their Saturnalia, or feaſts of Saturn, celebrated in December; at leaſt all kind of freedom in ſpeech was then allowed to ſlaves, even againſt their maſters; and we are not without ſome imitation of it in our Chriſtmas gambols. Soldiers alſo uſed thoſe Feſcennine verſes, after meaſure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals: of which we have an example, in the triumph of Julius Cæſar over Gaul, in theſe expreſſions: "Cæſar Gallias "ſubegit, Nicomedes Cæſarem: ecce Cæſar nunc tri-"umphat, qui ſubegit Gallias; Nicomedes non trium-"phat, qui ſubegit Cæſarem." The vapours of wine made the firſt ſatirical poets amongſt the Romans; which, ſays Dacier, we cannot better repreſent, than by imagining a company of clowns on a holiday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* doggrel, with their defects and vices, and the ſtories that were told of them in bake-houſes and barbers-ſhops.

When they began to be ſomewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may ſay, into the firſt rudiments of civil converſation, they left theſe hedge-notes, for another ſort of poem, ſomewhat poliſhed, which was alſo full of pleaſant raillery, but without any mixture of obſcenity. This ſort of poetry appeared under the name of ſatire, becauſe of its variety: and this ſatire was adorned with compoſitions of muſic, and with dances;

dances; but lascivious postures were banished from it. In the Tuscan language, says Livy, the word *hister* signifies a player: and therefore those actors, which were first brought from Etruria to Rome, on occasion of a pestilence; when the Romans were admonished to avert the anger of the gods by plays, in the year ab Urbe Condita CCCXC: those actors, I say, were therefore called *histriones*: and that name has since remained, not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They played not the former extempore stuff of Fescennine verses, or clownish jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly farce, with music and dances, and motions that were proper to the subject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the stage, when he attempted first, instead of farces, to supply it with a nobler entertainment of tragedies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a slave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him. Which trust he discharged so much to the satisfaction of his master, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus, thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius his master; and, as I observed, was the first author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already instructed, in his native country, in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theatre, and conversant in the *Archæa comœdia*, or old comedy of Aristophanes, and the rest of the Grecian poets; he took from that model his own.

own deſigning of plays for the Roman ſtage. The firſt of which was repreſented in the year CCCCCXIV ſince the building of Rome, as Tully, from the commentaries of Atticus, has aſſured us: it was after the end of the firſt Punic war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only ſays, that one Livius Andronicus was the firſt ſtage-poet at Rome: but I will adventure on this hint, to advance another propoſition, which I hope the learned will approve. And though we have not any thing of Andronicus remaining to juſtify my conjecture, yet it is exceeding probable, that having read the works of thoſe Grecian wits, his country-men, he imitated not only the ground-work, but alſo the manner of their writing. And how grave ſoever his tragedies might be, yet in his comedies he expreſſed the way of Ariſtophanes, Eupolis, and the reſt, which was to call ſome perſons by their own names, and to expoſe their defects to the laughter of the people. The examples of which we have in the fore-mentioned Ariſtophanes, who turned the wiſe Socrates into ridicule; and is alſo very free with the management of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other miniſters of the Athenian government. Now if this be granted, we may eaſily ſuppoſe, that the firſt hint of ſatirical plays on the Roman ſtage, was given by the Greeks. Not from the Satyrica, for that has been reaſonably exploded in the former part of this diſcourſe: but from their old comedy, which was imitated firſt by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintilian and Horace muſt

be cautiouſly interpreted, where they affirm, that ſatire is wholly Roman; and a ſort of verſe, which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconcilement of my opinion to the ſtandard of their judgment, is not, however, very difficult, ſince they ſpake of ſatire, not as in its firſt elements, but as it was formed into a ſeperate work; begun by Ennius, purſued by Lucilius, and compleated afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this poſtulatum: that the comedies of Andronicus, which were imitations of the Greek, were alſo imitations of their railleries, and reflections on particular perſons. For if this be granted me, which is a moſt probable ſuppoſition, it is eaſy to infer, that the firſt light which was given to the Roman theatrical ſatire, was from the plays of Livius Andronicus. Which will be more manifeſtly diſcovered, when I come to ſpeak of Ennius. In the mean time I will return to Dacier.

The people, ſays he, ran in crowds to theſe new entertainments of Andronicus, as to pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former ſatires, which for ſome time they neglected and abandoned. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they joined them to their comedies: playing them at the end of every drama; as the French continue at this day to act their farces; in the nature of a ſeparate entertainment from their tragedies. But more particularly they were joined to the Atellane fables, ſays Caſaubon; which were plays invented by the Oſci. Thoſe fables, ſays Valerius Maximus, out of Livy,

were

were tempered with the Italian ſeverity, and free from any note of infamy or obſceneneſs; and, as an old commentator on Juvenal affirms, the Exodiarii, which were ſingers and dancers, entered to entertain the people with light ſongs, and mimical geſtures, that they might not go away oppreſſed with melancholy, from thoſe ſerious pieces of the theatre. So that the ancient ſatire of the Romans was in extemporary reproaches: the next was farce, which was brought from Tuſcany: to that ſucceeded the plays of Andronicus, from the old comedy of the Grecians: and out of all theſe, ſprung two ſeveral branches of new Roman ſatire; like different cyons from the ſame root: which I ſhall prove with as much brevity as the ſubject will allow.

A year after Andronicus had opened the Roman ſtage with his new dramas, Ennius was born; who, when he was grown to man's eſtate, having ſeriouſly conſidered the genius of the people, and how eagerly they followed the firſt ſatires, thought it would be worth his pains to refine upon the project, and to write ſatires, not to be acted on the theatre, but read. He preſerved the ground-work of their pleaſantry, their venom, and their raillery on particular perſons, and general vices: and by this means, avoiding the danger of any ill ſucceſs, in a public repreſentation, he hoped to be as well received in the cabinet as Andronicus had been upon the ſtage. The event was anſwerable to his expectation. He made diſcourſes in ſeveral ſorts of verſe, varied often in the ſame paper; retaining ſtill in the title

title their original name of ſatire. Both in relation to the ſubjects, and the variety of matters contained in them, the ſatires of Horace are entirely like them; only Ennius, as I ſaid, confines not himſelf to one ſort of verſe, as Horace does; but, taking example from the Greeks, and even from Homer himſelf in his Margites, which is a kind of ſatire, as Scaliger obſerves, gives himſelf the licence, when one ſort of numbers comes not eaſily, to run into another, as his fancy dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle hexameter with iambick tremeters; or with trochaick tetrameters; as appears by thoſe fragments which are yet remaining of him: Horace has thought him worthy to be copied; inſerting many things of his into his own ſatires, as Virgil has done in his Æneid.

Here we have Dacier making out that Ennius was the firſt ſatirift in that way of writing, which was of his invention; that is, ſatire abſtracted from the ſtage, and new modelled into papers of verſe, on ſeveral ſubjects. But he will have Ennius take the ground-work of ſatire from the firſt farces of the Romans, rather than from the formed plays of Livius Andronicus, which were copied from the Grecian comedies. It may poſſibly be ſo; but Dacier knows no more of it than I do. And it ſeems to me the more probable opinion, that he rather imitated the fine railleries of the Greeks, which he ſaw in the pieces of Andronicus, than the coarſeneſs of all his old countrymen, in their clowniſh extemporary way of jeering.

But, beſides this, it is univerſally granted, that Ennius, though an Italian, was excellently learned in the Greek language. His verſes were ſtuffed with fragments of it, even to a fault: and he himſelf believed, according to the Pythagorean opinion, that the ſoul of Homer was transfuſed into him: which Perſius obſerves, in his ſixth ſatire: "poſtquam deſtertuit eſſe "Mæonides." But this being only the private opinion of ſo inconſiderable a man as I am, I leave it to the farther diſquiſition of the critics, if they think it worth their notice. Moſt evident it is, that whether he imitated the Roman farce, or the Greek comedies, he is to be acknowledged for the firſt author of Roman ſatire, as it is properly ſo called, and diſtinguiſhed from any ſort of ſtage-play.

Of Pacuvius, who ſucceeded him, there is little to be ſaid, becauſe there is ſo little remaining of him: only that he is taken to be the nephew of Ennius, his ſiſter's ſon; that in probability he was inſtructed by his uncle, in his way of ſatire, which we are told he has copied; but what advances he made, we know not.

Lucilius came into the world, when Pacuvius flouriſhed moſt; he alſo made ſatires after the manner of Ennius, but he gave them a more graceful turn; and endeavoured to imitate more cloſely the Vetus Comœda of the Greeks: of the which the old original Roman ſatire had no idea, till the time of Livius Andronicus. And though Horace ſeems to have made Lucilius the firſt author of ſatire in verſe amongſt the Romans, in theſe

theſe words, "Quid cum eſt Lucilius auſus primus in "hunc operis componere carmina morem:" he is only thus to be underſtood, that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the ſatire of Ennius and Pacuvius; not that he invented a new ſatire of his own: and Quintilian ſeems to explain this paſſage of Horace, in theſe words: "Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt, in qua "primus inſignem laude adeptus eſt Lucilius."

Thus, both Horace and Quintilian give a kind of primacy of honour to Lucilius, amongſt the Latin ſatiriſts. For as the Roman language grew more refined, ſo much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties in his time: Horace and Quintilian could mean no more, than that Lucilius writ better than Ennius and Pacuvius: and on the ſame account we prefer Horace to Lucilius: both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and ſo did Ennnius and Pacuvius before them. The poliſhing of the Latin tongue, in the ſucceſſion of times, made the only difference. And Horace himſelf, in two of his ſatires, written purpoſely on this ſubject, thinks the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who writ not only looſely, and muddily, with little art, and much leſs care, but alſo in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet ſufficiently purged from the dregs of barbariſm; and many ſignificant and ſounding words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero, of which both complain.

But,

But, to proceed, Dacier juſtly taxes Caſaubon, ſaying, that the ſatires of Lucilius were wholly different in ſpecie, from thoſe of Ennius and Pacuvius. Caſaubon was led into that miſtake by Diomedes the grammarian, who in effect ſays this: ſatire, among the Romans, but not among the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy, for the reprehenſion of vices: ſuch as were the poems of Lucilius, of Horace, and of Perſius. But in former times, the name of ſatire was given to poems, which were compoſed of ſeveral ſorts of verſes: ſuch as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius: more fully expreſſing the etymology of the word ſatire, from *ſatura*, which we have obſerved. Here it is manifeſt, that Diomedes makes a ſpecifical diſtinction betwixt the ſatires of Ennius and thoſe of Lucilius. But this, as we ſay in Engliſh, is only a diſtinction, without a difference; for the reaſon of it is ridiculous, and abſolutely falſe. This was that which cozened honeſt Caſaubon, who, relying on Diomedes, had not ſufficiently examined the origin and nature of thoſe two ſatires: which were entirely the ſame, both in the matter and the form. For all that Lucilius performed beyond his predeceſſors, Ennius and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeneſs, and more ſalt; without any change in the ſubſtance of the poem: and though Lucilius put not together in the ſame ſatire ſeveral ſorts of verſes, as Ennius did; yet he compoſed ſeveral ſatires, of ſeveral ſorts of verſes, and mingled them with Greek verſes: one poem conſiſted only of hexameters; and another

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was entirely of iambicks; a third of trochaicks; as is viſible, by the fragments yet remaining of his works. In ſhort, if the ſatires of Lucilius are therefore ſaid to be wholly different from thoſe of Ennius, becauſe he added much more of beauty and poliſhing to his own poems, than are to be found in thoſe before him; it will follow from hence, that the ſatires of Horace are wholly different from thoſe of Lucilius, becauſe Horace has not leſs ſurpaſſed Lucilius in the elegancy of his writing, than Lucilius ſurpaſſed Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This paſſage of Diomedes has alſo drawn Douſa, the ſon, into the ſame error of Caſaubon, which I ſay, not to expoſe the little failings of thoſe judicious men, but only to make it appear, with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works; when they treat a ſubject of ſo much obſcurity, and ſo very ancient, as is this of ſatire.

Having thus brought down the hiſtory of ſatire from its original, to the times of Horace, and ſhewn the ſeveral changes of it; I ſhould here diſcover ſome of thoſe graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking, till I make the compariſon betwixt him and Juvenal. In the mean while, following the order of time, it will be neceſſary to ſay ſomewhat of another kind of ſatire, which alſo was deſcended from the ancients: it is that which we call the Varronian ſatire, but which Varro himſelf calls the Menippean; becauſe Varro, the moſt learned of the Romans, was the firſt author of it, who imitated,

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in his works, the manner of Menippus, the Gadarenian, who profeſſed the philoſophy of the Cynics.

This ſort of ſatire was not only compoſed of ſeveral ſorts of verſe, like thoſe of Ennius, but was alſo mixed with proſe; and Greek was ſprinkled amongſt the Latin. Quintilian, after he had ſpoken of the ſatire of Lucilius, adds what follows; "There is "another and former kind of ſatire, compoſed by "Terentius Varro, the moſt learned of the Romans: "in which he was not ſatisfied alone with mingling in "it ſeveral ſorts of verſe." The only difficulty of this paſſage is, that Quintilian tells us, that this ſatire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we poſſibly imagine this to be, ſince Varro, who was contemporary to Cicero, but muſt conſequently be after Lucilius? Quintilian meant not, that the ſatire of Varro was in order of time before Lucilius; he would only give us to underſtand, that the Varronian ſatire, with mixture of ſeveral ſorts of verſes, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more ſevere, and more correct; and gave himſelf leſs liberty in the mixture of his verſes, in the ſame poem.

We have nothing remaining of thoſe Varronian ſatires, excepting ſome inconſiderable fragments, and thoſe for the moſt part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preſerved, and they are generally double: from whence, at leaſt, we may underſtand, how many various ſubjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his Academics, introduces Varro himſelf, giving

giving us ſome light concerning the ſcope and deſign of thoſe works. Wherein, after he had ſhewn his reaſons why he did not *ex profeſſo* write of philoſophy, he adds what follows. Notwithſtanding, ſays he, that thoſe pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, though I have not tranſlated him, are ſprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety: yet many things are there inſerted, which are drawn from the very intrails of philoſophy, and many things ſeverely argued: which I have mingled with pleaſantries on purpoſe that they may more eaſily go down with the common ſort of unlearned readers. The reſt of the ſentence is ſo lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the compoſition of his ſatires, he ſo tempered philology with philoſophy, that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himſelf confirms us in this opinion; when a little after he addreſſes himſelf to Varro in theſe words: "And you your-"ſelf have compoſed a moſt elegant and complete "poem; you have begun philoſophy in many places: "ſufficient to incite us, though too little to inſtruct "us." Thus it appears, that Varro was one of thoſe writers whom they called σπουδογέλοιους, ſtudious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his buſineſs was more to divert his reader, than to teach him. And he intitled his own ſatires Menippean: not that Menippus had written any ſatires (for his were either dialogues or epiſtles), but that Varro imitated his ſtyle, his manner, his facetiouſneſs. All that we know farther of Menippus and his writings, which *are wholly loſt, is,* that by ſome he is eſteemed, &c.

amongſt the reſt, by Varro: by others he is noted of Cynical impudence, and obſcenity: that he was much given to thoſe parodies, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the verſes of Homer and the Tragic Poets, and turned their ſerious meaning into ſomething that was ridiculous; whereas Varro's ſatires are by Tully called abſolute, and moſt elegant, and various poems. Lucian, who was emulous of this Menippus, ſeems to have imitated both his manners and his ſtile in many of his dialogues; where Menippus himſelf is often introduced as a ſpeaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon: particularly his character is expreſſed in the beginning of that dialogue, which is called Νεκυομαντία. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthineſs, and only expreſſes his witty pleaſantry.

This we may believe for certain, that as his ſubjects were various, ſo moſt of them were tales or ſtories of his own invention. Which is alſo manifeſt from antiquity, by thoſe authors who are acknowledged to have written Varronian ſatires, in imitation of his: of whom the chief is Petronius Arbiter, whoſe ſatire, they ſay, is now printed in Holland, wholly recovered, and made complete: when it is made public, it will eaſily be ſeen by any one ſentence, whether it be ſuppoſititious, or genuine. Many of Lucian's dialogues may alſo be properly called Varronian ſatires; particularly his True Hiſtory: and conſequently the Golden Aſs of Apuleius, which is taken from him. Of the ſame ſtamp is the Mock Deification of Claudius, by Seneca: and the Symposium, or Cæſars

Cæſars of Julian the Emperor. Amongſt the moderns we may reckon the Encomium Moriæ of Eraſmus, Barclay's Euphormio, and a volume of German authors, which my ingenious friend Mr. Charles Killigrew once lent me. In the Engliſh I remember none, which are mixed with proſe, as Varro's were: but of the ſame kind is Mother Hubbard's Tale in Spenſer; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the poems of Abſalom and Mac Flecno.

This is what I have to ſay in general of ſatire: only, as Dacier has obſerved before me, we may take notice, that the word Satire is of a more general ſignification in Latin, than in French, or Engliſh. For amongſt the Romans it was not only uſed for thoſe diſcourſes which decried vice, or expoſed folly; but for others alſo, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to the invective poems, where the very name of ſatire is formidable to thoſe perſons, who would appear to the world, what they are not in themſelves. For in Engliſh, to ſay ſatire, is to mean reflection, as we uſe that word in the worſt ſenſe; or as the French call it, more properly, Mediſance. In the criticiſm of ſpelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*, to diſtinguiſh its true derivation from *ſatura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be ſo, then it is falſe ſpelled throughout this book; for here it is written ſatyr. Which having not conſidered at the firſt, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never ſpell it any other way than ſatire.

I am now arrived at the moſt difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Perſius. It is obſerved by Rigaltius, in his preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus, that theſe three poets have all their particular partiſans, and favourers: every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himſelf obliged to prefer his author to the other two: to find out their failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind, to ſet up that intereſt which they have once eſpouſed, though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common juſtice: and eſpecially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themſelves the beſt poets, becauſe they cannot go out of themſelves to judge ſincerely of their betters; ſo it is with critics, who, having firſt taken a liking to one of theſe poets, proceed to comment on him, and to illuſtrate him: after which, they fall in love with their own labours, to that degree of blind fondneſs, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not ſo much for his ſake as for their own. It is a folly of the ſame nature, with that of the Romans themſelves, in their games of the Circus; the ſpectators were divided in their factions, betwixt the Veneti and the Praſini: ſome were for the charioteer in blue, and ſome for him in green. The colours themſelves were but a fancy; but when once a man had taken pains to ſet out thoſe of his party, and had been at the trouble of procuring voices for them, the caſe was altered: he

was concerned for his own labour; and that ſo earneſtly, that diſputes and quarrels, animoſities, commotions, and bloodſhed, often happened: and in the declenſion of the Grecian empire, the very ſovereigns themſelves engaged in it, even when the Barbarians were at their doors; and ſtickled for the preference of colours, when the ſafety of their people was in queſtion. I am now myſelf on the brink of the ſame precipice; I have ſpent ſome time on the tranſlation of Juvenal and Perſius; and it behoves me to be wary, leſt, for that reaſon, I ſhould be partial to them, or take a prejudice againſt Horace. Yet, on the other ſide, I would not be like ſome of our judges, who would give the cauſe for a poor man, right or wrong: for though that be an error on the better hand, yet it is ſtill a partiality: and a rich man unheard, cannot be concluded an oppreſſor. I remember a ſaying of King Charles II. on Sir Matthew Hales, (who was doubtleſs an uncorrupt and upright man) That his ſervants were ſure to be caſt on a trial, which was heard before him: not that he thought the judge was poſſible to be bribed; but that his integrity might be too ſcrupulous; and that the cauſes of the crown were always ſuſpicious, when the privileges of ſubjects were concerned.

It had been much fairer, if the modern critics, who have embarked in the quarrels of their favourite authors, had rather given to each his proper due, without taking from another's heap, to raiſe their own. There is praiſe enough for each of them in

particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the spoils of others. But to come to particulars: Heinsius and Dacier are the most principal of those, who raise Horace above Juvenal and Persius. Scaliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debase Horace, that they may set up Juvenal: and Casaubon, who is almost single, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Persius, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of the former commentators; even Stelluti, who succeeded him. I will begin with him, who, in my opinion, defends the weakest cause, which is that of Persius; and labouring, as Tacitus professes of his own writings, to divest myself of partiality, or prejudice, consider Persius, not as a poet whom I have wholly translated, and who has cost me more labour and time than Juvenal; but according to what I judge to be his own merit; which I think not equal, in the main, to that of Juvenal or Horace; and yet, in some things, to be preferred to both of them.

First, then, for the verse, neither Casaubon himself nor any for him, can defend either his numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Casaubon gives this point for lost; and pretends not to justify either the measures, or the words of Persius: he is evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal, in both.

Then, as his verse is scabrous, and hobbling, and his words not every where well chosen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted than in the time of Juvenal,

venal, and conſequently of Horace, who writ when the language was in the height of its perfection; ſo his diction is hard; his figures are generally too bold and daring; and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, inſufferably ſtrained.

In the third place, notwithſtanding all the diligence of Caſaubon, Stelluti, and a Scotch gentleman (whom I have heard extremely commended for his illuſtrations of him); yet he is ſtill obſcure: whether he affected not to be underſtood, but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his ſafety under Nero, compelled him to this darkneſs in ſome places; or, that it was occaſioned by his cloſe way of thinking, and the brevity of his ſtyle, and crowding of his figures; or, laſtly, whether, after ſo long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many cuſtoms, and ſtories relating to them, loſt to us; whether ſome of theſe reaſons, or all, concurred to render him ſo cloudy; we may be bold to affirm, that the beſt of commentators can but gueſs at his meaning, in many paſſages: and none can be certain that he has divined rightly.

After all, he was a young man, like his friend and contemporary Lucan: both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquired knowledge, conſidering their youth. But neither of them had arrived to that maturity of judgment, which is neceſſary to the accompliſhing of a formed poet. And this conſideration, as on the one hand it lays ſome imperfections to their charge: ſo on the other ſide, it is a candid excuſe for thoſe failings, which are incident to

youth and inexperience; and we have more reaſon to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year of their age, could write ſo well, and think ſo ſtrongly; than to accuſe them of thoſe faults, from which human nature, and more eſpecially in youth, can never poſſibly be exempted.

To conſider Perſius yet more cloſely: he rather inſulted over vice and folly, than expoſed them, like Juvenal and Horace. And as chaſte and modeſt as he is eſteemed, it cannot be denied, but that in ſome place he is broad and fulſom, as the latter verſes of the fourth ſatire, and of the ſixth, ſufficiently witneſſed. And it is to be believed that he who commits the ſame crime often, and without neceſſity, cannot but do it with ſome kind of pleaſure.

To come to a concluſion: he is manifeſtly below Horace, becauſe he borrows moſt of his greateſt beauties from him: and Caſaubon is ſo far from denying this, that he has written a treatiſe purpoſely concerning it; wherein he ſhews a multitude of his tranſlations from Horace, and his imitations of him, for the credit of his author, which he calls "Imitatio Horatiana."

To theſe defects, which I caſually obſerved while I was tranſlating this author, Scaliger has added others: he calls him, in plain terms, a ſilly writer, and a trifler; full of oſtentation of learning; and after all, unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal and Horace.

After ſuch terrible accuſations, it is time to hear what his patron Caſaubon can alledge in his defence.

Taſſeld

Inſtead of anſwering, he excuſes for the moſt part; and when he cannot, accuſes others of the ſame crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a modeſt ſcholar with a maſter. He compliments him with ſo much reverence, that one would ſwear he feared him as much at leaſt as he reſpected him. Scaliger will not allow Perſius to have any wit; Caſaubon interprets this in the mildeſt ſenſe; and confeſſes his author was not good at turning things into a pleaſant ridicule; or, in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that was *non aptiſſimus ad jocandum*. But that he was oſtentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favour, he denies. Perſius ſhewed his learning, but was no boaſter of it; he did *oſtendere*, but not *oſtentare*; and ſo, he ſays, did Scaliger: where, methinks, Caſaubon turns it handſomely upon that ſupercilious critic, and ſilently inſinuates that he himſelf was ſufficiently vain-glorious, and a boaſter of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable cenſor, continues Caſaubon, which are χρυσὰ χρυσότερα, more golden than gold itſelf, are every where ſmelling of thyme, which, like a bee, he has gathered from ancient authors: but far be oſtentation and vain-glory from a Gentleman, ſo well born, and ſo nobly educated, as Scaliger. But, ſays Scaliger, he is ſo obſcure, that he has got himſelf the name of Scotinus, a dark writer: now, ſays Caſaubon, it is a wonder to me that any thing could be obſcure to the divine wit of Scaliger; from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a ſtrong compliment, but no

defence.

defence. And Casaubon, who could not but be sensible of his author's blind side, thinks it time to abandon a post that was untenable. He acknowledges that Persius is obscure in some places: but so is Plato, so is Thucydides, so are Pindar, Theocritus, and Aristophanes, amongst the Greek poets; and even Horace and Juvenal, he might have added, amongst the Romans. The truth is, Persius is not sometimes, but generally obscure; and therefore Casaubon, at last, is forced to excuse him, by alledging, that it was *se defendendo*, for fear of Nero; and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by Cornutus, in virtue of holy obedience to his master. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that subject. Persius was an apt scholar; and when he was bidden to be obscure in some places, where his life and safety were in question, took the same counsel for all his books; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly. Casaubon, being upon this chapter, has not failed, we may be sure, of making a compliment to his own dear comment. If Persius, says he, be in himself obscure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no question but he deserves that praise, which he has given to himself: but the nature of the thing, as Lucretius says, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Besides many examples which I could urge, the very last verse of his last satire, upon which he particularly values himself in his preface, is not yet sufficiently explicated. It is true, Holiday has endeavoured to justify his c-

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ſtruction; but Stelluti is againſt it: and for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. As for the chaſtity of his thoughts, Caſaubon denies not but that one particular paſſage, in the fourth ſatire, "At ſi "unctus ceſſes," &c. is not only the moſt obſcure, but the moſt obſcene of all his works: I underſtood it; but, for that reaſon, turned it over. In defence of his boiſterous metaphors, he quotes Longinus, who accounts them as inſtruments of the ſublime; fit to move and ſtir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that where the trope is far fetched, and hard, it is fit for nothing but to puzzle the underſtanding; and may be reckoned amongſt theſe things of Demoſthenes which Æſchines called θαύματα not ῥήματα, that is, prodigies, not words. It muſt be granted to Caſaubon, that the knowledge of many things is loſt in our modern ages, which were of familiar notice to the ancients; and that ſatire is a poem of a difficult nature in itſelf, and is not written to vulgar readers. And, through the relation which it has to comedy, the frequent change of perſons makes the ſenſe perplexed, when we can but divine who it is that ſpeaks; whether Perſius himſelf, or his friend and monitor; or, in ſome places, a third perſon. But Caſaubon comes back always to himſelf, and concludes, that if Perſius had not been obſcure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoined himſelf ſo hard a taſk, he then conſidered the Greek proverb, that he muſt χελώνης φαγεῖν, ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν· either eat the whole ſnail,

or

or let it quite alone; and ſo he went through with his laborious taſk, as I have done with my difficult tranſlation.

Thus far, my lord, you ſee it has gone very hard with Perſius: I think he cannot be allowed to ſtand in competition, either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet, for once, I will venture to be ſo vain, as to affirm, that none of his hard metaphors, or forced expreſſions, are in my tranſlation: but more of this in its proper place, where I ſhall ſay ſomewhat in particular of our general performance, in making theſe two authors Engliſh. In the mean time, I think myſelf obliged to give Perſius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world, with Caſaubon, in what he has equalled, and in what excelled, his two competitors.

A man who is reſolved to praiſe an author, with any appearance of juſtice, muſt be ſure to take him on the ſtrongeſt ſide, and where he is leaſt liable to exceptions. He is therefore obliged to chuſe his mediums accordingly; Caſaubon, who ſaw that Perſius could not laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not made for jeſting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turned his feather, like an Indian, to another light, that he might give it the better gloſs. Moral doctrine, ſays he, and urbanity, or well-mannered wit, are the two things which conſtitute the Roman ſatire. But of the two, that which is moſt eſſential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very ſoul which animates it, is the ſcourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit, for a good reaſon, is literally almoſt out of doors;

and

and allowed only for an inſtrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the ſatyriſt makes uſe, in the compaſſing of his deſign. The end and aim of our three rivals, is conſequently the ſame. By what methods they have proſecuted their intention, is farther to be conſidered. Satire is of the nature of moral philoſophy, as being inſtructive: he, therefore, who inſtructs moſt uſefully, will carry the palm from his two antagoniſts. The philoſophy in which Perſius was educated, and which he profeſſes through his whole book, is the ſtoick: the moſt noble, moſt generous, moſt beneficial to human kind, amongſt all the ſects, who have given us the rules of ethicks, thereby to form a ſevere virtue in the ſoul; to raiſe in us an undaunted courage, againſt the aſſaults of fortune; to eſteem as nothing the things that are without us, becauſe they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honors, fame, or health, any farther than as conveniencies, and ſo many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation. In ſhort, to be any ways happy, while we poſſeſs our minds with a good conſcience, are free from the ſlavery of vices, and conform our actions and converſations to the rules of right reaſon. See here, my lord, an epitome of Epictetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Perſius. And this he expreſſed, not only in all his ſatires, but in the manner of his life. I will not leſſen this commendation of the ſtoick philoſophy, by giving you an account of ſome abſurdities in their doctrine, and ſome, *perhaps, impieties*, if we conſider them by the

ſtandard

ſtandard of chriſtian faith: Perſius has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from thoſe imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience, than all the nice ſpeculations of divinity, and controverſies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the ſhepherd, than for the edification of the flock. Paſſion, intereſt, ambition, and all their bloody conſequences of diſcord and of war, are baniſhed from this doctrine. Here is nothing propoſed but the quiet and tranquillity of the mind; virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffuſed in her general effects, to the improvement and good of human kind. And therefore I wonder not that the preſent Biſhop of Saliſbury has recommended this our author, and the tenth ſatire of Juvenal, in his Paſtoral Letter, to the ſerious peruſal and practice of the divines in his dioceſe, as the beſt common-places for their ſermons, as the ſtore-houſes and magazines of moral virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occaſion, all manner of aſſiſtance for the accompliſhment of a virtuous life, which the ſtoicks have aſſigned for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then it is, that Perſius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace. He ſticks to his own philoſophy: he ſhifts not ſides, like Horace, who is ſometimes an Epicurean, ſometimes a Stoick, ſometimes an Eclectick, as his preſent humour leads him; nor declaims, like Juvenal, againſt vices, more like an orator, than a philoſopher. Perſius is every where the ſame; true to the dogmas of his maſter. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently;

and

and what he teaches, that he practiſes himſelf. There is a ſpirit of ſincerity in all he ſays: you may eaſily diſcern that he is in earneſt, and is perſuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion, that he excells Horace, who is commonly in jeſt, and laughs while he inſtructs: and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honeſt and ſerious as Perſius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Caſaubon, and enlarged upon him; becauſe I am ſatisfied that he ſays no more than truth; the reſt is almoſt all frivolous. For he ſays, that Horace, being the ſon of a tax-gatherer, or a collector, as we call it, ſmells every where of the meanneſs of his birth and education: his conceits are vulgar, like the ſubjects of his ſatires; that he does *plebeium ſapere*; and writes not with that elevation which becomes a ſatiriſt: that Perſius being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewiſe the advantage of a better maſter; Cornutus being the moſt learned of his time, a man of the moſt holy life, the chief of the ſtoick ſect at Rome; and not only a great philoſopher, but a poet himſelf; and in probability a coadjutor of Perſius. That, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and has not been much converſant in philoſophy.

It is granted that the father of Horace was Libertinus, that is, one degree removed from his grandfather, who had been once a ſlave: but Horace, ſpeaking of him, gives him the beſt character of a father, which I ever read in hiſtory; and I wiſh a witty friend of mine,

mine, now living, had ſuch another. He bred him in the beſt ſchool, and with the beſt company of young noblemen. And Horace, by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain teſtimony that his education was ingenuous. After this, he formed himſelf abroad, by the converſation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was ſo pleaſed with him, that he took him thence into the army, and made him "tribunus "militum," a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old ſoldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mæcenas, and his introduction into the court of Auguſtus, and the familiarity of that great emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his converſation, and render him accompliſhed and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behaviour; and, in ſhort, an agreeable companion for the retired hours and privacies of a favourite, who was firſt miniſter. So that, upon the whole matter, Perſius may be acknowledged to be equal with him in thoſe reſpects, though better born, and Juvenal inferior to both. If the advantage be any where, it is on the ſide of Horace; as much as the court of Auguſtus Cæſar was ſuperior to that of Nero. As for the ſubjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that Horace writ not vulgarly on vulgar ſubjects, nor always choſe them. His ſtile is conſtantly accommodated to his ſubject, either high or low: if his fault be too much lowneſs, that of Perſius is the fault of the hardneſs of his metaphors and obſcurity: and ſo they are equal in the failings of their

their ſtile; where Juvenal manifeſtly triumphs over both of them.

The compariſon betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult; becauſe their forces were more equal: a diſpute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favourers of the two poets. "Non noſ-"trum eſt tantas componere lites." I ſhall only venture to give my opinion, and leave it for better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was the better poet, the victory is already gained on the ſide of Horace. Virgil himſelf muſt yield to him in the delicacy of his turns, his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who ſays that Pindar is inimitable, is himſelf inimitable in his odes. But the contention betwixt theſe two great maſters, is for the prize of ſatire: in which controverſy, all the odes and epodes of Horace are to ſtand excluded. I ſay this, becauſe Horace has written many of them ſatirically, againſt his private enemies: yet theſe, if juſtly conſidered, are ſomewhat of the nature of the Greek Silli, which were invectives againſt particular ſects and perſons. But Horace has purged himſelf of this choler, before he entered on thoſe diſcourſes, which are more properly called the Roman ſatire: he has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Caſſius Severus, or a Menas; but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former ſort of ſatire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous ſort

of weapon, and for the moſt part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot reſtore to them. There are only two reaſons, for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promiſe that they can always juſtify us: the firſt is revenge, when we have been affronted in the ſame nature, or have been any ways notoriouſly abuſed, and can make ourſelves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in chriſtian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for thoſe which we daily commit againſt Almighty God. And this conſideration has often made me tremble when I was ſaying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveneſs which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us: for which reaſon I have many times avoided the commiſſion of that fault, even when I have been notoriouſly provoked. Let not this, my lord, paſs for vanity in me; for it is truth. More libels have been written againſt me, than almoſt any man now living: and I had reaſon on my ſide, to have defended my own innocence: I ſpeak not on my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them uſe it as they pleaſe; poſterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: for intereſt and paſſion will lie buried in another age; and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I ſpeak of my morals, which have been ſufficiently aſperſed; that any ſort of reputation ought to be dear to every honeſt man, and is to me. But let the world witneſs

for me, that I have been often wanting to myſelf in that particular; I have ſeldom anſwered any ſcurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have expoſed my enemies: and, being naturally vindicative, have ſuffered in ſilence, and, poſſeſſed my ſoul in quiet.

Any thing, though never ſo little, which a man ſpeaks of himſelf, in my opinion, is ſtill too much; and therefore I will wave this ſubject, and proceed to give the ſecond reaſon, which may juſtify a poet, when he writes againſt a particular perſon: and that is, when he is become a public nuiſance. And thoſe, whom Horace in his ſatires, and Perſius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly ſuch. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies: both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into thoſe enormities, which they ſee are ſo ſeverely puniſhed in the perſons of others. The firſt reaſon was only an excuſe for revenge; but this ſecond is abſolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, it is impoſſible ſometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common juſtice, from the choice of ſuch perſons as are the proper ſubject of ſatire! and how little wit they bring, for the ſupport of their injuſtice! The weaker ſex is their moſt ordinary *theme*; and the beſt and faireſt are ſure

to be the moſt ſeverely handled. Amongſt men, thoſe who are proſperouſly unjuſt, are intitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is inſolently ſtabbed with all manner of reproaches; no decency is conſidered, no ſulſomeneſs omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulneſs can ſupply it: for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenneſs of good ſenſe and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will ſoon put an end to this ſort of ſcribbling. There can be no pleaſantry where there is no wit: no impreſſion can be made, where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude, they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural ſeaſon: the corn which held up its head, is ſpoiled with rankneſs; but the greater part of the harveſt is laid along, and little of good income and wholſome nouriſhment is received into the barns. This is almoſt a digreſſion, I confeſs to your Lordſhip; but a juſt indignation forced it from me. Now I have removed this rubbiſh, I will return to the compariſon of Juvenal and Horace.

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt them, upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It muſt be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his inſtructions of human life: but in my particular opinion, which I ſet not up for a ſtandard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleaſed with both; but I owe more to Horace, for my inſtruction; and more to Juvenal, for my pleaſure.

This,

This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine: but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned: to such impartial men I must appeal: for they who have already formed their judgments, may justly stand suspected of prejudice; and though all who are my readers, will set up to be my judges, I enter my Caveat against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury: or, if they be admitted, it is but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved from hence, that his instructions are more general: Juvenal's more limited. So that granting, that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use; Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the purpose, "Bonum quo communis, eo melius." Juvenal, excepting only his first satire, is in all the rest confined, to the exposing of some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. [illegible]

ſentences are truly ſhining and inſtructive: but they are ſprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the ſkill of Virgil, to hide his ſentences: to give you the virtue of them, without ſhewing them in their full extent: which is the oſtentation of a poet, and not his art: and this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age. "Ne ſententiæ extra corpus oratio-"nis emineant:" he would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear emboſſed upon it, and ſtriking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and, as there are but few notoriouſly wicked men, in compariſon with a ſhoal of fools and fops; ſo it is a harder thing to make a man wiſe, than to make him honeſt: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the underſtanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind ſides and follies, even in the profeſſors of moral philoſophy; and there is not any one ſect of them that Horace has not expoſed. Which, as it was not the deſign of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in laſhing vices, ſome of them the moſt enormous that can be imagined; ſo perhaps, it was not ſo much his talent. "Omne vafer vitium ridenti "Flaccus amico, tangit, & admiſſus circum præcor-"dia ludit." This was the commendation which Perſius gave him; where by *vitium*, he means thoſe little vices, which we call follies, the defects of human underſtanding, or at moſt the peccadillos of life,

rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly paſſions and exorbitant deſires. But in the word *omne*, which is *univerſal*, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmoſt receſſes of nature; found out the imperfections even of the moſt wiſe and grave, as well as of the moſt common people; diſcovering, even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addreſſes the firſt ſatire, his hunting after buſineſs, and following the court, as well as in the perſecutor Criſpinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true, he expoſes Criſpinus openly, as a common nuiſance: but he raillies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Perſius are confined to noblemen: and the ſtoick philoſophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are oppoſed to thoſe vices againſt which he declaims: but Horace laughs to ſhame all follies, and inſinuates virtue, rather by familiar examples, than by the ſeverity of precepts.

This laſt conſideration ſeems to incline the balance on the ſide of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleaſure. But, after all, I muſt confeſs that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languiſhing. Be pleaſed ſtill to underſtand, that I ſpeak of my own taſte only: he may raviſh other men; but I am too ſtupid and inſenſible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himſelf, and as Scaliger ſays, only ſhews his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his

his good manners, are to be commended: but his wit is faint; and his ſalt, if I may dare to ſay ſo, almoſt inſipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and maſculine wit; he gives me as much pleaſure as I can bear: he fully ſatisfies my expectation; he treats his ſubject home: his ſpleen is raiſed, and he raiſes mine: I have the pleaſure of concernment in all he ſays: he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly ſtop with him. If he went another ſtage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progreſs, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a ſign the ſubject is exhauſted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can juſtly be found in him, it is that he is ſometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; ſays more than he needs, like my friend the Plain-Dealer, but never more than pleaſes. Add to this, that his thoughts are as juſt as thoſe of Horace, and much more elevated. His expreſſions are ſonorous and more noble; his verſe more numerous, and his words are ſuitable to his thoughts, ſublime and lofty. All theſe contribute to the pleaſure of the reader: and the greater the ſoul of him who reads, his tranſports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuoſity than Horace, but as ſecurely; and the ſwiftneſs adds a more lively agitation to the ſpirits. The low ſtile of Horace is according to his ſubject, that is generally grave; I queſtion not but he could have

raiſed

raiſed it: for the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, which he writes to Auguſtus, (a moſt inſtructive ſatire, concerning poetry,) is of ſo much dignity in the words, and of ſo much elegancy in the numbers, that the author plainly ſhews, the *ſermo pedeſtris*, in his other ſatires, was rather his choice than his neceſſity. He was a rival to Lucilius, his predeceſſor, and was reſolved to ſurpaſs him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we ſee by his remaining fragments, minded neither his ſtyle nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verſe: Horace therefore copes with him in that humble way of ſatire, writes under his own force, and carries a dead weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This I imagine was the chief reaſon, why he minded only the clearneſs of his ſatire, and the cleanneſs of expreſſion, without aſcending to thoſe heights, to which his own vigour might have carried him. But limiting his deſires only to the conqueſt of Licilius, he had the ends of his rival, who lived before him; but made way for a new conqueſt over himſelf, by Juvenal his ſucceſſor. He could not give an equal pleaſure to his reader, becauſe he uſed not equal inſtruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But verſifications and numbers are the greateſt pleaſures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practiſed both ſo happily, that, for aught I know, his greateſt excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, he is faultleſs; but in this he placed his chief perfection. And, give me leave, my lord, ſince I have here an apt occaſion, to ſay, that Virgil could have written

written ſharper ſatires, than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verſe and half of his, in one of his eclogues, to juſtify my opinion; and with commas after every word, to ſhew, that he has given almoſt as many laſhes, as he has written ſyllables; it is againſt a bad poet, whoſe ill verſes he deſcribes: "Non tu, in triviis "indocte, ſolebas, ſtridenti, miſerum, ſtipula, diſ- "perdere, carmen?" But to return to my purpoſe: when there is any thing deficient in numbers and ſound, the reader is uneaſy and unſatisfied; he wants ſomething of his complement, deſires ſomewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifeſt defect of Horace, it is no wonder that, finding it ſupplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And beſides this, the ſauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nouriſhing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquiſite; ſo that, granting Horace to be the more general philoſopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet, I mean in ſatire. His thoughts are ſharper, his indignation againſt vice is more vehement; his ſpirit has more of the commonwealth genius; he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deſerve, with the utmoſt rigour: and conſequently a noble ſoul is better pleaſed with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty than with a temporizing poet, a well-mannered court-ſlave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, becauſe he is naturally ſervile. After all, Horace had the diſadvantage of the times in which he lived; theirs were better

for the man, but worſe for the ſatiriſt. It is generally ſaid, that thoſe enormous vices which were practiſed under the reign of Domitian, were not known in the time of Auguſtus Cæſar: that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppreſſion was to be ſcourged inſtead of avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the falſe opinions of philoſophers, when the Roman liberty was to be aſſerted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if he had then been living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This reflection at the ſame time excuſes Horace, but exalts Juvenal. I have ended, before I was aware, the compariſon of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topics of pleaſure and delight; and, indeed, I may ſafely here conclude that common-place; for if we make Horace our miniſter of ſtate in ſatire, and Juvenal of our private pleaſures; I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let profit have the preheminence of honour, in the end of poetry. Pleaſure, though but the ſecond in degree, is the firſt in favour. And who would not chuſe to be loved better, rather than to be more eſteemed? But I am entered already upon another topic; which concerns the particular merits of theſe two ſatiriſts. However, I will purſue my buſineſs where I left it; and carry it farther than that common obſervation of the ſeveral ages in which theſe authors flouriſhed. When Horace writ his ſatires, the monarchy of his Cæſar was in its newneſs, and the government but juſt made eaſy to the conquered people.

They

They could not poſſibly have forgotten the uſurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had uſed, in the compaſſing that vaſt deſign: they yet remembered his proſcriptions, and the ſlaughter of ſo many noble Romans, their defenders. Amongſt the reſt, that horrible action of his, when he forced Livia from the arms of her huſband, who was conſtrained to ſee her married, as Dion relates the ſtory, and, big with child as ſhe was, conveyed to the bed of his inſulting rival. The ſame Dion Caſſius gives us another inſtance of the crime before mentioned: that Cornelius Siſenna, being reproached in full ſenate, with the licentious conduct of his wife, returned this anſwer; That he had married her by the counſel of Auguſtus: intimating, ſays my author, that Auguſtus had obliged him to that marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free acceſs unto her. His adulteries were ſtill before their eyes, but they muſt be patient, where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: propriety was generally ſecured; and the people entertained with public ſhows, and donatives, to make them more eaſily digeſt their loſt liberty. But Auguſtus, who was conſcious to himſelf of ſo many crimes which he had committed, thought in the firſt place to provide for his own reputation, by making an edict againſt lampoons and ſatires, and the authors of thoſe defamatory writings, which my author Tacitus, from the law-term, calls "famoſos libellos."

In

In the first book of his Annals, he gives the follow-
g account of it, in these words: "Primus Augustus
cognitionem de famosis libellis specie legis ejus,
tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidini, quâ viros
fœminasque illustres, procacibus scriptis diffama-
verat." Thus, in English: "Augustus was the first,
who under the colour of that law took cognizance
of lampoons; being provoked to it, by the petulancy
of Cassius Severus, who had defamed many illus-
trious persons of both sexes, in his writings."
he law to which Tacitus refers, was "Lex læsæ
Majestatis;" commonly called, for the sake of bre-
ity, "Majestas;" or, as we say, high treason: he
eans not that this law had not been enacted formerly:
r it had been made by the Decemviri, and was in-
ribed amongst the rest in the twelve tables: to pre-
ent the aspersion of the Roman majesty, either of the
eople themselves, or their religion, or their magi-
rates: and the infringement of it was capital; that
, the offender was whipt to death with the fasces,
hich were borne before their chief officers of Rome.
ut Augustus was the first, who restored that inter-
itted law: by the words, "under colour of
that law," he insinuates that Augustus caused it to be
xecuted, on pretence of those libels, which were
ritten by Cassius Severus, against the nobility: but,
truth, to save himself from such verses.
uetonius likewise makes mention of
de se in Curiâ famosos libello
magnâ curâ redarguit. Ac

" auctoribus, id modo cenſuit, cognoſcendum poſt hac, " de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuſ- " piam ſub alieno nomine edant." Auguſtus was not afraid of libels, ſays that author: yet he took all care imaginable to have them anſwered; and then decreed, that for the time to come, the authors of them ſhould be puniſhed. But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my ſenſe, that this emperor, for his own ſake, durſt not permit them: " Fecit id Auguſtus in " ſpeciem, & quaſi gratificaretur populo Romano, & " primoribus urbis; ſed revera ut ſibi conſideret: nam " habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam " procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipſe exemptus " fuit. Nam ſuo nomine compeſcere erat invidioſum, " ſub alieno facile & utile. Ergò ſpecie legis tractavit, " quaſi populi Romani Majeſtas infamaretur." This, I think, is a ſufficient comment on that paſſage of Tacitus; I will add only, by the way, that the whole family of the Cæſars, and all their relations, were included in the law; becauſe the Majeſty of the Romans, in the time of the empire, was wholly in that houſe; " omnia Cæſar erat:" they were all accounted ſacred who belonged to him. As for Caſſius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the ſame poet againſt whom he writes in his Epodes, under this title, " In Caſſium Severum maledicum poetam;" perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to our proverb, with one ſtone, and revenge both himſelf and his emperor together.

Tum

From hence I may reasonably conclude, that Augustus, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some by-respect in the enacting of this law: for to do any thing for nothing, was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the interest of his master; and avoiding the lashing of greater crimes, confined himself to the ridiculing of petty vices, and common follies; excepting only some reserved cases, in his Odes and Epodes, of his own particular quarrels, which, either with permission of the magistrate, or without it, every man will revenge, though I say not that he should; for *prior læsit*, is a good excuse in the civil law, if christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great vices, at least if the stories which we hear of him are true, that he practised some, which I will not here mention, out of honour to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuse adulterers, especially when Augustus was of that number: so that though his age was not exempted from the worst of villainies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reason of the edict. And our poet was not fit to represent them in an odious character, because himself was dipt in the same actions. Upon this account, without farther insisting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the subjects which Horace chose for satire, are of a lower nature than those of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the comparison betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Persius; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them in yet

yet remaining to be conſidered. Perſius was grave, and particularly oppoſed his gravity to lewdneſs, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he publiſhed his ſatires, which was before that emperor fell into the exceſs of cruelty. Horace was a mild admoniſher, a court ſatiriſt, fit for the gentle times of Auguſtus, and more fit, for the reaſons which I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs: his was an age that deſerved a more ſevere chaſtiſement: vices were more groſs and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority. Therefore, whereſoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own perſon, but ſcourges him by proxy. Heinſius urges in praiſe of Horace, that, according to the ancient art and law of ſatire, it ſhould be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming againſt vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Perſius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both ſtudied Horace. And the thing itſelf is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewiſe read Lucilius, of whom Perſius ſays, "ſecuit "Urbem; & genuinum fregit in illis;" meaning Mutius and Lupus: and Juvenal alſo mentions him in theſe words: "Enſe velut ſtricto, quoties Lucilius "ardens infremuit," &c. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpoſe than that of Horace. They changed ſatire, ſays Holiday; but they changed it for the better: for the buſineſs being to reform great vices, chaſtiſement goes farther

ther than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man.

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holiday, whoſe interpretation and illuſtrations of Juvenal are as excellent, as the verſe of his tranſlation and his Engliſh are lame and pitiful. For it is not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed moſt faithfully, but he muſt alſo imitate his genius, and his numbers, as far as the Engliſh will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, it is only for a poet to tranſlate a poet. Holiday and Stapylton had not enough conſidered this, when they attempted Juvenal: but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this ſentence, where Holiday ſays, "a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, rather "angers than amends a man." I cannot give him up the manner of Horace, in low ſatire, ſo eaſily: let the chaſtiſement of Juvenal be never ſo neceſſary for his new kind of ſatire; let him declaim as wittily and ſharply as he pleaſes, yet ſtill the niceſt and moſt delicate touches of ſatire conſiſt in fine raillery. This, my lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. It is not reading, it is not imitation of an author, which can produce his fineneſs: it muſt be inborn, it muſt proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature: how eaſy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without uſing any of

thoſe opprobrious terms! To ſpare the groſſneſs of the names, and to do the thing yet more ſeverely, is to draw a full face, and to make the noſe and cheeks ſtand out, and yet not to employ any depth of ſhadowing. This is the myſtery of that noble trade, which yet no maſter can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the ſcholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineneſs of raillery is offenſive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occaſion of an offence may poſſibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more miſchief; that a man is ſecretly wounded, and though he be not ſenſible himſelf, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is ſtill a vaſt difference betwixt the ſlovenly butchering of a man, and the fineneſs of a ſtroke that ſeparates the head from the body, and leaves it ſtanding in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife ſaid of his ſervant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die ſweetly, was only belonging to her huſband. I wiſh I could apply it to myſelf; if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my Abſalom, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to reſent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have ſuffered for it juſtly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dextrouſly. I avoided the men-

tion of great crimes, and applied myſelf to the repreſenting of blind-ſides, and little extravagancies: to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It ſucceeded as I wiſhed; the jeſt went round, and he was laughed at in his turn who began the frolick.

And thus, my lord, you ſee I have preferred the manner of Horace, and of your Lordſhip, in the kind ſatire, to that of Juvenal; and I think, reaſonably. Holiday ought not to have arraigned ſo great an author, for that which was his excellency and his merit: or if he did, on ſuch a palpable miſtake, he might expect that ſome one might poſſibly ariſe, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his error, and reſtore to Horace that commendation, of which he has ſo unjuſtly robbed him. And let the manes of Juvenal forgive me, if I ſay, that this way of Horace was the beſt for amending manners, as it is the moſt difficult. His was, an "enſe reſcindendum;" but that of Horace was a pleaſant cure, with all the limbs preſerved entirely; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without keeping the patient within doors for a day. What they promiſe only, Horace has effectually performed: yet I contradict not the propoſition which I formerly advanced: Juvenal's times required a more painful kind of operation: but if he had lived in the age of Horace, I muſt needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the method which was preſcribed him by his own genius; which was ſharp and eager; he could not raillly,

but he could declaim; and as his persecutions were great, he has revenged them tragically. This notwithstanding, I am to say another word, which, tho' true as it is, will yet displease the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before, but it is time for me now to speak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the best, but Horace has not executed it altogether so happily, as he has not often. The manner of Juvenal is confessed to be inferior to the former; but Juvenal has excelled him in his performance. Juvenal has railed more artfully than Horace has raillied. Horace meant to make his reader laugh; but he is not sure of his countenance. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation; and he always brings about his purpose. Horace, 'tis aught I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongst the moderns he is not so successful. They who say he entertains so pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own understandings, that they can see a jest farther off than other men: they may find occasion of laughter in the wit-battle of the two buffoons, Sarmentus and Cicerrus; and hold their sides for fear of bursting, when Rupilius and Persius are scolding. For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciously given: but for my heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid raillery. I see not why Persius should call upon Brutus to revenge him on his adversary; and that because he had killed Julius Cæsar for endeavouring to be a king; therefore he should

be

be desired to murder Rupilius, only because his name was Mr. King. A miserable clench, in my opinion, for Horace to record: I have heard honest Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be punns were then in fashion, as they were wit in the sermons of the last age, and in the court of King Charles II. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of Horace; but certain it is, that he has no fine palate who can feed so heartily on garbage.

But I have already wearied myself, and doubt not but I have tired your Lordship's patience, with this long, rambling, and I fear trivial discourse. Upon the one half of the merits, that is, pleasure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better satirist: they who will descend into his particular praises, may find them at large in the dissertation of the learned Rigaltius to Thuanus. As for Persius, I have given the reasons why I think him inferior to both of them; yet I have one thing to add on that subject.

Barten Holiday, who translated both Juvenal and Persius, has made this distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty; That, in Persius, the difficulty is to find a meaning; in Juvenal to chuse a meaning: so crabbed is Persius, and so copious is Juvenal: so much the understanding is employed in one, and so much the judgment in the other. So difficult it is to find any sense in the former, and the best sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allowed him but the second place, I desire him to consider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, besides the advantages of diligence and study, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all these helps, surpass him? And whether it be any dishonour to Horace to be thus surpassed; since no art, or science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several ages? If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the last perfection to that work? Or rather, what disreputation is it to Horace, that Juvenal excels in the tragical satire, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinsius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the instructive part; the part of wisdom, and not that of pleasure; which therefore is here allowed him, notwithstanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And, to shew that I am impartial, I will here translate what Dacier has said on that subject.

I cannot give a more just idea of the two books of satires made by Horace, than by comparing them to the statues of the Sileni, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates, in the Symposium. They were figures, which

which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty on their out-ſide: but when any one took the pains to open them, and ſearch into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the ſhape that Horace preſents himſelf to us, in his ſatires, we ſee nothing at the firſt view which deſerves our attention. It ſeems that he is rather an amuſement for children, than for the ſerious conſideration of men: but when we take away his cruſt, and that which hides him from our ſight, when we diſcover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full aſſembly: that is to ſay, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exerciſe of thoſe, who ſeriouſly endeavour to correct their vices.

It is eaſy to obſerve, that Dacier, in this noble ſimilitude, has confined the praiſe of his author wholly to the inſtructive part: the commendation turns on this, and ſo does that which follows.

In theſe two books of ſatire, it is the buſineſs of Horace to inſtruct us how to combat our vices, to regulate our paſſions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our deſires, to diſtinguiſh betwixt truth and falſehood, and betwixt our conception of things, and things themſelves: to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to underſtand exactly the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule, into which all men neceſſarily fall, who are [illegible] thoſe notions which they have rece[illegible]ſters; and which they obſtinately [illegible] mining whether or no they be

In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourſelves, agreeable and faithful to our friends, and diſcreet, ſerviceable, and well-bred in relation to thoſe with whom we are obliged to live, and to converſe. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers through the labyrinth of ſome perplexed ſentence, or obſcure parentheſis, is no great matter: and, as Epictetus ſays, there is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal buſineſs, and which is of moſt importance to us, is to ſhew the uſe, the reaſon, and the proof of his precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themſelves, according to ſo exact a model, are juſt like the patients, who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diſeaſes, and pleaſe themſelves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure.

Let Horace go off with theſe encomiums, which he has ſo well deſerved.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will uſe the words of Virgil, in his fifth Æneid, where Æneas propoſes the rewards of the foot-race, to the three firſt who ſhould reach the goal. "Tres "præmia primi accipient, flavaque caput nectentur "olivâ:" Let theſe three ancients be preferred to all the moderns; as firſt arriving at the goal: let them all be crowned as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to ſatire. But, after that, with this diſtinction amongſt themſelves, "Primus equum pha-

"leris

"Ieris insignem victor habeto." Let Juvenal ride first in triumph. "Alter Amazoniam pharetram, ple-"namque sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur "auro balteus, & tereti subnectit figula gemma." Let Horace, who is the second, and but just the second, carry off the quivers and the arrows, as the badges of his satire; and the golden-belt, and the diamond-button. "Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus "abito." And let Persius, the last of the first three worthies, be contented with this Grecian shield, and with victory, not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman satire, but over all the moderns in succeeding ages; excepting Boileau and your Lordship.

And thus I have given the history of satire, and derived it from Ennius, to your Lordship; that is, from its first rudiments of barbarity, to its last polishing and perfection: which is, with Virgil, in his address to Augustus,

"—— nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,
"Tithoni primâ quot abest ab origine Cæsar."

I said only from Ennius; but I may safely carry it higher, as far as Livius Andronicus; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first play at Rome, in the year "ab urbe conditâ CCCCCXIV." I have since desired my learned friend, Mr. Maidwell, to compute the difference of times, betwixt Aristophanes and Livius Andronicus; and he assures me from the best chronologers, that Plutus, the last of Aristophanes's

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plays, was repreſented at Athens, in the year of the 97th olympiad; which agrees with the year *Urbis conditæ* CCCLXIV. So that the difference of years betwixt Ariſtophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduced, that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the old comedy, which were ſatirical, and alſo of the new; for Menander was fifty years before him, which muſt needs be a great light to him, in his own plays, that were of the ſatirical nature. That the Romans had farces before this, it is true; but then they had no communication with Greece: ſo that Andronicus was the firſt who wrote after the manner of the old comedy, in his plays; he was imitated by Ennius, about thirty years afterwards. Though the former writ fables; the latter, ſpeaking properly, began the Roman ſatire. According to that deſcription, which Juvenal gives of it in his firſt; "quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, "ira, voluptas, gaudia, diſcurſus, noſtri eſt farrago "libelli." This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Caſaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern critics, that not Ennius, but Andronicus was the firſt, who by the *Archæa Comœdia* of the Greeks, added many beauties to the firſt rude and barbarous Roman ſatire: which ſort of poem, though we had not derived from Rome, yet nature teaches it mankind, in all ages, and in every country.

It is but neceſſary, that, after ſo much has been ſaid of ſatire, ſome definition of it ſhould be given. Heinſius,

ſius, in his diſſertations on Horace, makes it for me, in theſe words; "Satire is a kind of poetry, without "a ſeries of action, invented for the purging of our "minds; in which human vices, ignorance, and "errors, and all things beſides, which are produced "from them, in every man, are ſeverely reprehended; "partly dramatically, partly ſimply, and ſometimes "in both kinds of ſpeaking; but for the moſt part "figuratively, and occultly; conſiſting in a low fami-"liar way, chiefly in a ſharp and pungent manner of "ſpeech; but partly, alſo, in a facetious and civil "way of jeſting; by which either hatred, or laughter, "or indignation, is moved."—Where I cannot but obſerve, that this obſcure and perplexed definition, or rather deſcription of ſatire, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way; and excluding the works of Juvenal and Perſius, as foreign from that kind of poem: the clauſe in the beginning of it ("without a ſeries of "action") diſtinguiſhes ſatire properly from ſtage-plays, which are all of one action, and one continued ſeries of action. The end or ſcope of ſatire is to purge the paſſions; ſo far it is common to the ſatires of Juvenal and Perſius: the reſt which follows, is alſo generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding clauſe "conſiſting in a low familiar "way of ſpeech," which is the proper character of Horace; and from which, the other two, for their honour be it ſpoken, are far diſtant: but how come lowneſs of ſtyle, and the familiarity of words, to be ſo much the propriety of ſatire, that without them, a

poet

poet can be no more a ſatiriſt, than without riſibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and ſtanding rule of this poem? Is the *grande ſophos* of Perſius, and the ſublimity of Juvenal to be circumſcribed, with the meanneſs of words, and vulgarity of expreſſion? If Horace refuſed the pains of numbers, and the loftineſs of figures, are they bound to follow ſo ill a precedent? Let him walk a-foot with his pad in his hand, for his own pleaſure; but let not them be accounted no poets, who chuſe to mount, and ſhew their horſemanſhip. Holiday is not afraid to ſay, that there never was ſuch a fall, as from his odes to his ſatires, and that he, injuriouſly to himſelf, untuned his harp. The majeſtic way of Perſius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but it is old to us; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their faſhion? Which alteration, ſays Holiday, is to after-times, as good a warrant as the firſt. Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his Æneid? Certainly he has, and for the better. For Virgil's age was more civilized, and better bred: and he writ according to the politeneſs of Rome, under the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar; not to the rudeneſs of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why ſhould we offer to confine free ſpirits to one form, when we cannot ſo much as confine our bodies to one faſhion of apparel? Would not Donne's ſatires, which abound with ſo much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers? But he followed Horace ſo very cloſe, that of neceſſity he muſt fall

fall with him: and I may ſafely ſay it of this preſent age, that if we are not ſo great wits as Donne, yet, certainly, we are better poets.

But I have ſaid enough, and it may be too much, on this ſubject. Will your lordſhip be pleaſed to prolong my audience, only ſo far, till I tell you my own trivial thoughts how a modern ſatire ſhould be made. I will not deviate in the leaſt from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our beſt maſters. I will only illuſtrate them, and diſcover ſome of the hidden beauties in their deſigns, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you pleaſe but to obſerve, that Perſius, the leaſt in dignity of all the three, has notwithſtanding been the firſt, who has diſcovered to us this important ſecret, in the deſigning of a perfect ſatire, that it ought only to treat of one ſubject; to be confined to one particular theme; or, at leaſt, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they ſhould only be tranſiently laſhed, and not be inſiſted on, ſo as to make the deſign double. As in a play of the Engliſh faſhion, which we call a tragi-comedy, there is to be but one main deſign: and though there be an underplot, or ſecond walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are ſubſervient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it; ſo that the drama may not ſeem a monſter with two heads. Thus the Copernican ſyſtem of the planets makes the moon to be moved by the motion of the earth, and carried about her orb, as a dependent of hers. Maſcardi, in his diſcourſe of

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the "Doppia favola," or double tale in plays, gives an inſtance of it, in the famous paſtoral of Guarini, called "Il Paſtor Fido;" where Coriſca and the ſatire are the under-parts: yet we may obſerve, that Coriſca is brought into the body of the plot, and made ſubſervient to it. It is certain that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule, that a play, though it conſiſts of many parts, muſt yet be one in the action, and muſt drive on the accompliſhment of one deſign; for he gives this very precept, "Sit quodvis ſimplex dun-"taxat & unum;" yet he ſeems not much to mind it in his ſatires, many of them conſiſting of more arguments than one; and the ſecond without dependance on the firſt. Caſaubon has obſerved this before me, in his preference of Perſius to Horace: and will have his own beloved author to be the firſt, who found out, and introduced this method of confining himſelf to one ſubject. I know may be urged in defence of Horace, that this unity is not neceſſary; becauſe the very word *ſatura* ſignifies a diſh plentifully ſtored with all variety of fruit and grain. Yet Juvenal, who calls his poems a *farrago*, which is a word of the ſame ſignification with *ſatura*, has choſen to follow the ſame method of Perſius, and not of Horace. And Boileau, whoſe example alone is a ſufficient authority, has wholly confined himſelf, in all his ſatires, to this unity of deſign. That variety which is not to be found in any one ſatire, is, at leaſt, in many, written on ſeveral occaſions. And if variety be of abſolute neceſſity in every one of them, according to the etymology of the word;

word; yet it may ariſe naturally from one ſubject, as it is diverſly treated in the ſeveral ſubordinate branches of it; all relating to the chief. It may be illuſtrated accordingly with variety of examples in the ſubdiviſions of it; and with as many precepts as there are members of it; which all together may complete that *olla*, or hotch-potch, which is properly a ſatire.

Under this unity of theme, or ſubject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the deſign of true ſatire. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader ſome one precept of moral virtue; and to caution him againſt ſome one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, ſubordinate to the firſt, may be recommended, under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be ſcourged, beſides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and inſiſt on that. Thus Juvenal, in every ſatire, excepting the firſt, ties himſelf to one principal inſtructive point, as to the ſhunning of moral evil. Even in the ſixth, which ſeems only an arraignment of the whole ſex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by ſhewing how very few, who are virtuous and good, are to be found amongſt them. But this, though the wittieſt of all his ſatires, has yet the leaſt of truth or inſtruction in it. He has run himſelf into his old declamatory way, and almoſt forgotten that he was now ſetting up for a moral poet.

Perſius is never wanting to us in ſome profitable doctrine, and in expoſing the oppoſite vices to it. His kind of philoſophy is one, which is the ſtoick; and

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every ſatire is a comment on one particular dogma of that ſect; unleſs we will except the firſt, which is againſt bad writers; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the porch. In general, all virtues are every where to be praiſed and recommended to practice; and all vices to be reprehended, and made either odious or ridiculous; or elſe there is a fundamental error in the whole deſign.

I have already declared who are the only perſons that are the adequate object of private ſatire, and who they are that may properly be expoſed by name for public examples of vices and follies: and therefore I will trouble your lordſhip no farther with them. Of the beſt and fineſt manner of ſatire, I have ſaid enough in the compariſon betwixt Juvenal and Horace: it is that ſharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your lordſhip is the beſt maſter in this age. I will proceed to the verſification, which is moſt proper for it, and add ſomewhat to what I have ſaid already on that ſubject. The ſort of verſe which is called burleſque, conſiſting of eight ſyllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has choſen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I ſpake of Donne; but by a ſlip of an old man's memory, he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need any commendation, and he is above my cenſure: his ſatire is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with proſe. The choice of his numbers is ſuitable enough to his deſign, as he has managed it: but in any other hand, the ſhortneſs of his verſe, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debaſed

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the dignity of ſtyle. And beſides, the double rhyme (a neceſſary companion of burleſque writing) is not ſo proper for manly ſatire, for it turns earneſt too much to jeſt, and gives us a boyiſh kind of pleaſure. It tickles aukwardly with a kind of pain, to the beſt ſort of readers; we are pleaſed ungratefully, and, if I may ſay ſo, againſt our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unſeaſonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more ſolid. He might have left that taſk to others, who, not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excreſcence of a word of two or three ſyllables in the cloſe. It is, indeed, below ſo great a maſter to make uſe of ſuch a little inſtrument. But his good ſenſe is perpetually ſhining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults. We paſs through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into ſome admirable uſeful thought. After all, he has choſen this kind of verſe; and has written the beſt in it: and had he taken another, he would always have excelled. As we ſay of a court-favourite, that whatſoever his office be, he ſtill makes it uppermoſt, and moſt beneficial to himſelf.

The quickneſs of your imagination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verſe of ten ſyllables, which we call the Engliſh heroic, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion: for this ſort of number is more roomy: the thought can turn itſelf with greater eaſe in a larger compaſs. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it ſtraitens the expreſſion; we are thinking

of the close, when we should be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination; he loses many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burlesque rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, it is more easily purchased in ten syllables than in eight: in both occasions it is as in a tennis-court, when the strokes of greater force are given, when we strike out and play at length. Tassone and Boileau have left us the best examples of this way, in the Secchia Rapita, and the Lutrin. And next them Merlin Coccajus in his Baldus. I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin verse. The Secchia Rapita is an Italian poem, a satire of the Varronian kind. It is written in the stanza of eight, which is their measure for heroique verse. The words are stately, the numbers smooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The first six lines of the stanza seem majestical and severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived, has modeled from hence his famous Lutrin. He had read the burlesque poetry of Scarron, with some kind of indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation. But he copied the Italian so well, that his own may pass for an original. He writes it in the French heroic verse, and calls it an heroic poem: his subject is trivial, but his verse is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and some parodies;

parodies; as particularly this paſſage in the fourth of the Æneids:

" Nec tibi Diva parens; generis nec Dardanus auctor,
" Perfide; ſet duris genuit te cautibus horrens
" Caucaſus; Hyrcanæque admorûnt ubera tigres."

Which he thus tranſlates, keeping to the words, but altering the ſenſe:

" Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger:
" Et tu n'es point du ſang de Gervais Horologer:
" Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitreſſe d'un Coche;
" Caucaſe dans ſes flancs, te forma d'une Roché:
" Une Tigreſſe affreuſe, en quelque Antre écarté,
" Te fit, avec ſon laict, ſuccer ſa Cruauté."

And, as Virgil in his fourth Georgique of the Bees, perpetually raiſes the lowneſs of his ſubject, by the loftineſs of his words; and enobles it by compariſons drawn from empires, and from monarchs.

" Admiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum,
" Magnanimoſque Duces, totiuſque ordine gentis
" Mores & ſtudia, & populos, & prælia dicam."

And again:

" Sic Genuus immortale manent; multoſque per annos
" Stat fortuna domus, & avi numerantur avorum."

We ſee Boileau purſuing him in the ſame flights; and ſcarcely yielding to his maſter. This, I think, my Lord, to be the moſt beautiful, and moſt noble kind of ſatire. Here is the majeſty of the heroic, finely mixed with

with the venom of the other; and raiſing the delight which otherwiſe would be flat and vulgar, by the ſublimity of the expreſſion. I could ſay ſomewhat more of the delicacy of this and ſome other of his ſatires; but it might turn to his prejudice, if it were carried back to France.

I have given your Lordſhip but this bare hint, in what manner this ſort of ſatire may beſt be managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts; which are as requiſite in this, as in heroic poetry itſelf; of which the ſatire is undoubtedly a ſpecies. With theſe beautiful turns I confeſs myſelf to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a converſation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie: he aſked me why I did not imitate in my verſes the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham; of which he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleaſure, and with ſome profit, thoſe two fathers of our Engliſh poetry; but had not ſeriouſly enough conſidered thoſe beauties which give the laſt perfection to their works. Some ſprinklings of this kind I had alſo formerly in my plays; but they were caſual, and not deſigned. But this hint, thus ſeaſonably given me, firſt made me ſenſible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to ſeek for the ſupply of them in other Engliſh authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, inſtead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the Davideis, an heroic poem, which is of an oppoſite nature

ture to thoſe puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word or on the thought. Then I conſulted a greater genius (without offence to the manes of that noble author) I mean Milton; but, as he endeavours every where to expreſs Homer, whoſe age had not arrived to that fineneſs, I found in him a true ſublimity, lofty thoughts, which were clothed with admirable Greciſms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spenſer, and which, with all their ruſticity, had ſomewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I looked. At laſt I had recourſe to his maſter, Spenſer, the author of that immortal poem called The Fairy Queen; and there I met with that which I had been looking for ſo long in vain. Spenſer had ſtudied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and amongſt the reſt of his excellencies had copied that. Looking farther into the Italian, I found Taſſo had done the ſame; nay more, that all the ſonnets in that language, are on the turn of the firſt thought; which Mr. Walſh, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has obſerved. In ſhort, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poem. And the French at this day are ſo fond of them, that they judge them to be the firſt beauties. "Delicate & bien tourné," are the higheſt commendations which they beſtow on ſomewhat which they think a maſter-piece.

An example on the turn of words, amongſt a thouſand others, is that in the laſt book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes:

" Heu quantum ſcelus eſt, in viſcera, viſcera condi!
" Congeſtoque avidum pinguieſcere corpore corpus;
" Alteriuſque animantem animantis vivere leto!"

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words is to be found in Catullus; in the complaint of Ariadne when ſhe was left by Theſeus:

" Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat,
" Nulla viri ſperet ſermones eſſe fideles:
" Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægeſſit apiſci,
" Nil metuunt jurare, nihil promittere parcunt.
" Sed ſimul ac cupidæ mentis ſatiata libido eſt,
" Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant."

An extraordinary turn upon the words, is that in Ovid's Epiſtolæ Heroidum, of Sappho to Phaon:

" Si niſi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
" Nulla futura tua eſt; nulla futura tua eſt."

Laſtly, a turn which I cannot ſay is abſolutely on words, for the thought turns with them, is in the fourth Georgique of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from hell, on expreſs condition not to look on her till ſhe was come on earth:

" Cùm ſubita incautum dementia cepit Amantem;
" Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes."

I will not burden your Lordſhip with more of them; for I write to a maſter, who underſtands them better than myſelf. But I may ſafely conclude them to be great beauties: I might deſcend alſo to the mechanic beauties

beauties of heroic verſe; but we have yet no Engliſh proſodia, not ſo much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; ſo that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: but nothing under a public expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the preſent age.

I am ſtill ſpeaking to you, my Lord: though, in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing, which my meanneſs can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the laſt petition of Abraham: if there be ten righteous lines, in this vaſt preface, ſpare it for their ſake; and alſo ſpare the next city, becauſe it is but a little one.

I would excuſe the performance of this tranſlation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater part being the work of ſome gentlemen, who have ſucceeded very happily in their undertaking; let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and thoſe of my ſons. I have peruſed ſome of the ſatires, which are done by other hands; and they ſeem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have ſeen in Engliſh verſe. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal tranſlation, but a kind of paraphraſe; or ſomewhat which is yet more looſe, betwixt a paraphraſe and imitation. It was not poſſible for us, or any men, to have made it pleaſant any other way. If rendering the exact ſenſe of thoſe authors,

almoſt line for line, had been our buſineſs, Barten Holiday had done it already to our hands: and, by the help of his learned notes and illuſtrations, not only Juvenal and Perſius, but what is yet more obſcure, his own verſes, might be underſtood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to ſcholars: we write only for the pleaſure and entertainment of thoſe gentlemen and ladies, who, though they are not ſcholars, are not ignorant: perſons of underſtanding good ſenſe; who not having been converſant in the original, or at leaſt not having made Latin verſe ſo much their buſineſs as to be critics in it, would be glad to find, if the wit of our two great authors be anſwerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have therefore endeavoured to give the publick all the ſatisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether ſo faithful to our author, as our predeceſſors, Holiday and Stapylton; yet we may challenge to ourſelves this praiſe, that we ſhall be far more pleaſing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater diſtance, though not ſtep by ſtep, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone ſo cloſe, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Perſius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be purſued too cloſe by a tranſlator. We loſe his ſpirit, when we think to take his body. The groſſer part remains with us, but the ſoul is flown away, in ſome noble expreſſion, or ſome delicate turn of words, or thought. Thus Holiday, who made this way his choice, ſeized the

the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always ſcaped him.

They who will not grant me, that pleaſure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compaſſing the only end, which is inſtruction; muſt yet allow, that without the means of pleaſure, the inſtruction is but a bare and dry philoſophy; a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Ariſtotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet: neither Holiday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal, in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way they took, it was impoſſible for them to have ſucceeded in the poetic part.

The Engliſh verſe, which we call heroic, conſiſts of more than ten ſyllables; the Latin hexameter ſometimes riſes to ſeventeen; as for example, this verſe in Virgil:

"Pulverulenta putrem ſonitu quatit ungula campum."

Here is the difference of no leſs than ſeven ſyllables in a line betwixt the Engliſh and the Latin. Now the medium of theſe, is about fourteen ſyllables; becauſe the dactyle is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the ſpondee.

But Holiday, without conſidering that he writ with the diſadvantage of four ſyllables leſs in every verſe, endeavours to make one of his lines to comprehend the ſenſe of one of Juvenal's. According to the falſity of the propoſition was the ſucceſs. He was forced to cowd his verſe with ill-ſounding monoſyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild

plenty:

plenty: and by that means he arrived at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal tranſlation: his verſes have nothing of verſe in them, but only the worſt part of it, the rhyme; and that, into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-choſen, and worſe-ſounding words ſyllables ſo cloſe together, the very ſenſe which he endeavours to explain, is become more obſcure than that of his author. So that Holiday himſelf cannot be underſtood, without as large a commentary, as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a ſhift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes: but his tranſlation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompenſe my pains; but in Holiday and Stapylton, my ears, in the firſt place, are mortally offended; and then their ſenſe is ſo perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleaſing taſk, as well as the more eaſy.

This muſt be ſaid for our tranſlation, that if we give not the whole ſenſe of Juvenal, yet we give the moſt conſiderable part of it: we give it, in general, ſo clearly, that few notes are ſufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at leaſt appear in a poetic dreſs. We have actually made him more ſounding, and more elegant, than he was before in Engliſh: and have endeavoured to make him ſpeak that kind of Engliſh, which he would have ſpoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If ſometimes any of us (and it is but ſeldom) make him expreſs the cuſtoms

and

and manners of our native country, rather than of Rome, it is, either when there was ſome kind of analogy, betwixt their cuſtoms and ours; or when, to make him more eaſy to vulgar underſtandings, we give him thoſe manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuſe it. For, to ſpeak ſincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded: we ſhould either make them Engliſh, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended, nor excuſed, let it be pardoned, at leaſt, becauſe it is acknowledged: and ſo much the more eaſily, as being a fault which is never committed without ſome pleaſure to the reader.

Thus, my lord, having troubled you with a tedious viſit, the beſt manners will be ſhewn in the leaſt ceremony. I will ſlip away while your back is turned, and while you are otherwiſe employed: with great confuſion, for having entertained you ſo long with this diſcourſe; and for having no other recompence to make you, than the worthy labours of my fellow-undertakers in this work, and the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and perpetual good wiſhes, of,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obliged, Moſt Humble,

and Moſt Obedient Servant,

Aug. 18, 1692. JOHN DRYDEN.

THE

THE FIRST SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet gives us firſt a kind of humorous reaſon for his writing: that, being provoked by hearing ſo many ill poets rehearſe their works, he does himſelf juſtice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But, ſince no man will rank himſelf with ill writers, it is eaſy to conclude, that if ſuch wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater eſteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himſelf to ſatire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he diſcovers that it is not ſo much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a ſummary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this firſt ſatire is the natural ground-work of all the reſt. Herein he confines himſelf to no one ſubject, but ſtrikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every followin ſatire he has choſen ſome particular moral which h

would inculcate; and lashes some particular vice or folly (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted). But our poet being desirous to reform his own age, but not daring to attempt it by an overt-act of naming living persons, inveighs only against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and historians, but also, with a finer stroke of his pen, brands even the living, and personates them under dead mens names.

I have avoided as much as I could possibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illustrations, and for that reason have translated this satire somewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of the proper names, because I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the commentators, it is because they first deserted my author, or at least have left him in so much obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

STILL shall I hear, and never quit the score,
Stunn'd with hoarse Codrus' Theseid, o'er and o'er?
Shall this man's elegies and t'other's play
Unpunish'd murder a long summer's day?
Huge Telephus, a formidable page,
Cries vengeance; and Orestes' bulky rage

Unsatisfy'd

Unſatisfy'd with margins cloſely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finish'd yet.
No man can take a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot,
Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghoſts below.
I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
The Centaurs' fury, and the golden fleece;
Through the thick ſhades th' eternal ſcribbler bauls,
And ſhades the ſtatues on their pedeſtals.
The beſt and worſt on the ſame theme employs
His Muſe, and plagues us with an equal noiſe.
Provok'd by theſe incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic ſchools;
Where, with men-boys, I ſtrove to get renown,
Adviſing Sylla to a private gown.
But, ſince the world with writing is poſſeſt,
I 'll verſify in ſpite; and do my beſt,
To make as much waſte paper as the reſt.
But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
Attend the cauſes which my Muſe have led:
When ſapleſs eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When manniſh Mevia, that two handed whore,
Aſtride on horſe-back hunts the Tuſcan boar,
When all our lords are by his wealth outvy'd,
Whoſe razor on my callow beard was try'd;
When I behold the ſpawn of conquer'd Nile,
Criſpinus, both in birth and manners vile,

Pacing

Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a-day for needleſs luxury;
And finding oft occaſion to be fann'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light ſummer-rings his fingers ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a gem of weight:
Such fulſom objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view ſo lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my ſpleen contain!
When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air,
With his fat paunch fills his new-faſhion'd chair,
And, after him, the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whoſe evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
And but the wiſh'd occaſion does attend,
From the poor nobles the laſt ſpoils to rend,
Whom ev'n ſpies dread as their ſuperior fiend,
And bribe with preſents; or, when preſents fail,
They ſend their proſtituted wives for bail:
When night-performance holds the place of merit,
And brawn and back the next of kin diſherit;
For ſuch good parts are in preferment's way,
The rich old madam never fails to pay
Her legacies, by nature's ſtandard given,
One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice-concocted blood is paid.
With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
At unawares has trode upon a ſnake;

Or

Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize,
For which the vanquiſh'd rhetorician dies.
What indignation boils within my veins,
When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious gains,
Choak up the ſtreets, too narrow for their trains!
Whoſe wards, by want betrey'd, to crimes are led
Too foul to name, too fulſom to be read!
When he who pill'd his province ſcapes the laws,
And keeps his money, though he loſt his cauſe:
His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
Can riſe at twelve, and get him drunk ere three:
Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain?
Such villainies rouz'd Horace into wrath:
And 'tis more noble to purſue his path,
Than an old tale of Diomede repeat,
Or labouring after Hercules to ſweat,
Or wandering in the winding maze of Crete;
Or with the winged ſmith aloft to fly,
Or fluttering periſh with his fooliſh boy.
With what impatience muſt the Muſe behold
The wife, by her procuring huſband ſold!
For though the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
Of lands to her, the cuckold may ſucceed;
Who his taught eyes up to the cieling throws,
And ſleeps all over but his wakeful noſe.
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whoſe courſers kept, ran out his father's land;

Who,

Who yet a ſtripling, Nero's chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the ſtreets, while his vain maſter ſtrove
With boaſted art to pleaſe his eunuch-love.
Would it not make a modeſt author dare
To draw his table-book within the ſquare,
And fill with notes, when, lolling at his eaſe,
Mæcenas-like, the happy rogue he ſees
Borne by ſix weary'd ſlaves in open view,
Who cancel'd an old will, and forg'd a new;
Made wealthy at the ſmall expence of ſigning
With a wet ſeal, and a freſh interlining?
The lady, next, requires a laſhing line,
Who ſqueez'd a toad into her huſband's wine:
So well the faſhionable medicine thrives,
That now 'tis practis'd ev'n by country wives:
Poiſoning, without regard of fame or fear:
And ſpotted corpſe are frequent on the bier.
Would'ſt thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in miſchief, dare ſome mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or baniſhment deſerves:
For virtue is but drily prais'd, and ſtarves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate emboſt,
Fair palaces, and furniture of coſt;
And high commands: a ſneaking ſin is loſt.
Who can behold that rank old letcher keep
His ſon's corrupted wife, and hope to ſleep?
Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
Eager to ſin, before he can enjoy?
If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful ſtuff as I or Shadwell write.

Count from the time, ſince old Deucalion's boat,
Riſ'd by the flood, did on Parnaſſus float;
And, ſcarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
An oracle how man might be reſtor'd;
When ſoften'd ſtones and vital breath enſued,
And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
What ever ſince that golden age was done,
What human kind deſires, and what they ſhun,
Rage, paſſions, pleaſures, impotence of will,
Shall this ſatirical collection fill.

What age ſo large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profuſion thrown?
The well-fill'd fob not empty'd now alone,
But gameſters for whole patrimonies play;
The ſteward brings the deeds which muſt convey
The loſt eſtate: what more than madneſs reigns,
When one ſhort ſitting many hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to ſupply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?

What age ſo many ſummer-ſeats did ſee?
Or which of our forefathers far'd ſo well,
As on ſeven diſhes, at a private meal?
Clients of old were feaſted; now a poor
Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
Which by the hungry rout is ſoon diſpatch'd:
The paltry largeſs, too, ſeverely watch'd,
Ere given; and every face obſerv'd with care,
That no intruding gueſts uſurp a ſhare.

Known, you receive: the crier calls aloud
Our old nobility of Trojan-blood,
Who gape among the crowd for their precarious food.
The prætors, and the tribunes voice is heard;
The freedman juſtles, and will be preferr'd;
Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd, he cries; and I, in ſpight
Of your great Lordſhips, will maintain my right.
Though born a ſlave, though my torn ears are bor'd,
'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the Lord.
The rent of five fair houſes I receive;
What greater honours can the purple give?
The poor patrician is reduc'd to keep,
In melancholy walks, a grazier's ſheep:
Not Pallus nor Licinius had my treaſure;
Then let the ſacred tribunes wait my leiſure.
Once a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the ſtreet,
And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
Gold is the greateſt God; though yet we ſee
No temples rais'd to money's majeſty,
No altars fuming to her power divine,
Such as to valour, peace, and virtue ſhine,
And faith, and concord: where the ſtork on high
Seems to ſalute her infant progeny:
Preſaging pious love with her auſpicious cry.
But ſince our knights and ſenators account,
To what their ſordid begging vails amount,
Judge what a wretched ſhare the poor attends,
Whoſe whole ſubſiſtence on thoſe alms depends!
Their houſhold fire, their raiment, and their food,
Prevented by thoſe harpies; when a wood

Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are dreſt
(A creature form'd to furniſh out a feaſt).
But preſent puniſhment purſues his maw,
When ſurfeited and ſwell'd, the peacock raw
He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,
Repletions, apoplex, inteſtate death.
His fate makes table-talk, divulg'd with ſcorn,
And he, a jeſt, into his grave is born.

No age can go beyond us; future times
Can add no farther to the preſent crimes.
Our ſons but the ſame things can wiſh and do;
Vice is at ſtand, and at the higheſt flow.
Then, Satire, ſpread thy ſails; take all the winds can blow.

Some may, perhaps, demand what Muſe can yield
Sufficient ſtrength for ſuch a ſpacious field?
From whence can be deriv'd ſo large a vein,
Bold truth to ſpeak, and ſpoken to maintain?
When god-like Freedom is ſo far bereft
The noble mind, that ſcarce the name is left?
Ere *ſandalum magnatum* was begot,
No matter if the great forgave or not:
But if that honeſt licence now you rake,
If into rogues omnipotent you take,
Death is your doom, impal'd upon a ſtake;
Smear'd o'er with wax, and ſet on blaze, to light
The ſtreets, and make a dreadful fire by night

Shall they who drench'd three uncles in a draught
Of poiſonous juice be then in triumph brought,

Make lanes among the people where they go,
And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
Diſdainful glances on the crowd below?
Be ſilent, and beware, if ſuch you ſee;
'Tis defamation but to ſay, That's he!
Againſt bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
Amidſt their ſtrokes the poet gets no harm:
Achilles may in epic verſe be ſlain,
And none of all his myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himſelf for company:
But when Lucilius brandiſhes his pen,
And flaſhes in the face of guilty men,
A cold ſweat ſtands in drops on every part;
And rage ſucceeds to tears, revenge to ſmart:
Muſe, be adviſ'd; 'tis paſt conſidering-time,
When enter'd once the dangerous liſts of rhime:
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the perſons of the dead.

THI

THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

ARGUMENT.

THE ſtory of this ſatire ſpeaks itſelf. Umbritius, the ſuppoſed friend of Juvenal, and himſelf a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reaſons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obſcure place. He complains that an honeſt man cannot get his bread at Rome: that none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raiſe themſelves by thoſe ſordid arts which he deſcribes, and againſt which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the ſeveral inconveniencies which ariſe from a city-life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetouſneſs, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for ſtarving them. The great art of this

satire is particularly shown, in common-places; and drawing in as many vices, he could naturally fall into the compass of it.

SATIRE III.

GRIEV'D though I am an ancient friend to lose,
I like the solitary life he chose:
In quiet Cumæ fixing his repose:
Where far from noisy Rome secure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sibyl gives.
The road to Bajæ, and those fields he sought,
Which all the gods with all their bounty blest.
Though I in Prochyta with greater ease
Could live, than in a street of palaces.
What scenes so desert, or so full of fright,
As towering houses tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?
But worse than all the clattering tiles, and worse
Than thousand padders, is the poet's curse.
Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhime forbear:
But without mercy read, and make you hear.
Now while my friend, just ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He stop'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where Numa model'd once the Roman-state,
In mighty councils with his nymph retir'd
Though now the sacred shades and founts are hir'd
By banish'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
In a small basket, on a wisp of hay;
Yet such our avarice is, that every tree
Pays for his head; nor sleep itself is free:

Nor

Nor place, nor perſons, now are ſacred held,
From their own grove the Muſes are expell'd.
Into this lonely vale our ſteps we bend,
I and my ſullen diſcontented friend:
The marble caves, and aquæducts, we view;
But how adulterate now, and different from the true!
How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embelliſh'd with her firſt created green,
Where cryſtal ſtreams through living turf had run,
Contented with an urn of native ſtone!

Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degenerate town,)
Since noble arts in Rome have no ſupport,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit riſes from th' ungrateful ſtage,
My poverty encreaſing with my age,
'Tis time to give my juſt diſdain a vent,
And, curſing, leave ſo baſe a government.
Where Dædalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obſcure retreat I chuſe to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are ſeen,
While I walk upright, an old age is green,
And Lacheſis has ſomewhat left to ſpin.
Now, now, 'tis time to quit this curſed place,
And hide from villains my too honeſt face:
Here let Arturius live, and ſuch as he:
Such manners will with ſuch a town agree.
Knaves, who in full aſſemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;

Cau

Can hire large houſes, and oppreſs the poor
By farm'd exciſe; can cleanſe the common-ſhore;
And rent the fiſhery; can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes diſſembled tears to ſhed,
All this for gain; for gain they ſell their very head.
Theſe fellows (ſee what fortune's power can do)
Were once the minſtrels of a country ſhow:
Follow'd the prizes through each paltry town,
By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,
At their own coſts exhibit public plays:
Where, influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their ſordid avarice rakes
In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not every thing,
Since ſuch as they have fortune in a ſtring?
Who, for her pleaſure, can her fools advance;
And toſs them topmoſt on the wheel of chance.
What 's Rome to me, what buſineſs have I there,
I who can neither lie, nor falſely ſwear?
Nor praiſe my patron's undeſerving rhymes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
Unſkill'd in ſchemes by planets to foreſhow,
Like canting raſcals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognoſticate
To the young gaping heir, his father's fate:
Nor in the intrails of a toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd bawdy preſents to a bride:

Fo

For want of theſe town-virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none;
Like a dead member from the body rent;
Maim'd, and unuſeful to the government.
Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
Conſcious of cloſe intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
Labouring with ſecrets which his boſom burn,
Yet never muſt to public light return?
They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honeſt counſels none will pay.
He who can Verres, when he will, accuſe,
The purſe of Verres may at pleaſure uſe:
But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
And pays the ſea in tributary tides,
Be bribe ſufficient to corrupt the breaſt;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful reſt.
Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whoſe ſecrecy they purchaſe with their gold.
I haſte to tell thee, nor ſhall ſhame oppoſe
What confidence our wealthy Romans choſe:
And whom I moſt abhor: to ſpeak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To ſee the ſcum of Greece tranſplanted here,
Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obſcene Orontes, diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to Tyber's hungry ſhores,
And fattens Italy with foreign whores:
Hither their crooked harps and cuſtoms come;
All find receipt in hoſpitable Rome,

The

The barbarous harlots crowd the public place:
Go, fools, and purchaſe an unclean embrace:
The painted mitre court, and the more painted face.
Old Romulus, and father Mars, look down,
Your herdſman primitive, your homely clown,
Is turn'd a beau in a looſe tawdry gown.
His once unkem'd and horrid locks behold
Stilling ſweet oil: his neck inchain'd with gold:
Aping the foreigners in every dreſs;
Which, bought at greater coſt, becomes him leſs.
Meantime they wiſely leave their native land,
From Sycion, Samos, and from Alaband,
And Amydon, to Rome they ſwarm in ſhoals:
So ſweet and eaſy is the gain from fools.
Poor refugees at firſt, they purchaſe here:
And, ſoon as denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the great, a flattering ſervile rout:
Work themſelves inward, and their patrons out.
Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
Patient of labours, and diſſembling wrongs.
Riddle me this, and gueſs him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a ſingle man?
A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
A dancer on the ropes, and a phyſician.
All things the hungry Greek exactly knows:
And bid him go to heaven, to heaven he goes.
In ſhort, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
But in that town which arms and arts adorn,

Shall

all he be plac'd above me at the board,
purple cloath'd, and lolling like a lord?
all he before me ſign, whom t' other day
ſmall craft veſſel hither did convey;
here ſtow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he lay?
ow little is the privilege become
being born a citizen of Rome!
ne Greeks get all by fulſom flatteries;
moſt peculiar ſtroke they have at lies.
hey make a wit of their inſipid friend;
is blobber-lip and beetle-brows commend;
is long crane-neck and narrow ſhoulders praiſe;
ou'd think they were deſcribing Hercules.
. creaking voice for a clear treble goes;
hough harſher than a cock that treads and crows.
Ve can as groſsly praiſe; but, to our grief,
o flattery but from Grecians gains belief.
eſides theſe qualities, we muſt agree
hey mimic better on the ſtage than we:
he wife, the whore, the ſhepherdeſs, they play,
n ſuch a free, and ſuch a graceful way,
hat we believe a very woman ſhown,
nd fancy ſomething underneath the gown.
ut not Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
Our ears and raviſh'd eyes can only pleaſe:
The nation is compos'd of ſuch as theſe.
All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and they
Return it louder than an aſs can bray:
Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep ſilently,
There ſeems a ſilent echo in their eye:
They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.

Call

Call for a fire, their winter cloaths they take:
Begin but you to ſhiver, and they ſhake:
In froſt and ſnow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unſweating brow, and ſwear they ſweat.
We live not on the ſquare with ſuch as theſe,
Such are our betters, who can better pleaſe;
Who day and night are like a looking-glaſs,
Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Prepar'd for ſome new piece of flattery.
Ev'n naſtineſs, occaſions will afford;
They praiſe a belching, or well-piſſing lord.
Beſides, there's nothing ſacred, nothing free
From bold attempts of their rank lecchery.
Through the whole family their labours run;
The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won:
Nor 'ſcapes the bridegroom, or the blooming ſon.
If none they find for their lewd purpoſe fit,
They with the walls and very floors commit.
They ſearch the ſecrets of the houſe, and ſo
Are worſhip'd there, and fear'd for what they know.
And, now we talk of Grecians, caſt a view
On what, in ſchools, their men of morals do;
A rigid ſtoick his own pupil ſlew:
A friend, againſt a friend of his own cloth,
Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
What room is left for Romans in a town
Where Grecians rule, and cloaks controul the gown?
Some Diphilus, or ſome Protogenes,
Look ſharply out, our ſenators to ſeize:

Engroſs

Engroſs them wholly, by their native art,
And fear'd no rivals in their bubble's heart:
One drop of poiſon in my patron's ear,
One ſlight ſuggeſtion of a ſenſeleſs fear,
Infus'd with cunning, ſerves to ruin me;
Diſgrac'd, and baniſh'd from the family.
In vain forgotten ſervices I boaſt;
My long dependance in an hour is loſt:
Look round the world, what country will appear,
Where friends are left with greater eaſe than here?
At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:
In vain we riſe, and to the levees run;
My lord himſelf is up, before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Leſt his colleague outſtrip him in the race:
The childiſh matrons are, long ſince, awake:
And, for affronts, the tardy viſits take.
'Tis frequent, here, to ſee a free-born ſon
On the left-hand of a rich hireling run;
Becauſe the wealthy rogue can throw away,
For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay:
But you, poor ſinner, though you love the vice,
And, like the whore, demure upon the price:
And, frighted with the wicked ſum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.
Produce a witneſs of unblemiſh'd life,
Holy as Numa, or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And ſnatch'd the trembling goddeſs from the fire!

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Up to the galleries, for ſhame, retreat;
For, by the Roſcian law, the poor can claim no ſeat.
Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed,
The man that poll'd but twelve-pence for his head?
Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
Or call'd him to aſſiſt the judging-chair?
The poor were wiſe, who, by the rich oppreſs'd,
Withdrew, and ſought a ſacred place of reſt.
Once they did well, to free themſelves from ſcorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they riſe by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpleſs poverty.
At Rome 'tis worſe; where houſe-rent by the year,
And ſervants bellies coſt ſo deviliſh dear;
And tavern-bills run high for hungry chear.
To drink or eat in earthen-ware we ſcorn,
Which cheaply country-cupboards does adorn:
And coarſe blue hoods on holidays are worn.
Some diſtant parts of Italy are known,
Where none but only dead men wear a gown:
On theatres of turf, in homely ſtate,
Old plays they act, old feaſts they celebrate:
The ſame rude ſong returns upon the crowd,
And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
The mimic yearly gives the ſame delights;
And in the mother's arms the clowniſh infant frights.
Their habits (undiſtinguiſh'd by degree)
Are plain alike; the ſame ſimplicity,
Both on the ſtage, and in the pit, you ſee.

In his white cloak the magistrate appears;
The country-blankin the same livery wears.
But here, attir'd, beyond our purse we go,
For useless ornament and flaunting show:
We take on trust, in purple robes to shine;
And, poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, though all things here
Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.
What will you give that Cotta may but view
Your face, and in the crowd distinguish you;
May take your incense like a gracious God,
And answer only with a civil nod?
To please our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the favourite page:
Shave his first down, and when he pulls his hair,
The consecrated locks to temples bear:
Pay tributary cracknels, which he sells,
And, with our offerings, help to raise his vails.
Who fears in country-towns a house's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here;
Which buttresses and props but scarcely bear:
And 'tis the village-mason's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,
To cleanse the gutters, and the chinks to close;
And, for one night, secure his lord's repose.
At Cumæ we can sleep quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.

Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched ſtore
(Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor)
Thy own third ſtory ſmokes, while thou, ſupine,
Are drench'd in fumes of undigeſted wine.
For if the loweſt floors already burn,
Cock-loft and garrets ſoon will take the turn.
Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
Which, in their neſts unſafe, are timely fled.
Codrus had but one bed, ſo ſhort to boot,
That his ſhort wife's ſhort legs hung dangling out;
His cupboard's head fix earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his truſty tankard plac'd.
And, to ſupport this noble plate, there lay
A leaden Chiron caſt from honeſt clay;
His few Greek books a rotten cheſt contain'd;
Whoſe covers much of mouldineſs complain'd:
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread;
And with heroic verſe luxuriouſly were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing loſt.
He, naked through the ſtreets of wealthy Rome;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the palace of Atturius burn,
The nobles change their cloaths, the matrons mourn;
The city praetor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear:
And look aghaſt, as if the Gauls were here.
While yet it burns, the officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and ſome to bring ſupplies:

One ſends him marble to rebuild, and one
With naked ſtatues of the Parian ſtone,
The work of Polyclete, that ſeem to live;
While others images for altars give;
One books and ſkreens, and Pallas to the breaſt;
Another bags of gold, and he gives beſt.
Childleſs Arturius, vaſtly rich before,
Thus by his loſſes multiplies his ſtore:
Suſpected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.
But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-houſe, and the players too:
Sweet country-ſeats are purchas'd every where,
With lands and gardens, at leſs price than here
You hire a darkſome doghole by the year.
A ſmall convenience decently prepar'd,
A ſhallow well that riſes in your yard,
That ſpreads his eaſy cryſtal ſtreams around,
And waters all the pretty ſpot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat.
'Tis ſomewhat to be lord of ſome ſmall ground
In which a lizard may, at leaſt, turn round.
'Tis frequent, here, for want of ſleep to die;
Which fumes of undigeſted feaſts deny;
And, with imperfect heat, in languid ſtomachs fry.
What houſe ſecure from noiſe the poor can keep,
When ev'n the rich can ſcarce afford to ſleep;
So dear it coſts to purchaſe reſt in Rome;
And hence the ſources of diſeaſes come.

The drover who his fellow-drover meets
In narrow paſſages of winding ſtreets;
The waggoners that curſe their ſtanding teams,
Would wake ev'n drouſy Druſius from his dreams.
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
But ſweep above our heads, and make their way;
In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
Or ſleep at eaſe: the ſhutters make it night.
Yet ſtill he reaches, firſt, the public place:
The preſs before him ſtops the client's pace.
The crowd that follows cruſh his panting ſides,
And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one juſtles in the ſhoal:
A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole:
Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
And ſome rogue-ſoldier, with his hob-nail'd ſhoes,
Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.
See with what ſmoke our doles we celebrate:
A hundred gueſts, invited, walk in ſtate:
A hundred hungry ſlaves, with their Dutch kitchens, wait.
Huge pans the wretches on their heads muſt bear,
Which ſcarce gigantic Corbulo could rear:
Yet they muſt walk upright beneath the loan:
Nay, run, and running blow the ſparkling flames abroad,
Their coats, from botching newly bought, are torn.
Unweildy timber-trees in waggons borne,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie;
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
For, ſhould their axle break, its overthrow
Would cruſh, and pound to duſt, the crowd below:
Nor friends their friends, nor ſires their ſons could know:

Nor limbs, nor bones, nor careass would remain:
But a mash'd heap, a hotchpotch of the slain.
One vast destruction; not the soul alone,
But bodies, like the soul, visibly are flown.
Meantime, unknowing of their fellows' fate,
The servants wash the platter, scour the plate,
Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
The rubbers, and the bathing sheets display;
And oil them first; and each is handy in his way.
But he, for whom this busy care they take,
Poor ghost! is wandering by the Stygian lake:
Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face;
New to the horrors of that uncouth place;
His passage begs with unregarded prayer:
And wants two farthings to discharge his fare.
Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, first, behold our houses dreadful height:
From whence come broken potsherds tumbling down;
And leaky ware, from garret-windows thrown:
Well may they break our heads, and mark the flinty stone.
'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late;
Unless thou first hast settled thy estate.
As many fates attend thy steps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the street.
Bless the good Gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a piss-pot only for thy share.
The scouring drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night.
Passing the tedious hours in greater pain
Than stern Achilles, when his friend was slain:

'Tis so ridiculous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl:
Yet, though his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the coach and six,
And on the lacquies will no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.
But me, who must by moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He stands, and bids me stand: I must abide;
For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.
Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?
Whose windy beans have fluft your guts, and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion-cobler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick with your answer, quick,
Before my foot salutes you with a kick.
Say, in what nasty cellar under ground,
Or what church-porch, your roguefhip may be found?
Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With some remaining teeth, to chew your meat.

Nor is this all; for when retir'd, you think
To ſleep ſecurely; when the candles wink,
When every door with iron-chains is barr'd,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian-robbers by no juſtice aw'd,
And unpaid cut-throat ſoldiers, are abroad,
Thoſe venal ſouls, who, harden'd in each ill,
To ſave complaints and perſecution, kill.
Chac'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
To this vaſt city, as their native home;
To live at eaſe, and ſafely ſkulk in Rome.
The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
Our iron-mines exhauſted and deſtroy'd
In ſhackles; for theſe villains ſcarce allow
Goads for the teams, and plough-ſhares for the plough.
Oh, happy ages of our anceſtors,
Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
One jail did all their criminals reſtrain;
Which now the walls of Rome can ſcarce contain.
More I could ſay, more cauſes I could ſhow
For my departure; but the ſun is low:
The waggoner grows weary of my ſtay;
And whips his horſes forwards on their way.
Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own Aquinum ſhall repair,
To take a mouthful of ſweet country-air,
Be mindful of your friend; and ſend me word,
What joys your fountains and cool ſhades afford:
Then, to aſſiſt your ſatires, I will come;
And add new venom when you write of Rome.

THE

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

ARGUMENT.

THIS satire, of almoſt double length to any of the reſt, is a bitter invective againſt the fair ſex. It is indeed, a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriouſly ſtolen their ſharpeſt railleries. In his other ſatires, the poet has only glanced on ſome particular women, and generally ſcourged the men. But this he reſerved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him, I know not: but upon the whole matter he is not to be excuſed for imputing to all, the vices of ſome few amongſt them. Neither was it generouſly done of him, to attack the weakeſt as well as the faireſt part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reaſonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole ſex, if all had been true which he alledges againſt them: for that had been to put an end to human-kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of ſilent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men; which turns the ſatire upon us, and particularly upon

he meant a libel. If he intended only to exerciſe his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies: and, amongſt the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will diſprove his accuſations. The whole world muſt allow this to be the wittieſt of his ſatires; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain with ſo much violence ſo unjuſt a charge. I am ſatisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion: and on that conſideration chiefly I ventured to tranſlate him. Though there wanted not another reaſon, which was, that no one elſe would undertake it: at leaſt, Sir C. S. who could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length abſolutely refuſed ſo ungrateful an employment: and every one will grant, that the work muſt have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me ſatisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the Engliſh are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the moſt infamous of any on record. They will bleſs themſelves when they behold thoſe examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity thoſe monſters it produced; and believe with reaſon, that the ſpecies of thoſe women is extinguiſhed; or at leaſt, that they were never here propagated. I may ſafely there-

fore

fore proceed to the argument of a ſatire, which is no way relating to them: and firſt obſerve, that my author makes their luſt the moſt heroic of their vices: the reſt are in a manner but digreſſion. He ſkims them over; but he dwells on this: when he ſeems to have taken his laſt leave of it, on the ſudden he returns to it: it is one branch of it in Hippia, another in Meſſalina, but luſt is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the firſt line, and takes it up with intermiſſions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of ſecret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuſe them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept ſecret. Then the perſons to whom they are moſt addicted; and on whom they commonly beſtow the laſt favours: as ſtage-players, fiddlers, ſinging-boys, and fencers. Theſe who paſs for chaſte amongſt them, are not really ſo; but only, for their vaſt dowries, are rather ſuffered than loved by their own huſbands. That they are imperious, domineering, ſcolding wives: ſet up for learning and criticiſm in poetry; but are falſe judges. Love to ſpeak Greek (which was then the faſhionable tongue, as French is now with us). That they plead cauſes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are goſſips and news-monger: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their ſervants at home. That they lie-in for new ſar-

private; and paint and dreſs in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miſcarrying, and barrenneſs. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their huſbands ſons, if they ſtand in their way to his eſtate; and make their adulterers his heirs. Frrom hence the poet proceeds to ſhew the occaſion of all theſe vices, their original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In concluſion, if we will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the general ſtanding rule: and the good, but ſome few exceptions to it.

IN Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chaſtity on earth;
When in a narow cave, their common ſhade,
The ſheep, the ſhepherds, and their gods were laid:
When reeds and leaves, and hides of beaſts were ſpread
By mountain-houſewives for their homely bed,
And moſſy pillows rais'd, for the rude huſband's head.
Unlike the niceneſs of our modern dames
(Affected nymphs with new-affected names):
The Cynthia's and the Leſbia's of our years;
Who for a ſparrow's death diſſolve in tears.
Thoſe firſt unpoliſh'd matrons, big and bold,
Gave ſuck to infants of gigantic mold;
Rough as their ſavage lords who rang'd the wood,
And, fat with acorns, belch'd their windy food.
For when the world was buckſome, freſh, and young,
Her ſons were undebauch'd, and therefore ſtrong;

An

And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
Or ſtruggling from the teeming oaks to birth,
Or from what other atoms they begun,
No ſires they had, or, if a ſire, the ſun.
Some thin remains of chaſtity appear'd,
Ev'n under Jove, but Jove without a beard;
Before the ſervile Greeks had learnt to ſwear
By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year
Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were inclos'd.
At length uneaſy Juſtice upwards flew,
And both the ſiſters to the ſtars withdrew;
From that old æra whoring did begin,
So venerably ancient is the ſin.
Adulterers next invade the nuptial ſtate,
And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
All other ills did iron times adorn;
But whores and ſilver in one age were born.
Yet thou, they ſay, for marriage doſt provide:
Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
They ſay thy hair the curling art is taught,
The wedding-ring perhaps already bought:
A ſober man, like thee, to change his life!
What fury would poſſeſs thee with a wife?
Art thou of every other death bereft,
No knife, no ratſbane, no kind halter left?
(For every nooſe compar'd to her's is cheap):
Is there no city-bridge from whence to leap?
Would'ſt thou become her drudge, who doſt enjoy
A better ſort of bedfellow, thy boy?

Yet

He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleaſure palls;
Nor with inſatiate heavings calls for more,
When all thy ſpirits were drain'd out before.
But ſtill Urſidius courts the marriage-bait,
Longs for a ſon, to ſettle his eſtate,
And takes no gifts, though every gaping heir
Would gladly greaſe the rich old batchelor.
What revolution can appear ſo ſtrange,
As ſuch a leacher, ſuch a life to change?
A rank, notorious whoremaſter, to chooſe
To thruſt his neck into the marriage-nooſe?
He who ſo often in a dreadful fright
Had in a coffer 'ſcap'd the jealous cuckold's ſight,
That he to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
The man 's grown mad: to eaſe his frantic pain,
Run for the ſurgeon; breathe the middle vein:
But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed,
And let him every deity adore,
If his new bride prove not an errant whore
In head and tail, and every other pore.
On Ceres' feaſt reſtrain'd from their delight,
Few matrons there, but curſe the tedious night:
Few whom their fathers dare ſalute, ſuch luſt
Their kiſſes have, and come with ſuch a guſt.
With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
Such is thy bride, and ſuch thy genial bed.

Thus

Think'ſt thou one man is for one woman meant?
She ſooner with one eye would be content.
And yet 'tis nois'd, a maid did once appear
In ſome ſmall village, though fame ſays not where:
'Tis poſſible; but ſure no man ſhe found;
'Twas deſert, all, about her father's ground:
And yet ſome luſtful god might there make bold,
Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?
Many a fair nymph has in a cave been ſpread,
And much good love, without a feather-bed.
Whither would'ſt thou to chuſe a wife reſort,
The park, the mall, the play-houſe, or the court?
Which way ſoever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chaſtity in all.
One ſees a dancing-maſter capering high,
And raves, and piſſes, with pure ecſtaſy:
And one is charm'd with the new opera notes,
Admires the ſong, but on the ſinger dotes:
The country lady in the box appears,
Softly ſhe warbles over all ſhe hears;
And ſucks in paſſion, both at eyes and ears.
The reſt (when now the long vacation 's come,
The noiſy hall and theatres grown dumb)
Their memories to refreſh, and chear their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the players' parts.
The poor, that ſcarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the ſinging-boy a treat.
The rich, to buy him, will refuſe no price;
And ſtretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.

Trans-

Tragedians, acting love, for luſt are ſought
(Though but the parrots of a poet's thought).
The pleading lawyer, though for counſel us'd,
In chamber practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs
(The product of concurring theatres).
Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
And a young ſword-man to thy lands is born.
Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
And left him for a brother of the ſword:
To wondering Pharos with her love ſhe fled,
To ſhew one monſter more than Afric bred:
Forgetting houſe and huſband, left behind
Ev'n children too; ſhe ſails before the wind;
Falſe to them all, but conſtant to her kind,
But, ſtranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the play-houſe and the players leave.
Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred,
She lodg'd on down, and in a damaſk bed;
Yet daring not the dangers of the deep,
On a hard mattreſs is content to ſleep.
Ere this, 'tis true, ſhe did her fame expoſe:
But that, great ladies with great eaſe can loſe.
The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear:
So much her luſt was ſtronger than her fear.
But had ſome honeſt cauſe her paſſage preſt,
The ſmalleſt hardſhip had diſturb'd her breaſt:
Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But woman-kind, in ills, is ever bold.

Were

Were ſhe to follow her own lord to ſea,
What doubts or ſcruples would ſhe raiſe to ſtay?
Her ſtomach ſick, and her head giddy grows;
The tar and pitch are nauſeous to her noſe.
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never ſea-ſick with a friend.
Amidſt the crew, ſhe walks upon the board;
She eats, ſhe drinks, ſhe handles every cord:
And if ſhe ſpews, 'tis thinking of her lord.
Now aſk, for whom her friends and fame ſhe loſt?
What youth, what beauty, could th' adulterer boaſt?
What was the face, for which ſhe could ſuſtain
To be call'd miſtreſs to ſo baſe a man?
The gallant, of his days had known the beſt:
Deep ſcars were ſeen indented on his breaſt;
And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their needful reſt.
A promontory wen, with grieſly grace,
Stood high, upon the handle of his face:
His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin:
His beard was ſtubble, and his cheeks were thin.
But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move:
'Tis arms, and blood, and cruelty, they love.
But ſhould he quit his trade, and ſheath his ſword,
Her lover would begin to be her lord.
This was a private crime; but you ſhall hear
What fruits the ſacred brows of monarchs bear:
The good old ſluggard but began to ſnore,
When from his ſide uproſe th' imperial whore:
She who preferr'd the pleaſures of the night
To pomps, that are but impotent delight:

Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more maſculine embrace:
Muffled ſhe march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,
One whom in ſecret ſervice ſhe could truſt;
The rival and companion of her luſt.
To the known brothel-houſe ſhe takes her way;
And for a nafty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankeſt harlot lay.
Prepar'd for fight, expectingly ſhe lies,
With heaving breaſts, and with deſiring eyes.
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled ſtill ſucceeds to like diſgrace.
At length, when friendly darkneſs is expir'd,
And every ſtrumpet from her cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and, lingering at the gate,
With a repining ſigh ſubmits to fate:
All filth without, and all a fire within,
Tir'd with the toil, unſated with the ſin.
Old Cæſar's bed the modeſt matron ſeeks;
The ſteam of lamps ſtill hanging on her cheeks,
In ropy ſmut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the night.

Now ſhould I ſing what poiſons they provide;
With all their trumpery of charms beſide;
And all their arts of death: it would be known
Luſt is the ſmalleſt ſin the ſex can own.
Cæſinia ſtill, they ſay, is guiltleſs found
Of every vice, by her own lord renown'd:
And well ſhe may, ſhe brought ten thouſand p

She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaſte;
His tongue is ty'd in golden fetters faſt:
He ſighs, adores, and courts her every hour;
Who would not do as much for ſuch a dower?
She writes love-letters to the youth in grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
And might do more; her portion makes it good;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.

Theſe truths with his example you diſprove,
Who with his wife is monſtrouſly in love:
But know him better; for I heard him ſwear,
'Tis not that ſhe's his wife, but that ſhe's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes leſſen, and her ſkin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the ſaucy ſteward ſay,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away;
You grow offenſive both at bed and board:
Your betters muſt be had to pleaſe my lord.

Meantime ſhe's abſolute upon the throne:
And, knowing time is precious, loſes none:
She muſt have flocks of ſheep, with wool more fine
Than ſilk, and vineyards of the nobleſt wine:
Whole droves of pages for her train ſhe craves:
And ſweeps the priſons for attending ſlaves.
In ſhort, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, ſhe wants at home.
When winter ſhuts the ſeas, and fleecy ſnows
Make houſes white, ſhe to the merchant goes;
Rich cryſtals of the rock ſhe takes up there,
Huge agate vaſes, and old china-ware;

But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town? Suppoſe her free from ſtrife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemiſh'd life;
Chaſte as the Sabines, whoſe prevailing charms
Diſmiſs'd their huſbands, and their brothers arms:
Grant her, beſides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
Suppoſe all theſe, and take a poet's word,
A black ſwan is not half ſo rare a bird.
A wife, ſo hung with virtues, ſuch a freight,
What mortal ſhoulders could ſupport the weight!
Some country-girl, ſcarce to a curteſey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed:
If, ſupercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian ſtate,
Let vanquiſh'd Hannibal without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big to paſs my narrow gate.
O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Againſt my wife, and let my children go:
But ſullen Pæan ſhoots at ſons and mothers too.
His Niobe and all his boys he loſt;
Ev'n her, who did her numerous offspring boaſt,
As fair and fruitful as the ſow that carry'd
The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.
What beauty or what chaſtity can bear
So great a price? If ſtately and ſevere,
She ſtill inſults, and you muſt ſtill adore;
Grant that the honey 's much, the gall is more.

Upbraided

Upbraided with the virtues ſhe diſplays,
Seven hours in twelve, you loath the wife you praiſe:
Some faults, though ſmall, intolerable grow;
For what ſo nauſeous and affected too,
As thoſe that think they due perfection want,
Who have not learnt to liſp the Grecian cant?
In Greece their whole accompliſhments they ſeek:
Their faſhion, breeding, language, muſt be Greek:
But, raw in all that does to Rome belong,
They ſcorn to cultivate their mother-tongue.
In Greek they flatter, all their fears they ſpeak,
Tell all their ſecrets; nay, they ſcold in Greek:
Ev'n in the feat of love, they uſe that tongue.
Such affectations may become the young;
But thou, old hag, of threeſcore years and three,
Is ſhewing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχή! All thoſe tender words
The momentary trembling bliſs affords,
The kind ſoft murmurs of the private ſheets
Are bawdy, while thou ſpeak'ſt in public ſtreets.
Thoſe words have fingers; and their force is ſuch,
They raiſe the dead, and mount him with a touch.
But all provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandiſhment the ſlacken'd nerve can ſtrain.
If then thy lawful ſpouſe thou canſt not love,
What reaſon ſhould thy mind to marriage move?
Why all the charges of thy nuptial feaſt,
Wine and deſſerts, and ſweet-meats to digeſt?
Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
Giv'n for their firſt and only happy night?

If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
But for no mercy from thy woman look.
For though, perhaps, she loves with equal fires,
To absolute dominion she aspires;
Joys in the spoils, and triumphs o'er thy purse;
The better husband makes the wife the worse.
Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy,
All offices of ancient friendship die;
Nor hast thou leave to make a legacy.
By thy imperious wife thou art bereft;
A privilege, to pimps and panders left;
Thy testament's her will; where she prefers
Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.
Go drag that slave to death: your reason, why
Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
Call'st thou that slave a man, the wife replies:
Prov'd, or unprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.
I have the sovereign power to save or kill;
And give no other reason but my will.
Thus the she-tyrant reigns, till, pleas'd with change
Her wild affections to new empires range:
Another subject-husband she desires;
Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,
While the last wedding-feast is scarcely o'er,
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.

So ſtill the reckoning riſes; and appears,
In total ſum, eight huſbands in five years.
The title for a tomb-ſtone might be fit;
But that it would too commonly be writ.
Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She ſharpens her, inſtructs her how to flea
Her huſband bare, and then divides the prey.
She takes love-letters, with a crafty ſmile,
And, in her daughter's anſwer, mends the ſtyle.
In vain the huſband ſets his watchful ſpies;
She cheats their cunning, or ſhe bribes their eyes.
The doctor 's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is ſick.
The panting ſtallion, at the cloſet-door,
Hears the conſult, and wiſhes it were o'er.
Canſt thou, in reaſon, hope, a bawd ſo known,
Should teach her other manners than her own?
Her intereſt is in all th' advice ſhe gives:
'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.
No cauſe is try'd at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the proceſs, all the briefs they write;
The topics furniſh, and the pleas indite;
And teach the toothleſs lawyer how to bite.
They turn viragos too; the wreſtler's toil
They try, and ſmear their naked limbs with oil:
Againſt the poſt their wicker ſhields they cruſh,
Flouriſh the ſword, and at the ſtaſtron puſh.
Of every exerciſe the manniſh crew
Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;

Since gold obſcene, and ſilver, found the way,
Strange faſhions with ſtrange bullion to convey,
And our plain ſimple manners to betray.
What care our drunken dames to whom they ſpread?
Wine no diſtinction makes of tail or head.
Who, lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
For hot eringoes and fat oyſters call;
Full brimmers to their fuddled noſes thruſt;
Brimmers, the laſt provocatives of luſt.
When vapours to their ſwimming brains advance,
And double tapers on the tables dance.
Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
What Tullia talks to her confiding ſlave,
At Modeſty's old ſtatue; when by night
They make a ſtand, and from their litters light;
The good man early to the levee goes,
And treads the naſty paddle of his ſpouſe.
The ſecrets of the goddeſs nam'd the good,
Are ev'n by boys and barbers underſtood:
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe;
With muſic rais'd, they ſpread abroad their hair;
And toſs their heads like an enamour'd mare:
Rank'd with the lady the cheap ſinner lies;
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal ſtrife;
'Tis downright luſt, and acted to the life.
So full, ſo fierce, ſo vigorous, and ſo ſtrong,
That, looking on, would make old Neſtor young.

Impa-

Impatient of delay, a general ſound,
And univerſal groan of luſt, goes round;
For then, and only then, the ſex ſincere is found.
Now is the time of action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the luſty lovers in.
The whoreſons are aſleep; then bring the ſlaves,
And watermen, a race of ſtrong-back'd knaves.
I wiſh, at leaſt, our ſacred rites were free
From thoſe pollutions of obſcenity:
But 'tis well known what finger, how diſguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpriz'd;
Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed inſtrument;
A grateful preſent to thoſe holy choirs,
Where the mouſe, guilty of his ſex, retires;
And ev'n male-pictures modeſtly are vail'd;
Yet no profaneneſs on that age prevail'd;
No ſcoffers at religious rites are found;
Though now, at every altar they abound.
I hear your cautious counſel, you would ſay,
Keep cloſe your women under lock and key:
But, who ſhall keep thoſe keepers? Women, nurſt
In craft: begin with thoſe, and bribe them firſt.
The ſex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:
And miſtreſſes and maids are both the ſame.
The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
Will borrow cloaths, and chair, to ſee the play:
She, who before had mortgag'd her eſtate,
And pawn'd the laſt remaining piece of plate.

Some

ne are reduc'd their utmoſt ſhifts to try;
t women have no ſhame of poverty.
hey live beyond their ſtint; as if their ſtore,
he more exhauſted, would encreaſe the more;
ome men, inſtructed by the labouring ant,
Provide againſt th' extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their ſinking fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and ſpend, and waſte, and wear;
And think no pleaſure can be bought too dear.
If ſongs they love, the ſinger's voice they force
Beyond his compaſs till his quail-pipe's hoarſe;
His lute and lyre with their embrace is worn;
With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn;
Run over all the ſtrings, and kiſs the caſe;
And make love to it, in the maſter's place.
A certain lady once, of high degree,
To Janus vow'd, and Veſta's deity,
That Pollio might, in ſinging, win the prize;
Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
She pray'd, and brib'd; what could ſhe more have don
For a ſick huſband, or an only ſon?
With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
The ſhameleſs ſuppliant at the altar ſtands;
The forms of prayer ſhe ſolemnly purſues;
And, pale with fear, the offer'd intrails views.
Anſwer, ye powers; for, if you heard her vow;
Your godſhips, ſure, had little elſe to do.
This is not all; for actors they implore:
An impudence not known to heaven before.

Th' Aruſpex, tir'd with this religious rout,
Is forc'd to ſtand ſo long, he gets the gout.
But ſuffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
If ſhe loves ſinging, let her ſing at home;
Not ſtrut in ſtreets, with Amazonian pace;
For that 's to cuckold thee before thy face.
Their endleſs itch of news comes next in play;
They vent their own, and hear what others ſay.
Know what in Thrace, or what in France, is done;
Th' intrigues betwixt the ſtepdam and the ſon.
Tell who loves who, what favours ſome partake:
And who is jilted for another's ſake.
What pregnant widow in what month was made;
How oft ſhe did, and doing, what ſhe ſaid.
She, firſt, beholds the raging comet riſe:
Knows whom it threatens, and what lands deſtroys,
Still for the neweſt news ſhe lies in wait;
And takes reports juſt entering at the gate.
Wrecks, floods, and fires: whatever ſhe can meet,
She ſpreads; and is the fame of every ſtreet.
This is a grievance; but the next is worſe;
A very judgment, and her neighbours curſe;
For, if their barking dog diſturb her eaſe,
No prayer can bind her, no excuſe appeaſe.
Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
But firſt the maſter, who the cur maintain'd,
Muſt feel the ſcourge: by night ſhe leaves her bed,
By night her bathing equipage is led,
That marching armies a leſs noiſe create;
She moves in tumult, and ſhe ſweats in ſtate.

Mean

Mean while, her gueſts their appetites muſt keep;
Some gape for hunger, and ſome gaſp for ſleep.
At length ſhe comes,—all flush'd; but ere ſhe ſup,
Swallows a ſwinging preparation-cup;
And then, to clear her ſtomach, ſpews it up.
The deluge-vomit all the floor o'erflows,
And the ſour ſavour nauſeates every noſe.
She drinks again; again ſhe ſpews a lake;
Her wretched huſband ſees, and dares not ſpeak:
But mutters many a curſe againſt his wife;
And damns himſelf for chuſing ſuch a life.
But of all plagues, the greateſt is untold;
The book-learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
The critic-dame, who at her table ſits:
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits;
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has ſo far th' aſcendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word:
The man of law is non-pluſt, in his ſuit;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating anvils, you would ſwear,
And Vulcan with his whole militia there.
Tabors and trumpets ceaſe; for ſhe alone
Is able to redeem the labouring moon.
Ev'n wit 's a burthen, when it talks too long:
But ſhe who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and ſhould wear a beard;
And mix among the philoſophic herd.
O what a midnight curſe has he, whoſe ſide
Is peſter'd with a mood and figure bride!

Let

Let mine, ye Gods! (if ſuch muſt be my fate)
No logic learn, nor hiſtory tranſlate;
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to ſchool,
Who climbs the grammer-tree, diſtinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle, grows;
Corrects her country-neighbour; and, a-bed,
For breaking Priſcian's, breaks her huſband's head.
The gawdy goſſip, when ſhe 's ſet agog,
In jewels dreſt, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of pride,
Thinks all ſhe ſays or does is juſtify'd.
When poor, ſhe 's ſcarce a tolerable evil;
But rich, and fine, a wife 's a very devil.
She duly, once a month, renews her face;
Mean time, it lies in dawb, and hid in greaſe;
Thoſe are the huſband's nights; ſhe craves her due,
He takes fat kiſſes, and, is ſtuck with glue.
But to the lov'd adulterer when ſhe ſteers,
Freſh from the bath, in brightneſs ſhe appears:
For him the rich Arabia ſweats her gum;
And precious oils from diſtant Indies come:
How haggardly ſoe'er ſhe looks at home.
Th' eclipſe then vaniſhes; and all her face
Is open'd, and reſtor'd to every grace,
The cruſt remov'd, her cheeks as ſmooth as ſilk,
Are poliſh'd with a waſh of aſſes milk;
And ſhould ſhe to the fartheſt north be ſent,
A train of theſe attend her baniſhment.

But hadſt thou ſeen her plaiſter'd up before,
'Twas ſo unlike a face, it ſeem'd a ſore.
'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do, and how they paſs their time away,
For, if o'er-night the huſband has been ſlack,
Or counterfeited ſleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be ſure, the ſervants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dreſſer are call'd whores;
The page is ſtript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole houſe ſuffers for the maſter's crime:
And he himſelf is warn'd, to wake another time.
She hires tormentors by the year; ſhe treats
Her viſitors, and talks; but ſtill ſhe beats.
Beats while ſhe paints her face, ſurveys her gown,
Caſts up the day's account, and ſtill beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
She bids them in the devil's name be gone.
Compar'd with ſuch a proud, inſulting dame,
Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
For, if ſhe haſtes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Iſis' church (the bawdy-houſe of prayer)
She hurries all her handmaids to the taſk;
Her head, alone, will twenty dreſſers aſk.
Pſecas, the chief, with breaſt and ſhoulders bare,
Trembling, conſiders every ſacred hair;
If any ſtraggler from his rank be found,
A pinch muſt, for the mortal ſin, compound.
Pſecas is not in fault: but, in the glaſs,
The dame 's offended at her own ill face.

The maid is banish'd; and another girl
More dextrous, manages the comb and curl;
The reſt are ſummon'd on a point ſo nice;
And firſt, the grave old woman gives advice.
The next is call'd, and ſo the turn goes round,
As each for age, or wiſdom, is renown'd:
Such counſel, ſuch deliberate care, they take,
As if her life and honour lay at ſtake:
With curls on curls, they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tower.
A giantess ſhe ſeems; but look behind,
And then ſhe dwindles to the pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, ſhort-waiſted, ſuch a dwarf ſhe is,
That ſhe muſt riſe on tip-toes for a kiſs.
Meanwhile, her huſband's whole eſtate is ſpent!
He may go bare, while ſhe receives his rent.
She minds him not; ſhe lives not as a wife,
But like a bawling neighbour, full of ſtrife:
Near him, in this alone, that ſhe extends
Her hate to all his ſervants and his friends.

Bellona's prieſts, an Eunuch at their head,
About the ſtreets a mad proceſſion lead;
The venerable guelding, large, and high,
O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
His aukward clergymen about him prance;
And beat the timbrels to their myſtic dance,
Meanwhile, his cheeks the mitred prophet ſwells,
And dire preſages of the year foretels.
Unleſs with eggs (his prieſtly hire) they haſte
To expiate, and avert the autumnal blaſt.

And add beſide a murrey-colour'd veſt,
Which, in their places, may receive the preſt:
And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may waſh,
To purge th' unlucky omens of the paſt.
Th' aſtoniſh'd matrons pay, before the veſt;
That ſex is ſtill obnoxious to the prieſt.

Through you they beats, and plunge into the ſtreams,
If ſo the God has warn'd them in a dream.
Weak in their limbs, but in devotion ſtrong,
On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng.
Should Io (Io's prieſt I mean) command
A pilgrimage to Mero's burning ſand,
Through deſerts they would ſeek the ſecret ſpring,
A holy water for luſtration bring.
How can they pay their prieſts too much reſpect,
Who trade with heaven, and earthly gains neglect!
With him, domeſtic Gods diſcourſe by night:
By day, attended by his choir in white,
The bald-pate tribe runs madding through the ſtreet,
And ſmile to ſee with how much eaſe they cheat.
The ghoſtly ſire forgives the wife's delights,
Who ſins, through frailty, on forbidden nights;
And tempts her huſband in the holy time,
When carnal pleaſure is a mortal crime.
The ſweating image ſhakes his head, but he
With mumbled prayers atones the Deity.
The pious prieſthood the fat gooſe receive,
And they once brib'd, the godhead muſt forgive.

No

No ſooner theſe remove, but full of fear,
A gypſy Jewels whiſpers in your ear,
And begs an alms: an high-prieſt's daughter ſhe,
Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
And propheſies beneath a ſhady tree.
Her goods a baſket, and old hay her bed,
She ſtrolls, and telling fortunes gains her bread:
Farthings, and ſome ſmall monies, are her fees;
Yet ſhe interprets all your dreams for theſe.
Foretells th' eſtate, when the rich uncle dies,
And ſees a ſweet-heart in the ſacrifice.
Such toys, a pigeon's intrails can diſcloſe:
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
In dogs, a victim more obſcene, he rakes;
And murder'd infants for inſpection takes:
For gain, his impious practice he purſues;
For gain will his accomplices accuſe.
More credit, yet, is to Chaldeans given;
What they foretel, is deem'd the voice of heaven.
Their anſwers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb,
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond aſtrologers relate.
Of theſe the moſt in vogue is he who, ſent
Beyond ſeas, is return'd from baniſhment,
His art who to aſpiring Otho ſold;
And ſure ſucceſſion to the crown foretold.
For his eſteem is in his exile plac'd;
The more believ'd, the more he was diſgrac'd.

No aſtrologic wizard honour gains,
Who has not oft been baniſh'd, or in chains.
He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
But narrowly eſcapes, and buys it dear.
From him your wife enquires the planets' will,
When the black jaundice ſhall her mother kill:
Her ſiſter's and her uncle's end, would know:
But, firſt, conſults his art, when you ſhall go.
And, what's the greateſt gift that heaven can give,
If, after her, th' adulterer ſhall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the reſt;
If Mars and Saturn ſhall the world infeſt;
Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
Will interpoſe, and bring us better days.
Beware the woman too, and ſhun her ſight,
Who in theſe ſtudies does herſelf delight,
By whom a greaſy almanack is borne,
With often handling, like chaf'd amber worn:
Not now conſulting, but conſulted, ſhe
Of the twelve houſes, and their lords, is free.
She, if the ſcheme a fatal journey ſhow,
Stays ſafe at home, but lets her huſband go.
If but a mile ſhe travel out of town,
The planetary hour muſt firſt be known,
And lucky moment; if her eye but akes
Or itches, its decumbiture ſhe takes.
No nouriſhment receives in her diſeaſe,
But what the ſtars and Ptolemy ſhall pleaſe.
The middle ſort, who have not much to ſpare,
To chiromancers cheaper art repair,
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.

Bur.

But rich the matron, who has more to give,
Her anſwers from the Brachman will receive:
Skil'd in the globe and ſphere, he gravely ſtands,
And, with his compaſs, meaſures ſeas and lands.
The pooreſt of the ſex have ſtill an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid enquires, if ſhe ſhall take
The truſty taylor, and the cook forſake.
Yet theſe, though poor, the pain of childbed bear;
And, without nurſes, their own infants rear:
You ſeldom hear of the rich mantle, ſpread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the power of herbs; ſuch arts they uſe
To make them barren, or their fruit to loſe.
But thou, whatever ſlops ſhe will have bought,
Be thankful, and ſupply the deadly draught:
Help her to make man-ſlaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for ſavin at her need.
For, if ſhe holds till her nine months be run,
Thou may'ſt be father to an Æthiop's ſon.
A boy, who, ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all, thy lands:
One of that hue, that, ſhould he croſs the way,
His omen would diſcolour all the day.
I paſs the foundling by, a race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own:
And into noble families advance
A nameleſs iſſue, the blind work of chance.
Indulgent fortune does her care employ,
And, ſmiling, broods upon the naked boy:

Her garment ſpreads, and laps him in the fold,
And covers with her wings, from nightly cold:
Gives him her bleſſing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
Him ſhe promotes; ſhe favours him alone,
And makes proviſion for him, as her own.
The craving wife, the force of magic tries,
And philtres for th' unable huſband buys:
The potion works not on the part deſign'd;
But turns his brains, and ſtupifies his mind.
The ſotted moon-calf gapes, and ſtaring on,
Sees his own buſineſs by another done:
A long oblivion, a benumming froſt,
Conſtrains his head; and yeſterday is loſt:
Some nimbler juice would make him foam and rave,
Like that Cæſonia to her Caius gave:
Who, plucking from the forehead of the fole
His mother's love, infus'd it in the bowl:
The boiling blood ran hiſſing in his veins,
Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.
The Thunderer was not half ſo much on fire,
When Juno's girdle kindled his deſire.
What woman will not uſe the poiſoning trade,
When Cæſar's wife the precedent has made;
Let Agrippina's muſhroom be forgot,
Giv'n to a ſlavering, old, unuſeful ſot;
That only clos'd the driveling dotard's eyes,
And ſent his godhead downward to the ſkies.
But this fierce potion calls for fire and ſword;
Nor ſpares the common, when it ſtrikes the lord.

So

So many miſchiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one ſingle poiſoner coſt mankind.
If ſtepdames ſeek their ſons-in-law to kill,
'Tis venial treſpaſs; let them have their will:
But let the child, entruſted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware:
Beware the food ſhe reaches with her hand;
The morſel is intended for thy land.
Thy tutor be thy taſter, ere thou eat;
There's poiſon in thy drink, and in thy meat.
You think this feign'd; the ſatire in a rage
Struts in the buſkins of the tragic ſtage,
Forgets his buſineſs is to laugh and bite;
And will of deaths and dire revenges write.
Would it were all a fable, that you read;
But Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
I (ſhe confeſſes) in the fact was caught,
Two ſons diſpatching at one deadly draught.
What two! Two ſons, thou viper, in one day!
Yes, ſeven, ſhe cries, if ſeven were in my way.
Medea's legend is no more a lye;
One age adds credit to antiquity.
Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
And murders then were done: but not for gain.
Leſs admiration to great crimes is due,
Which they through wrath, or through revenge, purſue.
For, weak of reaſon, impotent of will,
The ſex is hurry'd headlong into ill:
And, like a cliff from its foundation torn,
By raging earthquakes, into ſeas, is borne.

But thoſe are fiends, who crimes from thought begin:
And, cool in miſchief, meditate the ſin.
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her huſband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would ſave their lapdog ſooner than their lord.
Where-e'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
And Clytemneſtras grow in every ſtreet:
But here's the difference; Agamemnon's wife
Was a groſs butcher with a bloody knife;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And ſubtle poiſons are employ'd alone:
Unleſs ſome antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balſam all the nobler parts:
In ſuch a caſe, reſerv'd for ſuch a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

THE

THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet's deſign, in this divine ſatire, is to repreſent the various wiſhes and deſires of mankind; and to ſet out the folly of them. He runs through all the ſeveral heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial atchievements, long life, and beauty; and gives inſtances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of thoſe that owned them. He concludes therefore, that ſince we generally chuſe ſo ill for ourſelves, we ſhould do better to leave it to the gods, to make the choice for us. All we can ſafely aſk of heaven, lies within a very ſmall compaſs. It is but health of body and mind. And if we have theſe, it is not much matter what we want beſides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, purſue.
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears

So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone?
Whole houſes, of their whole deſires poſſeſt,
Are often ruin'd, at their own requeſt.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own deſire.
With laurels ſome have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable ſtream were drown'd.
The brawny fool, who did his vigour boaſt;
In that preſuming confidence was loſt:
But more have been by avarice oppreſt,
And heaps of money crowded in the cheſt:
Unwieldy ſums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marſhal'd figures can account.
To which the ſtores of Cræſus, in the ſcale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they ſail
In the vaſt ſhadow of the Britiſh whale.
For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were ſent to ſeize
The rich mens' goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commiſſion'd by the government,
Are ſeldom to an empty garret ſent.
The fearful paſſenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonſhine ſhadow of a ruſh;
And ſees a red-coat riſe from every buſh:
The beggar ſings, ev'n when he ſees the place
Beſet with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of

Of all the vows, the firſt and chief requeſt
Of each, is to be richer than the reſt:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poiſon in his homely bowl,
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchaſe the cup, and ſparkle in the wine.
Will you not now the pair of ſages praiſe,
Who the ſame end purſued, by ſeveral ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd, the woeful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is eaſy; but the wonder lies,
What ſtore of brine ſupply'd the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his ſpleen, and ſhake
His ſides and ſhoulders till he felt them ake;
Though in his country-town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor ax, nor tribune, did appear:
Nor all the foppiſh gravity of ſhow,
Which cunning magiſtrates on crowds beſtow.
What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
Our prætor ſeated, in mock majeſty;
His chariot rolling o'er the duſty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a ſet formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back:
A ſuit of hangings had not more oppreſt
His ſhoulders, than that long, laborious veſt:
A heavy gewgaw (call'd a crown) that ſpread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head:
And would have cruſh'd it with the maſſy freight,
But that a ſweating ſlave ſuſtain'd the weight:

A ſlave

A ſlave in the ſame chariot ſeen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
And now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majeſty)
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
In their own natures falſe and flattering tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cauſe to laugh at human-kind:
Learn from ſo great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenc'd, a heaven made fat with fogs,
May form a ſpirit fit to ſway the ſtate;
And make the nighbouring monarchs fear their fate.
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when ſhe frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows requeſt,
Are hurtful things, or uſeleſs at the beſt.
Some aſk for envy'd power; which public hate
Purſues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the ſtatue crown'd,
Is by baſe hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltleſs horſes and the chariot wheel,
The ſame effects of vulgar fury feel:
The ſmith prepares his hammer for the ſtroke,
While the lung'd bellows hiſſing fire provoke;
Sejanus, almoſt firſt of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:

Form'd

Form'd in the forge, the pliant braſs is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and piſs-pots, a whole kitchen-trade.
Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus, with a rope, is dragg'd along;
The ſport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a ſnout, and what a hanging face!
By heaven, I never could endure his ſight;
But ſay, how came his monſtrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The ſaviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Cæſar ſent
A noiſy letter to his parliament:
Nay, ſirs, if Cæſar writ, I aſk no more,
He's guilty; and the queſtion's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing,)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is ſtill againſt the rogue condemn'd to die.
But the ſame very mob, that raſcal crowd,
Had cry'd Sejanus, with a ſhout as loud;
Had his deſigns (by fortune's favour bleſt)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppreſt.
But long, long ſince, the times have chang'd their face,
The people grown degenerate and baſe:
Not ſuffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magiſtrates, and ſell their voice.

Our

Our wife fore-fathers, great by ſea and land,
Had once the power and abſolute command;
All offices of truſt, themſelves diſpos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd depos'd.
But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enſlav'd poſterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to ſee a puppet-ſhow.
There was a damn'd deſign, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already iſſued out;
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He 's dipt for certain, and plays leaſt in ſight;
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the ſenate ſlack in his defence!
Come let us haſte, our loyal zeal to ſhow,
And ſpurn the wretched corps of Cæſar's foe:
But let our ſlaves be preſent there, leſt they
Accuſe their maſters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whiſpers of thoſe jealous times,
About Sejanus' puniſhment and crimes.
Now tell me truly, would'ſt thou change thy fate
To be, like him, firſt miniſter of ſtate?
To have thy levees crouded with reſort,
Of a depending, gaping, ſervile court:
Diſpoſe all honours of the ſword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
To hold thy prince in pupilage, and ſway
That monarch, whom the maſter'd world obey?
While he, intent on ſecret luſt alone,
Lives to himſelf, abandoning the throne;

Cou-

Coop'd in a narrow iſle, obſerving dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting ſchemes!
I well believe, thou would'ſt be great as he;
For every man 's a fool to that degree;
All wiſh the dire prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they would have the power, who want the will:
But would'ſt thou have thy wiſhes underſtood,
To take the bad together with the good,
Would'ſt thou not rather chuſe a ſmall renown,
To be the mayor of ſome poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barbarouſly to ſpeak;
To pound falſe weights, and ſcanty meaſures break?
Then, grant we that Sejanus went aſtray
In every wiſh, and knew not how to pray:
For he who graſp'd the world's exhauſted ſtore
Yet never had enough, but wiſh'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy tower, of monſtrous height,
Which, mouldering, cruſh'd him underneath the weight.
What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruin'd him, who, greater than the great,
The ſtubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What elſe but his immoderate luſt of power,
Prayers made and granted in a luckleſs hour?
For few uſurpers to the ſhades deſcend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.
The boy, who ſcarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So ſmall an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his ſatchel muſt be borne to ſchool,)

Yet

Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing leſs,
To prove a Tully, or Demoſthenes:
But both thoſe orators, ſo much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
The hand and head were never loſt, of thoſe
Who dealt in doggrel, or who punn'd in proſe.
"Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome:
"Till I, thy conſul ſole, conſol'd thy doom."
His fate had crept below the lifted ſwords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mævius, thraſh for rhymes
Like his the ſcorn and ſcandal of the times,
Than that Philippick fatally divine,
Which is inſcrib'd the ſecond, ſhould be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who ſhook the theatres, and ſway'd the ſtate
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoſcope,
His ſire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a ſhop,
From Mars's forge, ſent to Minerva's ſchools,
To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.
With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we ſtrain:
The ſpoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph born,
A ſtreamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap-fal'n beaver looſely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory.

On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below;
Of every nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame:
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.
So much the thirst of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chace of fame, by few pursued,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble-titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.
Great Hannibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with th' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyrenæans past,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that Nature cast:

And with corroding juices, as he went,
A paſſage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his head-long rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles over-run;
Yet ſtill uneaſy, cries, There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid,
And Punic flags on Roman towers diſplay'd.
Aſk what a face belong'd to his high fame:
His picture ſcarcely would deſerve a frame:
A ſign-poſt dawber would diſdain to paint
The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end, O charming Glory! ſay
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is baniſh'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repuls'd by ſurly grooms, who wait before
The ſleeping tyrant's interdicted door.
What wondrous ſort of death has heaven deſign'd,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the herd of human-kind,
For ſo untam'd, ſo turbulent a mind!
Nor ſwords at hand, nor hiſſing darts afar,
Are doom'd t'avenge the tedious bloody war;
But poiſon, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Muſt finiſh him; a ſucking infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To plunder boys, and be a theme at ſchool.

One world ſuffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he ſeem'd in earth and ſeas confin'd:
And, ſtruggling, ſtretch'd his reſtleſs limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a paſſage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
The tomb, and found the ſtrait dimenſions wide:
"Death only this myſterious truth unfolds,
"The mighty ſoul, how ſmall a body holds."
Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and ſail'd about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots paſſing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from ſhore to ſhore:
Rivers, whoſe depth no ſharp beholder ſees,
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the browſy poet ſings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the ſea his ſlave?
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never ſuch hard uſage found
In his Æolian priſon under ground);
What God ſo mean, ev'n he who points the way,
So mercileſs a tyrant to obey!
But how return'd he, let us aſk again?
In a poor ſkiff he paſs'd the bloody main,
Choak'd with the ſlaughter'd bodies of his train
For fame he pray'd, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his prayer.
Jove grant me length of life, and years good ſtore
Heap on my bended back, I aſk no more.

Both ſick and healthful, old and young conſpire
In this one ſilly miſchievous deſire.
Miſtaken bleſſing which old age they call,
'Tis a long, naſty, darkſome hoſpital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a viſage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a ſkin of buff.
A ſtitch-fall'n cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a ſkilful hand would draw
For an old grandam-ape, when, with a grace,
She ſits at ſquat, and ſcrubs her leathern face.
In youth, diſtinctions infinite abound;
No ſhape, or feature, juſt alike are found;
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the ſtrong;
But the ſame foulneſs does to age belong,
The ſelf-ſame palſy, both in limbs and tongue.
The ſkull and forehead one bald barren plain;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain.
Beſides th' eternal drivel, that ſupplies
The dropping beard, from noſtrils, mouth, and eyes.
His wife and children loath him, and what's worſe,
Himſelf does his offenſive carrion curſe!
Flatterers forſake him too; for who would kill
Himſelf, to be remember'd in a will?
His taſte not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the reliſh of a nobler treat.
Thoſe ſenſes loſt, behold a new defeat,
The ſoul diſlodging from another ſeat.
What muſic, or enchanting voice, can chear
A ſtupid, old, impenetrable ear?

No

No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he ſits to ſee;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
Under an actor's noſe, he's never near.
His boy muſt bawl, to make him underſtand
The hour o' th' day, or ſuch a lord's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but juſt warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him ſound:
With ſores and ſickneſſes beleaguer'd round:
Aſk me their names, I ſooner could relate
How many drudges on ſalt Hippia wait;
What crouds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how, laſt fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Baſilus were ſpoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd:
What lands and lordſhips for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worſhip now.
This dotard of his broken back complains,
One his legs fail, and one his ſhoulders pains:
Another is of both his eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling lips expecting ſtands,
As in his childhood, cramm'd by others hands;
One, who at ſight of ſupper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders ty'd;
Now only yawns, and waits to be ſupply'd:
Like a young ſwallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her faſting mother brings.

His loſs of members is a heavy curſe,
But all his faculties decay'd, are worſe!
His ſervants names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his friend who ſupp'd with him laſt night.
Not ev'n the children he begot and bred;
Or his will knows them not; for, in their ſtead,
In form of law, a common hackney-jade,
Sole heir, for ſecret ſervices, is made;
So lewd and ſuch a batter'd bagthel-whore,
That ſhe defies all comers, at her door.
Well, yet ſuppoſe his ſenſes are his own;
He lives to be chief mourner for his ſon;
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
Theſe are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
Griefs always green, a houſhold ſtill in tears,
Sad pomps: a threſhold throng'd with daily biers;
And liveries of black for length of years.

Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king
Was longeſt-liv'd of any two-legg'd thing;
Bleſt, to defraud the grave ſo long, to mount
His number'd years, and on his right-hand count;
Three hundred ſeaſons, guzzling muſt of wine:
But, hold a while, and hear him ſelf repine
At Fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
Which, mercileſs in length, the midmoſt ſiſter drew.
When his brave ſon upon the funeral pyre
He ſaw extended, and his beard on fire;

He

He turn'd, and, weeping, aſk'd his friends, what crime
Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time?
Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles ſlain;
And thus Ulyſſes' father did complain,
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Amongſt his anceſtors a mighty ſhade,
While Troy yet ſtood: when Hector, with the race
Of royal baſtards, might his funeral grace:
Amidſt the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
Had heaven ſo bleſt him, he had dy'd before
The fatal fleet of Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to ſee
His town in flames, his falling monarchy:
In fine, the feeble ſire, reduc'd by fate,
To change his ſceptre for a ſword, too late,
His laſt effort before Jove's altar tries;
A ſoldier half, and half a ſacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.
At leaſt he dy'd a man; his queen ſurviv'd,
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.
I haſten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates, and rich Croeſus' fate;
Whom Solon wiſely counſel'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.
That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage beg'd his bread,
All theſe were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld ſo happy, young!

High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman ſtreets; deſcending from his ſtate,
In that bleſt hour he ſhould have beg'd his fate;
Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his triumphant ſoul with ſhouts expir'd.
Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent favour ſent:
But public prayers impos'd on heaven, to give
Their much-lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conſpir'd to ſave
The head, reſerv'd for an Egyptian ſlave.
Cethegus, though a traitor to the ſtate,
And tortur'd, 'ſcap'd this ignominious fate:
And Sergius, who a bad cauſe bravely try'd,
All of a piece, and undiminiſh'd, dy'd.
To Venus, the fond mother makes a prayer,
That all her ſons and daughters may be fair:
True, for the boys a mumbling vow ſhe ſends;
But for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
They muſt be finiſh'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud:
And pleas'd, to ſee the wondering people pray
To the new-riſing ſiſter of the day.
And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
And fair Virginia would her fate beſtow
On Rutila; and change her faultleſs make
For the foul rumple of her carnel-back.
But, for his mother's boy the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights!

Form,

Form, join'd with virtue, is a ſight too rare:
Chaſte is no epithet to ſuit with fair.
Suppoſe the ſame traditionary ſtrain
Of rigid manners, in the houſe remain;
Inveterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart;
Suppoſe that Nature, too, has done her part;
Infus'd into his ſoul a ſober grace,
And bluſht a modeſt blood into his face,
(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than ſaucy pedants, or dull tutors are:)
Yet ſtill the youth muſt ne'er arrive at man;
(So much almighty bribes, and preſents, can;)
Ev'n with a parent, where perſuaſions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.
We never read of ſuch a tyrant king
Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him ſing.
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a miſtreſs of an ugly page:
Sporus, his ſpouſe, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain-back, and belly, from the game
Croſs-barr'd: but both his ſexes well became.
Go, boaſt your Springal, by his beauty curſt
To ills; nor think I have declar'd the worſt;
His form procures him journey-work; a ſtrife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:
Gueſs, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beaſts offended cuckolds are.
Adulterers are with dangers round beſet;
Born under Mars, they cannot 'ſcape the net;

And

And from revengeful husbands oft have try'd
Worse handling, than severest laws provide:
One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel art,
Makes Colon suffer for the peccant part.
But your Endymion, your smooth, smock'd-fa
boy,
Unrival'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy:
Not so: one more fallacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold;
Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he loathes;
She keeps him high, in equipage and cloaths:
She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;
But, in her lusts, a conscionable quean.
She may be handsome, yet be chaste, you say;
Good observator, not so fast away:
Did it not cost the modest youth his life,
Who shunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
And was not t' other strippling forc'd to fly,
Who coldly did his patron's queen deny;
And pleaded laws of hospitality?
The ladies charg'd them home, and turn'd the tale,
With shame they redden'd, and with spight grew pa
'Tis dangerous to deny the longing dame;
She loses pity, who has lost her shame.
Now Silius wants thy counsel, gives advice;
Wed Cæsar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
Her comet-eyes she darts on every grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his face.

Adv

Adorn'd with bridal pomp ſhe ſits in ſtate;
The public notaries and Aruſpex wait:
The genial bed is in the garden dreſt:
The portion paid, and every rite expreſs'd,
Which in a Roman marriage is profeſt.
'Tis no ſtol'n wedding, this, rejecting awe,
She ſcorns to marry, but in form of law:
In this moſt caſe, your judgment: to refuſe,
Is preſent death, beſides the night you loſe:
If you conſent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious life you gain:
Till loud reports through all the town have paſt,
And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the laſt.
Indulge thy pleaſure, youth, and take thy ſwing;
For not to take is but the ſelf-ſame thing:
Inevitable death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
Muſt we not wiſh, for fear of wiſhing ill?
Receive my counſel, and ſecurely move;
Intruſt thy fortune to the powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want:
In goodneſs, as in greatneſs, they excel;
Ah, that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well!
We, blindly by our headſtrong paſſions led,
Are hot for action, and deſire to wed;
Then wiſh for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known;
Th' audacious ſtrumpet, and ungracious ſon.

Yet

And count it Nature's privilege to d
Serene and manly, harden'd to ſuſtai
The load of life, and exercis'd in p
Guiltleſs of hate, and proof againſt
That all things weighs, and nothing
That dares prefer the toils of Hercu
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble
The path to peace is Virtue: wha
Thyſelf may freely on thyſelf beſto
Fortune was never worſhip'd by the
But, ſet aloft by fools, uſurps the ſ

THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet, in this ſatire, proves, that the condition of a ſoldier is much better than that of a country-man: firſt, becauſe a country-man, however affronted, provoked, and ſtruck himſelf, dares not ſtrike a ſoldier; who is only to be judged by a court-martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is alſo aſſured to have a ſpeedy hearing, and quick diſpatch: whereas, the townſman or peaſant is delayed in his ſuit by frivolous pretences, and not ſure of juſtice when he is heard in the court: The ſoldier is alſo privileged to make a will, and to give away his eſtate, which he got in war, to whom he pleaſes, without conſideration of parentage, or relations; which is denied to all other Romans. This ſatire was written by Juvenal, when he was a commander in Ægypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finiſhed. And if it be well obſerved, you will find he intended an invective againſt a ſtanding army.

WHAT vaſt prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war!
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me, my good ſtars, and all goes right:

One

One happy hour is to a ſoldier better,
Than mother Juno's recommending letter,
Or Venus, when to Mars ſhe would prefer
My ſuit, and own the kindneſs done to her.
See what our common privileges are:
As, firſt, no ſaucy citizen ſhould dare
To ſtrike a ſoldier, nor, when ſtruck, reſent
The wrong, for fear of farther puniſhment:
Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a ſtring, in bumps his forehead riſe,
Shall he preſume to mention his diſgrace,
Or beg amends for his demoliſh'd face.
A booted judge ſhall ſit to try his cauſe,
Not by the ſtatute, but by martial laws;
Which old Camillus order'd, to confine
The brawls of ſoldiers to the trench and line:
A wiſe proviſion; and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a ſoldier's cauſe ſhould hear:
And, taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honeſt man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well: but with a general cry,
The regiment will riſe in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to diſband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worſe than the diſeaſe:
This cauſe is worthy him, who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl:
But would'ſt thou, friend, who haſt two legs alone,
(Which, heaven be prais'd, thou yet mayſt call thy own)

Would'ſt

Would'ſt thou, to run the gauntlet, theſe expoſe
To a whole company of hob-nail'd ſhoes?
Sure the good-breeding of wiſe citizens
Should teach them more good-nature to their ſhins.
Beſides, whom canſt thou think ſo much thy friend,
Who dares appear thy buſineſs to defend?
Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuſe,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuſe:
The judge cries out, Your evidence produce.
Will he, who ſaw the ſoldier's mutton-fiſt,
And ſaw thee maul'd, appear within the liſt,
To witneſs truth? When I ſee one ſo brave,
The dead, think I, are riſen from the grave;
And with their long ſpade beards, and matted hair,
Our honeſt anceſtors are come to take the air.
Againſt a clown, with more ſecurity,
A witneſs may be brought to ſwear a lye,
Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth againſt a man of war.
More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a ſtanding army's perquiſites.
If any rogue vexatious ſuits advance
Againſt me for my known inheritance,
Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the ſacred land-mark from my bounds,
Thoſe bounds, which with poſſeſſion and with prayer
And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:
Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuſe to pay;
I muſt, with patience, all the terms attend,
Among the common cauſes that depend.

Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
Is ſtill encumber'd with ſome new delay:
Perhaps the cloth of ſtate is only ſpread,
Some of the quorum may be ſick a-bed;
That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
O'er night was bowſy, and goes out to piſs:
So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious ſuit goes on:
But buff and belt-men never know theſe cares,
No time, nor trick of law their action bars:
Their cauſe they to an eaſier iſſue put:
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another branch of their revenue ſtill
Remains, beyond their boundleſs right to kill,
Their father, yet alive, impower'd to make a will.
For, what their proweſs gain'd, the law declares
Is to themſelves alone, and to their heirs:
No ſhare of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the ſon fights well, and plunders better,
Like ſtout Coranus, his old ſhaking ſire
Does a remembrance in his will deſire:
Inquiſitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the ſlain:
But ſtill he lives, and riſing by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to ſpare:
For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
To cheriſh valour, and reward deſert:
Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and whore;
Sometimes be louſy, but be never poor.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

PERSIUS.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

Argument of the PROLOGUE to the First Satire.

THE deſign of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in moſt of his ſatires. For which reaſon, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the buſineſs of the firſt ſatire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in faſhion, and the impudence of thoſe who were endeavouring to paſs their ſtuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

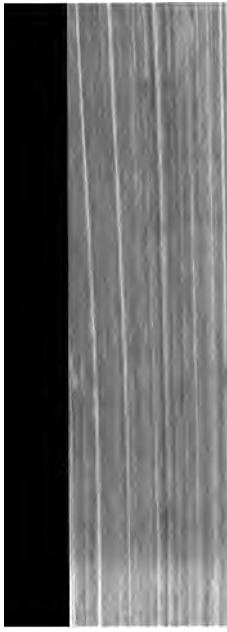
FIRST SATIRE.

I NEVER did on cleft Parnaſſus dream,
Nor taſte the ſacred Heliconian ſtream;
Nor can remember when my brain, inſpir'd,
Was, by the Muſes, into madneſs fir'd.
My ſhare in pale Pyrene I reſign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler ſong:
Heedleſs of verſe, and hopeleſs of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
Before the ſhrine I lay my rugged numbers down.
Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endued the chattering pye?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appeaſe:
Want taught their maſters, and their maſters theſe.
Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
The hungry witlings have it in their eye;
Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic preſents bring:
You ſay they ſqueak; but they will ſwear they ſing.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SATIRE.

I NEED not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is againſt bad poets in this ſatire. But I muſt add, that he includes alſo bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill-placed and worſe applied. Amongſt the poets, Perſius covertly ſtrikes at Nero; ſome of whoſe verſes he recites with ſcorn and indignation. He alſo takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortunes, ſet up for wits and judges. The ſatire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who diſſuades him from this dangerous attempt of expoſing great men. But Perſius, who is of a free ſpirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all thoſe difficulties, and boldly arraigns the falſe judgment of the age in which he lives. The reader may obſerve that our poet was a ſtoick philoſopher; and that all his moral ſentences, both here and in all the reſt of his ſatires, are drawn from the dogmas of that ſect.



FIRST SA

In Dialogue betwixt the Poet
or Monitor.

PERSIUS.

HOW anxious are our cares, an
The bent of our desires!

Friend. Thy sp
For none will read thy satires.

Persius.

Friend. None; or what's next to n
'Tis hard, I grant.

Persius. 'Tis not
That paltry scribblers have the pub
That this vast universal fool, the to
Should cry up Labeo's stuff, and cry
They damn themselves; nor will m
To play with such, who fools and k

But where's that Roman? — Somewhat I would ſay,
But fear; — let fear, for once, to truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoick courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
From the firſt paſtimes of our infant-age,
To elder cares, and man's ſeverer page;
When ſtern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We laſh the pupil, and defraud the ward:
Then, then I ſay, — or would ſay, if I durſt —
But thus provok'd, I muſt ſpeak out, or burſt.

Friend. Once more forbear.

Perſius. I cannot rule my ſpleen;
My ſcorn rebels, and tickles me within.
Firſt, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, ſecur'd from public ſight;
Whether in proſe, or verſe, 'tis all the ſame:
The proſe is fuſtian, and the numbers lame.
All noiſe, and empty pomp, a ſtorm of words,
Labouring with ſound, that little ſenſe affords.
They comb, and then they order every hair:
A gown, or white, or ſcour'd to whiteneſs, wear:
A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.
Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's name, to be ſeen and heard.
From their high ſcaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
And ogling all their audience ere they ſpeak.
The nauſeous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
With gaping mouths to theſe rehearſals come,
And pant with pleaſure, when ſome luſty line
The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.

At open fulſome bawdry they rejoice,
And ſlimy jeſt applaud with broken voice.
Baſe proſtitute, thus doſt thou gain thy bread?
Thus doſt thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy ſtuff he grins and brays:
And gives the ſign where he expects their praiſe.
Why have I learn'd, ſay'ſt thou, if, thus confin'd,
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
Will ſplit the quarry, and ſhoot out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Dar'ſt thou apply that adage of the ſchool:
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And "ſcience is not ſcience till reveal'd?"
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to ſee
The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry, That's he:
That's he whoſe wondrous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feaſts renown'd;
And often quoted when the bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearſe;
And add to wine the luxury of verſe.
One, clad in purple, not to loſe his time,
Eats, and recites ſome lamentable rhyme:
Some ſenſeleſs Phillis, in a broken note,
Snuffling at noſe, and croaking in his throat:
Then graciouſly the mellow audience nod:
Is not th' immortal author made a God?
Are not his manes bleſt, ſuch praiſe to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?

And

ıd roſes (while his loud applauſe they ſing)
ınd ready from his ſepulchre to ſpring?
All theſe, you cry, but light objections are;
eer malice, and you drive the jeſt too far.
r does there breathe a man, who can reject
general fame, and his own lines neglect?
cedar tablets worthy to appear,
ıat need not fiſh, or frankincenſe, to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverſe part, to bear,
anſwer'd thus: If I by chance ſucceed
what I write, (and that's a chance indeed)
ıow, I am not ſo ſtupid, or ſo hard,
t to feel praiſe, or fame's deſerv'd reward:
t this I cannot grant, that thy applauſe
my work's ultimate, or only cauſe.
ıdence can ne'er propoſe ſo mean a prize;
r mark what vanity within it lies.
:e Labeo's Iliads, in whoſe verſe is found
thing but trifling care, and empty ſound:
:h little elegies as nobles write,
ho would be poets, in Apollo's ſpight.
em and their woeful works the Muſe defies:
ıducts of citron-beds, and golden canopies.
give thee all thy due, thou haſt the heart
make a ſupper, with a fine deſſert;
d to thy thread-bare friend, a caſt old ſuit impart.
Thus brib'd, thou thus beſpeak'ſt him, Tell me friend,
or I love truth, nor can plain ſpeech offend,)

What

What says the world of me and of my Muse?
The poor dare nothing tell but flattering news:
But shall I speak? Thy verse is wretched rhyme;
And all thy labours are but loss of time.
Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high;
Thou writ'st not, but thou pissest poetry.
All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hadst thou but, Janus like, a face behind,
To see the people, what splay-mouths they make;
To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:
Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When most a-thirst of an Apulian bitch:
But noble scribblers are with flattery fed;
For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.
To pass the poets of patrician blood,
What is 't the common reader takes for good?
The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
Soft without sense, and without spirit flow:
So smooth and equal, that no fight can find
The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
So even all, with such a steady view,
As if he shut one eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,
The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
The gentle poet is alike in all;
His reader hopes to rise, and fears no fall.
Friend. Hourly we see, some raw pin-feathe
Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing
Who, for false quantities, was whipt at schc
But t' other day, and breaking grammar-rul

Whoſe trivial art was never try'd above
The brave deſcription of a native grove:
Who knows not how to praiſe the country ſtore,
The feaſts, the baſkets, nor the fatted boar;
Nor paint the flowery fields that paint themſelves before.
Where Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
Whoſe ſhining plough-ſhare was in furrows worn,
Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
And ruſtically joy'd, as chief of Rome:
She wip'd the ſweat from the dictator's brow;
And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw;
The lictors bore in ſtate their lord's triumphant plough.
Some love to hear the fuſtian poet roar;
And ſome on antiquated authors pore:
Rummage for ſenſe; and think thoſe only good
Who labour moſt, and leaſt are underſtood.
When thou ſhalt ſee the blear-ey'd fathers teach
Their ſons, this harſh and mouldy ſort of ſpeech;
Or others, new affected ways to try,
Of wanton ſmoothneſs, female poetry;
One would enquire from whence this motly ſtile
Did firſt our Roman purity defile:
For our old dotards cannot keep their ſeat;
But leap and catch at all that's obſolete.
Others, by fooliſh oſtentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to ſave their head,
Bring trifling tropes, inſtead of ſolid ſenſe:
And mind their figures more than their defence.

Are pleas'd to hear their thick-ſkull'd judges cry,
Well mov'd, oh finely ſaid, and decently:
Theſt (ſays th' accuſer) to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius: what does gentle Pedius ſay?
Studious to pleaſe the genius of the times,
With periods, points, and tropes, he ſlurs his crimes:
"He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
"And took but with intention to reſtore."
He lards with flouriſhes his long harangue;
'Tis fine, ſay'ſt thou; what, to be prais'd, and hang?
Effeminate Roman, ſhall ſuch ſtuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
Say, ſhould a ſhipwreck'd ſailor ſing his woe,
Would'ſt thou be mov'd to pity, or beſtow
An alms? What 's more prepoſterous than to ſee
A merry beggar? Mirth in miſery?

Perſius. He ſeems a trap, for charity, to lay:
And cons, by night, his leſſon for the day.

Friend. But to raw numbers, and unfiniſh'd verſe,
Sweet ſound is added now, to make it terſe:
"'Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
"The mid-part chimes with art, which never flat is.
"The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
"Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd
"Appennine."

Perſius. All this is doggrel ſtuff.

Friend. What if I bring
A nobler verſe? "Arms and the man I ſing."

Perſius. Why name you Virgil with ſuch fops as theſe?
He 's truly great, and muſt for ever pleaſe.

Nor fierce, but awful, in his manly page;
Bold in his ſtrength, but ſober in his rage.
Friend. What poems think you ſoft? and to be read
With languiſhing regards, and bended head?
Perſius. "Their crooked horns the Mimalloniaſ
"crew
"With blaſts inſpir'd; and Baſſaris who flew
"The ſcornful calf, with ſword advanc'd on high,
"Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
"And Mænas, when, with ivy bridles bound,
"She led the ſpotted lynx, then Evion rung around;
"Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's
"ſound."
Could ſuch rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatneſs left in Rome?
Mænas and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the labouring head:
No blood from bitten nails thoſe poems drew:
But churn'd, like ſpittle, from the lips they flew.
Friend. 'Tis fuſtian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be fools, muſt you be mad?
Your ſatires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear ſo blunt a verſe.
Their doors are barr'd againſt a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you pleaſe, but you ſhall ſnarl without.
Expect ſuch pay as railing rhymes deſerve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to ſtarve.
Perſius. Rather than ſo, uncenſur'd let them be;
All, all is admirably well, for me.

My harmleſs rhyme ſhall 'ſcape the dire diſgrace
Of common-ſhoars, and every piſſing-place.
Two painted ſerpents ſhall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you muſt not urine here.
This ſhall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little baubles, when they play.
Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But laſh'd the city, and diſſected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd them, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd deſign,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:
And, with a ſly inſinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face:
Would raiſe a bluſh, where ſecret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
With ſeeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the deſperate paſſes when he ſmil'd.
Could he do this, and is my Muſe control'd
By ſervile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At leaſt, I 'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the truſty earth commit the ſound:
The reeds ſhall tell you what the poet fears,
"King Midas has a ſnout, and aſſes ears."
This mean conceit, this darling myſtery,
Which thou think'ſt nothing, friend, thou ſhalt buy,
Nor will I change for all the flaſhy wit,
That flattering Libeo, in his Iliads, writ.
Thou, if there be a thou in this baſe town,
Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;

He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inſpir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd:
Who, at enormous villainy, turns pale,
And ſteers againſt it with a full-blown ſail,
Like Ariſtophanes, let him but ſmile
On this my honeſt work, though writ in homely ſtile;
And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear leſs droſſy, read thoſe lines again.
May they perform their author's juſt intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breaſt ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
Who Fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged ſhoe:
Lay Nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eye-ſight, when the mind is clear,
When thou thyſelf, thus inſolent in ſtate,
Art but, perhaps, ſome country magiſtrate:
Whoſe power extends no farther than to ſpeak
Big on the bench, and ſcanty weights to break.
Him, alſo, for my cenſor I diſdain,
Who thinks all ſcience, as all virtue, vain;
Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys;
And, with his foot, the ſacred duſt deſtroys:
Whoſe pleaſure is to ſee a ſtrumpet tear
A Cynick's beard, and lug him by the
Such, all the morning, to the ple
But when the buſineſs of the day
On dice, and drink, and drabs
afternoon.

THE SECOND SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT.

THIS ſatire contains a moſt grave and philoſophical argument, concerning prayers and wiſhes. Undoubtedly it gave occaſion to Juvenal's tenth ſatire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the "Second Alcibiades." Our author has induced it with great myſtery of art by taking his riſe from the birth-day of his friend on which occaſions, prayers were made, and ſacrifices offered by the native. Perſius, commending t purity of his friend's vows, deſcends to the impi and immoral requeſts of others. The ſatire is divi into three parts: the firſt is the exordium to Mi nus, which the poet confines within the compa four verſes. The ſecond relates to the matter o prayers and vows, and an enumeration of thoſe th wherein men commonly ſinned againſt right r and offended in their requeſts. The third part fills in ſhewing the repugnances of thoſe praye wiſhes, to thoſe of other men, and inconſiſ

with themſelves. He ſhews the original of theſe vows, and ſharply inveighs againſt them: and laſtly, not only corrects the falſe opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addreſſes made to heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Chriſtian than a Heathen.

THE SECOND SATIRE.

Dedicated to his friend PLOTIUS MACRINUS, on his BIRTH-DAY.

LET this auſpicious morning be expreſt
With a white ſtone, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy ſoul,
Till thy wit ſparkle, like the chearful bowl.
Pray; for thy prayers the teſt of heaven will bear;
Nor need'ſt thou take the Gods aſide, to hear:
While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
Big ſwell'd with miſchief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with coſtly ſmoke,
Heaven's help, to proſper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the Gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for ſhame, conceal.

Give me good fame, ye Powers, and make me juſt:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will truſt:
In private then: — When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or — O thou Thunderer's ſon, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous Deity would pleaſe
To guide my rake, upon the chinking ſound
Of ſome vaſt treaſure, hidden under ground!
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head;
I ſhould poſſeſs th' eſtate, if he were dead!
He's ſo far gone with rickets, and with th' evil,
That one ſmall doſe will ſend him to the devil.
This is my neighbour Nerius 's third ſpouſe,
Of whom in happy time he rids his houſe.
But my eternal wife! — Grant heaven I may
Survive to ſee the fellow of this day!
Thus, that thou may'ſt the better bring about
Thy wiſhes, thou art wickedly devout:
In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To waſh th' obſcenities of night away.
But pr'ythee tell me, ('tis a ſmall requeſt)
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou poſſeſt?
Would'ſt thou prefer him to ſome man? Suppoſe
I dipp'd among the worſt, and Statius choſe?
Which of the two would thy wiſe head declare
The truſtier tutor to an orphan-heir?
Or, put it thus: — Unfold to Statius, ſtreight,
What to Jove's ear thou didſt impart of late:
He'll ſtare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
Canſt thou indulge him in this villainy!

And think'ſt thou, Jove himſelf, with patience then
Can hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men?
That, void of care, he lolls ſupine in ſtate,
And leaves his buſineſs to be done by fate?
Becauſe his thunder ſplits ſome burley-tree,
And is not darted at thy houſe and thee?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Juſt at the perpetration of thy crime:
And makes thee a ſad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's prayer and ſacrifice?
What well-fed offering to appeaſe the God,
What powerful preſent to procure a nod,
Haſt thou in ſtore? What bribe haſt thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpuniſh'd, by the beard?
Our ſuperſtitions with our life begin:
Th' obſcene old grandam, or the next of kin,
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And firſt of ſpittle a luſtration makes:
Then in the ſpawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magic to prevent,
By virtue of her naſty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd prayer
That heaven would make him ſome rich miſer's heir,
Lucky to ladies, and in time a king;
Which to enſure, ſhe adds a length of navel-ſtring.
But no fond nurſe is fit to make a prayer:
And Jove, if Jove be wiſe, will never hear;
Not though ſhe prays in white, with lifted hands:
A body made of braſs the crone demands

For her lov'd nurſling, ſtrung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the laſt, and with no toil to tire:
Unconſcionable vows, which when we uſe,
We teach the Gods, in reaſon, to refuſe.
Suppoſe they were indulgent to thy wiſh:
Yet the fat entrails, in the ſpacious diſh,
Would ſtop the grant: the very over-care
And nauſeous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.
Thou hop'ſt with ſacrifice of oxen ſlain
To compaſs wealth, and bribe the God of gain,
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increaſe;
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's greaſe!
And think'ſt that, when the fatten'd flames aſpire,
Thou ſeeſt th' accompliſhment of thy deſire!
Now, now, my bearded harveſt gilds the plain,
The ſcanty folds can ſcarce my ſheep contain,
And ſhowers of gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purſe declares his money gone.
Should I preſent them with rare figur'd plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanſhip as weight;
O how thy riſing heart would throb and beat,
And thy left ſide, with trembling pleaſure, ſweat!
Thou meaſur'ſt by thyſelf the Powers Divine;
Thy Gods are burniſh'd gold, and ſilver is their ſhrine.
Thy puny Godlings of inferior race,
Whoſe humble ſtatues are content with braſs,
Should ſome of theſe, in viſions purg'd from phlegm,
Foretel events, or in a morning dream;

Ev'n

Ev'n thoſe thou would'ſt in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give them beards of gold.
The prieſts in temples, now, no longer care
For Saturn's braſs, or Numa's earthen-ware;
Or veſtal urns, in each religious rite:
This wicked gold has put them all to flight.
O ſouls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever groveling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the bleſt abodes,
And think what pleaſes us muſt pleaſe the Gods.
Of oil and caſſia one th' ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in grain;
And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian ſtain;
Or from the ſhells their orient treaſure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the maſs: all theſe are vanities!
Yet ſtill ſome profit from their pains may riſe:
But tell me, prieſt, if I may be ſo bold,
What are the Gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy ſtore
Theſe preſents, bribes the Powers to give him more:
As maids to Venus offer baby-toys,
To bleſs the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the Gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great charges cannot bear:
A ſoul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than ſpeculation ſhine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the laſt receſſes of the mind:
When with ſuch offerings to the Gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT.

OUR author has made two ſatires concerning ſtudy; the firſt and the third: the firſt related to men; this to young ſtudents, whom he deſired to be educated in the ſtoick philoſophy: he himſelf ſuſtains the perſon of the maſter, or præceptor, in this admirable ſatire; where he upbraids the youth of ſloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one ſcholar reproaching his fellow-ſtudents with late riſing to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the teacher. And addreſſing himſelf particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reaſon of their high birth and the great poſſeſſions of their fathers, they a careleſs of adorning their minds with precepts moral philoſophy: and withal, inculcates to th the miſeries which will attend them in the wh courſe of their life, if they do not apply themſel betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the en

their creation, which he pathetically inſinuates to them. The title of this ſatire, in ſome ancient manuſcripts, was "The Reproach of Idleneſs;" though in others of the ſcholiaſts it is inſcribed, "Againſt the Luxury and Vices of the Rich." In both of which the intention of the poet is purſued; but principally in the former.

[I remember I tranſlated this ſatire, when I was a King's ſcholar at Weſtminſter-ſchool, for a Thurſday-night's exerciſe; and believe that it, and many other of my exerciſes of this nature, in Engliſh verſe, are ſtill in the hands of my learned maſter, the reverend Doctor Buſby.]

IS this thy daily courſe? The glaring ſun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To ſhades, and noon-tide rays of ſummer-ſhun,
Yet plung'd in ſloth we lie; and ſnore ſupine,
As fill'd with fumes of indigeſted wine.
This grave advice ſome ſober ſtudent bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, ſcarce half awake, eſſays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raiſe:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and ſcrubs his pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been ſo late:
My cloaths make haſte: why then! if none be near,
He mutters firſt, and then begins to ſwear:
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note,
Than an Arcadian aſs can ſtretch his throat.

With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment with the ſmoother ſide diſplay'd;
He takes the papers; lays them down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peeviſh quarrel ſtreight he ſtrives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;
Infuſe more water; now 'tis grown ſo thin
It ſinks, nor can the characters be ſeen.
O wretch, and ſtill more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to ſleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and ſpoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry:
Be ſullen, and refuſe the lullaby.
No more accuſe thy pen: but charge the crime
On native ſloth, and negligence of time.
Think'ſt thou thy maſter, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyſelf, and that 's a worſe deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town;
Thou ſpring'ſt a leak already in thy crown.
A flaw is in thy ill bak'd veſſel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring ſound.
Yet, thy moiſt clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and eaſy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mold; now bend thy mind to feel
The firſt ſharp motions of the forming wheel.
But thou haſt land; a country-ſeat, ſecure
By a juſt title; coſtly furniture;
A fuming-pan thy Lares to appeaſe:
What need of learning, when a man's at eaſe?

If

If this be not enough to ſwell thy ſoul,
Then pleaſe thy pride, and ſearch the herald's roll,
Where thou ſhalt find thy famous pedigree
Drawn from the root of ſome old Tuſcan tree;
And thou, a thouſand off, a fool of long degree.
Who, clad in purple, canſt thy cenſor greet;
And, loudly, call him couſin, in the ſtreet.
Such pageantry be to the people ſhown:
There boaſt they horſe's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy ſhallow center, to the utmoſt ſkin:
Doſt thou not bluſh to live ſo like a beaſt,
So trim, ſo diſſolute, ſo looſely dreſt?
But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep;
His ſoul is ſtupid, and his heart aſleep;
Fatten'd in vice; ſo callous, and ſo groſs,
He ſins, and ſees not; ſenſeleſs of his loſs.
Down goes the wretch at once, unſkill'd to ſwim,
Hopeleſs to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.
Great Father of the Gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou ſend'ſt ſome heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus puniſh him: ſet virtue in his ſight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces bright:
But ſet her diſtant, make him pale to ſee
His gains outweigh'd by loſt felicity!
Sicilian tortures, and the brazen bull,
Are emblems, rather than expreſs the full

Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more:
The wretch, who ſitting at his plenteous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed ſword
Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with leſs dread, and more ſecurely dine
Ev'n in his ſleep he ſtarts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife;
Down, down, he goes; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil, to ſtay from ſchool:
Averſe from pains, and loath to learn the part
Of Cato, dying with a dauntleſs heart:
Though much my maſter, that ſtern virtue prais'd,
Which o'er the vanquiſher the vanquiſh'd rais'd:
And my pleas'd father came, with pride, to ſee
His boy defend the Roman liberty.

But then my ſtudy was to cog the dice,
And dextrouſly to throw the lucky ſice:
To ſhun ames-ace, that ſwept my ſtakes away;
And watch the box, for fear they ſhould convey
Falſe bones, and put upon me in the play.
Careful, beſides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till ſhe fell aſleep.

Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's good or ill, and both their ends diſcern:
Thou in the ſtoick-porch, ſeverely bred,
Haſt heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
There on the walls, by Polygnotus' hand,
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches ſtand.

Where

Where the ſhorn youth to midnight lectures riſe,
Rouz'd from their ſlumbers to be early wiſe:
Where the coarſe cake, and homely huſks of beans,
From pampering riot the young ſtomach weans:
And where the Samian Y directs thy ſteps to run
To Virtue's narrow ſteep, and broad-way Vice to ſhun.
And yet thou ſnor'ſt; thou draw'ſt thy drunken breath,
Sour with debauch; and ſleep'ſt the ſleep of death:
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
Thy body is diſſolv'd, as is thy mind.
Haſt thou not, yet, propos'd ſome certain end,
To which thy life, thy every act, may tend?
Haſt thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
Or like a boy purſueſt the carrion crow
With pellets, and with ſtones, from tree to tree:
A fruitleſs toil, and liv'ſt *extempore?*
Watch the diſeaſe in time: for, when within
The dropſy rages, and extends the ſkin,
In vain for Hellebore the patient cries,
And fees the doctor; but too late is wiſe:
Too late, for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
Conqueſt and Guibbons cannot give him health.
Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
Why you were made, for what you were deſign'd;
And the great moral end of human kind.
Study thyſelf: what rank or what degree
The wiſe Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the offices of that eſtate
Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.

Pray juſtly, to be heard: nor more deſire
Than what the decencies of life require.
Learn what thou ow'ſt thy country, and thy friend;
What 's requiſite to ſpare, and what to ſpend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the ſtore
Of the greas'd advocate, that grinds the poor:
Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws;
And only gains the wealthy client's cauſe.
To whom the Marſians more proviſion ſend,
Than he and all his family can ſpend.
Gammons, that give a reliſh to the taſte,
And potted fowl, and fiſh, come in ſo faſt,
That ere the firſt is out, the ſecond ſtinks:
And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
But, here, ſome captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a ſoldier's wit;
Cries, I have ſenſe to ſerve my turn, in ſtore;
And he 's a raſcal who pretends to more.
Dammee, what-e'er thoſe book-learn'd blockheads ſay,
Solon 's the veryeſt fool in all the play.
Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
(As over-ballaſted within the crown!)
Muttering betwixt their lips ſome myſtic thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
Meer madmen's dreams: for what the ſchools have taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.

Is

Is it for this they ſtudy? to grow pale,
And miſs the pleaſures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accouter'd, are they ſeen,
And made the may-game of the public ſpleen?
Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
A ſtory, which is juſt thy parallel.
A ſpark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell ſick, and thus to his phyſician ſaid:
Methinks I am not right in every part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
My pulſe unequal, and my breath is ſtrong;
Beſides a filthy fur upon my tongue.
The doctor heard him, exercis'd his ſkill:
And, after, bid him for four days be ſtill.
Three days he took good counſel, and began
To mend, and look like a recovering man:
The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but ſends
His boy to one of his old truſty friends:
Adjuring him, by all the powers divine,
To pity his diſtreſs, who could not dine
Without a flaggon of his healing wine.
He drinks a ſwilling draught; and, lin'd within,
Will ſupple in the bath his outward ſkin:
Whom ſhould he find but his phyſician there,
Who, wiſely, bade him once again beware.
Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.
'Tis nothing, ſays the fool: but, ſays the friend,
This nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.

Do

Do I not ſee your dropſy belly ſwell?
Your yellow ſkin?—No more of that; I 'm well.
I have already bury'd two or three
That ſtood betwixt a fair eſtate and me,
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, I look ill; and thou look'ſt worſe.
I 've done, ſays the phyſician; take your courſe.
The laughing ſot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing through his jaws a belching ſteam:
Amidſt his cups with fainting ſhivering ſeiz'd,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diſeas'd,
His hand refuſes to ſuſtain the bowl:
And his teeth chatter, and his eye-balls roll:
Till, with his meat, he vomits out his ſoul:
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in ſtate,
His heels ſtretch'd out, and pointing to the gate:
And ſlaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead maſter wait.
They hoiſt him on the bier, and deal the dole:
And there 's an end of a luxurious fool.
But what 's thy fulſome parable to me?
My body is from all diſeaſes free:
My temperate pulſe does regularly beat;
Feel, and be ſatisfy'd, my hands and feet:
Theſe are not cold, nor thoſe oppreſt with heat.

Or

Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou ſhalt find me hale in every part.
I grant this true: but, ſtill, the deadly wound
Is in thy ſoul; 'tis there thou art not ſound.
Say, when thou ſeeſt a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot doſt behold;
Then, when ſhe caſts on thee a ſide-long glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.
Some coarſe cold ſallad is before thee ſet;
Bread with the bran, perhaps, and broken meat;
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
Theſe are not diſhes for thy dainty tooth:
What, haſt thou got an ulcer in thy mouth?
Why ſtand'ſt thou picking? Is thy pallat ſore?
That bete and radiſhes will make thee roar?
Such is th' unequal temper of thy mind;
Thy paſſions in extremes, and unconfin'd:
Thy hair ſo briſtles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn, that riſe in bearded ears.
And, when thy cheeks with fluſhing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more ſlow;
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With foam upon thy lips and ſparkling eyes,
Thou ſay'ſt, and doſt, in ſuch outrageous wiſe;
That mad Oreſtes, if he ſaw the ſhow,
Would ſwear thou wert the madder of the two.

THE

THE FOURTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT.

OUR author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble Poet Lucan; both of them were ſufficiently ſenſible, with all good men, how unſkilfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might gueſs at his future tyranny, by ſome paſſages, during the latter part of his firſt five years; though he broke not out into his great exceſſes, while he was reſtrained by the counſels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not ſpared him in the poem of his Pharſalia; for his very compliment looked aſquint as well as Nero. Perſius has been bolder, but with caution likewiſe. For here, in the perſon of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with ſtate-affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this ſatire, ſuſtain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name. And, withal, diſcovers ſome ſecret vices of Nero, concerning his luſt, his drunkenneſs, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived

arrived to public notice. He alſo reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices paſs for virtues. Covetouſneſs was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here deſcribed as a veil caſt over the true meaning of the poet, which was to ſatirize his prodigality and voluptuouſneſs; to which he makes a tranſition. I find no inſtance in hiſtory of that emperor's being a Pathique, though Perſius ſeems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the ſecond and third ſatires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third ſatire is taken from the firſt of thoſe dialogues.

The commentators, before Caſaubon, were ignorant of our author's ſecret meaning; and thought he had only written againſt young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aſpiring to public magiſtracy: but this excellent ſcholiaſt has unravelled the whole myſtery; and made it apparent, that the ſting of this ſatire was particularly aimed at Nero.

WHOE'ER thou art, whoſe forward years are bent
On ſtate affairs the guide to government;
Hear, firſt, what Socrates of old has ſaid
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens bred.
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our ſecond hope, my Alcibiades,

What are the grounds, from whence thou doſt prepare
To undertake, ſo young, ſo vaſt a care?
Perhaps thy wit (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence ſhould prevent the beard):
'Tis ſeldom ſeen, that ſenators ſo young
Know when to ſpeak, and when to hold their tongue.
Sure thou art born to ſome peculiar fate;
When the mad people riſe againſt the ſtate,
To look them into duty: and command
An awful ſilence with thy lifted hand.
Then to beſpeak them thus: Athenians, know
Againſt right reaſon all your counſels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t'other queſtion proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, canſt ſet the buſineſs right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'ſt, with an equal hand, to hold the ſcale:
Seeſt where the reaſons pinch, and where they fail,
And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail.
And, taught by inſpiration, in a trice,
Canſt puniſh crimes, and brand offending vice.

Leave, leave to fathom ſuch high points as theſe,
Nor be ambitious, ere the time to pleaſe:
Unſeaſonably wiſe, till age, and cares,
Have form'd thy ſoul, to manage great affairs.
Thy face, thy ſhape, thy outſide, are but vain;
Thou haſt not ſtrength ſuch labours to ſuſtian:
Drink hellebore, my boy, drink deep, and purge thy brain.

What

What aim'ſt thou at, and whither tends thy care,
In what thy utmoſt good? Delicious fare;
And, then, to ſun thyſelf in open air.
Hold, hold; are all thy empty wiſhes ſuch?
A good old woman would have ſaid as much.
But thou art nobly born, 'tis true; go boaſt
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valu'ſt moſt:
Beſides, thou art a beau: what's that, my child?
A fop well dreſt, extravagant, and wild:
She, that cries herbs, has leſs impertinence;
And, in her calling, more of common ſenſe.
None, none deſcends into himſelf, to find
The ſecret imperfections of his mind:
But every one is eagle-ey'd, to ſee
Another's faults, and his deformity.
Say, doſt thou know Vectidius? Who, the wretch
Whoſe lands beyond the Sabines largely ſtretch;
Cover the country, that a ſailing kite
Can ſcarce o'er-fly them, in a day and night;
Him doſt thou mean, who, ſpight of all his ſtore,
Is ever craving, and will ſtill be poor?
Who cheats for half-pence, and who doffs his coat,
To ſave a farthing in a ferry-boat?
Ever a glutton at another's coſt,
But in whoſe kitchen dwells perpetual froſt?
Who eats and drinks with his domeſtic ſlaves;
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curſe and anger of the Gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?

At harveſt-home, and on the ſheering-day,
When he ſhould thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
And better Ceres; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
He 'ſays the wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirſty ſervants but a ſmack.
To a ſhort meal he makes a tedious grace,
Before the barley-pudding comes in place:
Then, bids fall on; himſelf, for ſaving charges,
A peel'd ſlic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.
Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whoſe life's a dream
Of lazy pleaſures, tak'ſt a worſe extreme.
'Tis all thy buſineſs, buſineſs how to ſhun;
To baſk thy naked body in the ſun;
Suppling thy ſtiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:
Then, in the ſpacious garden, walk a while,
To ſuck the moiſture up, and ſoak it in:
And this, thou think'ſt, but vainly think'ſt, unſeen.
But, know, thou art obſerv'd: and there are thoſe
Who, if they durſt, would all thy ſecret ſins expoſe.
The depilation of thy modeſt part:
Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,
His engine-hand, and every lewder art.
When, prone to bear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'ſt the pleaſure which thou canſt not give.
With odorous oil thy head and hair are ſleek;
And then thou kemb'ſt the tuzzes on thy cheek:
Of theſe thy barbers take a coſtly care,
While thy ſalt tail is overgrown with hair.

Not

Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
Can ſmooth the roughneſs of thy ſhameful parts.
Not five, the ſtrongeſt that the Circus breeds,
From the rank ſoil can root thoſe wicked weeds:
Though ſuppled firſt with ſoap, to eaſe thy pain,
The ſtubborn fern ſprings up, and ſprouts again.
Thus others we with defamations wound,
While they ſtab us; and ſo the jeſt goes round.
Vain are thy hopes, to 'ſcape cenſorious eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin diſguiſe:
Thou haſt an ulcer which no leech can heal,
Though thy broad ſhoulder-belt the wound conceal.
Say thou art ſound and hale in every part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart,
We know thee ſullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor canſt thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'ſt the croud.
But when they praiſe me, in the neighbourhood,
When the pleas'd people take me for a God,
Shall I refuſe their incenſe? Not receive
The loud applauſes which the vulgar give?
If thou doſt wealth, with longing eyes, behold;
And, greedily, art gaping after gold;
If ſome alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shal tip the wink, with a laſcivious eye,
And thou with a conſenting glance, reply;
If thou thy own ſolicitor become,
And bid'ſt ariſe the lumpiſh pendulum:
If thy lewd luſt provokes an empty ſtorm,
And prompts to more than nature can perform;

Survey thy ſoul, not what thou doſt appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar the

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT.

THE judicious Caſaubon, in his proem to this ſatire, tells us, that Ariſtophanes the grammarian being aſked, what poem of Archilochus's Iambics he preferred before the reſt; anſwered, the longeſt. His anſwer may juſtly be applied to this fifth ſatire; which, being of a greater length than any of the reſt, is alſo, by far, the moſt inſtructive: for this reaſon I have ſelected it from all the others, and inſcribed it to my learned maſter, Doctor Buſby; to whom I am not only obliged myſelf for the beſt part of my own education, and that of my two ſons; but have alſo received from him the firſt and trueſt taſte of Perſius. May he be pleaſed to find in this tranſlation, the gratitude, or at leaſt ſome ſmall acknowledgment of his unworthy ſcholar, at the

distance of twenty-four years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This satire consists of two distinct parts: the first contains the praises of the stoick philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor to our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius, to his well-deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man. As also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From whence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty. Here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoicks, which affirms, that only the wise or virtuous man is free; and that all vicious men are naturally slaves. And, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable satire.

THE

THE FIFTH SATIRE.

Inſcribed to the Reverend Dr. BUSBY.

The Speakers PERSIUS and CORNUTUS.

PERSIUS.

OF ancient uſe to poets it belongs,
To wiſh themſelves an hundred mouths and tongues:
Whether to the well lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labours of the ſtage,
Or ſing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

CORNUTUS.

And why would'ſt thou theſe mighty morſels chuſe,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choak the Muſe?
Let fuſtian poets, with their ſtuff, be gone,
And ſuck the miſts that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne or Thyeſtes' feaſt they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verſe indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, ſwell'ſt thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning maſs
Of melting ore; nor canſt thou ſtrain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undiſtinguiſh'd note,
Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud,
And rattling nonſenſe is diſcharg'd aloud.
Soft elocution does thy ſtyle renown,
And the ſweet accents of the peaceful gown:

Gentle or ſharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to laſh at vice.
Hence draw thy theme, and to the ſtage permit
Raw-head and bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
Ragouſts for Tereus or Thyeſtes dreſt;
'Tis taſk enough for thee t' expoſe a Roman feaſt.

PERSIUS.

'Tis not, indeed, [illegible] engage
In lofty trifles, or [illegible]age
With wind and n[illegible] y to impart,
As to a friend, the[illegible] y heart;
And, in familiar ſpe[illegible] thee know
How much I love t[illegible] much I owe.
Knock on my hear[illegible]ho [illegible]aſt ſkill to find
If it ſound ſolid, o[illegible]'d [illegible]h wind;
And, through the veil of words, thou view'ſt the naked mind.

For this a hundred voices I deſire,
To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire;
Yet never could be worthily expreſt,
How deeply thou art ſeated in my breaſt.
When firſt my childiſh robe reſign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden bulla (hung on high
To houſhold Gods) declar'd me paſt a boy;
And my white ſhield proclaim'd my liberty:
When with my wild companions, I could roll
From ſtreet to ſtreet, and ſin without control;
Juſt at that age, when manhood ſet me free,
I then depos'd myſelf, and left the reins to thee.

On

On thy wiſe boſom I repos'd my head,
And by my better Socrates was bred.
Then thy ſtreight rule ſet virtue in my ſight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reaſon took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and poliſh'd by thy ſkilful hand:
Long ſummer-days thy precepts I rehearſe;
And winter-nights were ſhort in our converſe:
One was our labour, one was our repoſe,
One frugal ſupper did our ſtudies cloſe.
Sure on our birth ſome friendly planet ſhone;
And, as our ſouls, our horoſcope was one:
Whether the mounting Twins did heaven adorn,
Or with the riſing Balance we were born;
Both have the ſame impreſſions from above;
And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What ſtar I know not, but ſome ſtar I find,
Has given thee an aſcendant o'er my mind.

CORNUTUS.

Nature is ever various in her frame:
Each has a different will; and few the ſame:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the riſing ſun;
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering, for ſpices, their Italian ware;
The lazy glutton ſafe at home will keep,
Indulge his ſloth, and batten with his ſleep:
One bribes for high preferments in the ſtate;
A ſecond ſhakes the box, and ſits up late:

Another

And his paſt years, that in a miſt

PERSIUS.

But thou art pale, in nightly ſt
To make the ſtoick inſtitutes thy
Thou long with ſtudious care haſ
And ſown our well-purg'd ears w
From thee both old and young, v
The bounds of good and evil to c

CORNUTUS.

Unhappy he who does this worl
And to to-morrow would the fear
His lazy morrow will be like to-d

PERSIUS.

But is one day of eaſe too muc

CORNUTU

Yes, ſure: for yeſterday was o
That yeſterday is gone, and nothi
And all thy fruitleſs days will thu
For thou haſt more to-morrows ye
And wilt be ever to begin thy taſk

The privilege of doles: not yet t' inſcribe
Their names in this or t' other Roman tribe:
That falſe enfranchiſement with eaſe is found;
Slaves are made citizens, by turning round.
How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here 's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a ſot beſide;
So true a rogue, for lying's ſake he ly'd;
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now Marcus Dama is his worſhip's name.
Good Gods! who would refuſe to lend a ſum,
If wealthy Marcus ſurety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, He ſaid, it is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has ſubſcrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe:
What can we farther from our caps receive,
Than as we pleaſe without control to live?
Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
Hold, ſays the ſtoick, your aſſumption 's wrong:
I grant, true freedom you have well defin'd:
But, living as you liſt, and to your mind,
And looſely tack'd, all muſt be left behind.
What, ſince the prætor did my fetters looſe,
And left me freely at my own diſpoſe,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting ſtill the letter of the law?
Hear me with patience while, thy mind I free
From thoſe fond notions of falſe liberty:

'Tis

'Tis not the prætor's province to beſtow
True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
What to ourſelves, or to our friends, we owe.
He could not ſet thee free from cares and ſtrife,
Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:
As well he for an aſs a harp might ſtring,
Which is againſt the reaſon of the thing;
For reaſon ſtill is whiſpering in your ear,
Where you are ſure to fail, th' attempt forbear.
No need of public ſanctions this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to purſue the work, to which we 're not deſign'd.
Unſkill'd in hellebore, if thou ſhould'ſt try
To mix it, and miſtake the quantity,
The rules of phyſic would againſt thee cry.
The high-ſhoe'd ploughman, ſhould he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artleſs of ſtars, and of the moving ſand,
The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all ſhame was loſt in human kind.
Tell me, my friend, from whence hadſt thou the ſkill,
So nicely to diſtinguiſh good from ill?
Or by the ſound to judge of gold and braſs,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will paſs?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to ſpare,
But never craving, or oppreſt with care?

The

The baits of gifts, and money to deſpiſe,
And look on wealth with undeſiring eyes?
When thou canſt truly call theſe virtues thine,
Be wiſe and free, by heaven's conſent, and mine.
But thou, who lately, of the common ſtrain,
Wert one of us, if ſtill thou doſt retain
The ſame ill habits, the ſame follies too,
Gloſs'd over only with a ſaint-like ſhow,
Then I reſume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and ſtill a ſlave.
Thou canſt not wag my finger, or begin
"The leaſt light motion, but it tends to ſin."
How's this? Not wag thy finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor ſacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wiſe.
"Virtue and vice are never in one ſoul:
"A man is wholly wiſe, or wholly is a fool."
A heavy bumkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three ſteps with a becoming air.

PERSIUS.

In ſpite of this, my freedom ſtill remains.

CORNUTUS.

Free! what, and fetter'd with ſo many chains?
Canſt thou no other maſter underſtand
Than him that freed thee by the prætor's wand?
Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harſh voice, and ſupercilious brow,
To ſervile duties, thou would'ſt fear no more;
The gallows and the whip are out of door.

But

But if thy paſſions lord it in thy breaſt,
Art thou not ſtill a ſlave, and ſtill oppreſt?
Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou would'ſt take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, ſays Avarice; thou ſnor'ſt again,
Stretcheſt thy limbs, and yawn'ſt, but all in vain;
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling ſluggard wakes:
What muſt I do? he cries: What? ſays his lord:
Why, riſe, make ready, and go ſtreight abroad:
With fiſh, from Euxine ſeas, thy veſſel freight;
Flax, caſtor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incenſe, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back:
And with poſt-haſte thy running markets make.
Be ſure to turn the penny; lye and ſwear;
'Tis wholeſome ſin: but Jove, thou ſay'ſt, will hear:
Swear, fool, or ſtarve; for the dilemma 's even:
A tradeſman thou! and hope to go to heaven?
Reſolv'd for ſea, the ſlaves they baggage pack,
Each ſaddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unleſs
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuouſneſs:
And he may aſk this civil queſtion: Friend,
What doſt thou make a ſhip-board? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou would'ſt tempt the ſea?
Cubb'd in a cabbin, on a mattreſs laid,
On a brown georges, with lowſy ſwobbers fed,

Dead

Dead wine, that ſtinks of the borrachio, ſup
From a foul jack, or greaſy maple-cup?
Say, would'ſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy ſtore
From ſix i' th' hundred, to ſix hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For, not to live at eaſe, is not to live;
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does ſome looſe remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleaſure, chuſe
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuſe.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt them both, wilt be a ſlave.
Nor think, when once thou haſt reſiſted one,
That all thy marks of ſervitude are gone:
The ſtruggling greyhound gnaws his leaſh in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, ſtill he drags the chain.
Says Phædra to his man, Believe me, friend,
To this uneaſy love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? my friends diſgrace,
And be the firſt lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbours nightly reſt invade
At her deaf doors, with ſome vile ſerenade?
Well haſt thou freed thyſelf, his man replies,
Go, thank the Gods, and offer ſacrifice.
Ah, ſays the youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
Weak ſoul! and blindly to deſtruction led!
She break her heart! ſhe 'll ſooner break your head.

She knows her man, and, when you rant and ſwear,
Can draw you to her, with a ſingle hair.
But ſhall I not return? Now, when ſhe ſues!
Shall I my own, and her deſires refuſe?
Sir, take your courſe: but my advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis madneſs to reſume your chain.
Ay; there's the man, who, loos'd from luſt and pelf
Leſs to the prætor owes, than to himſelf.
But write him down a ſlave, who, humbly proud,
With preſents begs preferments from the crowd;
That early ſuppliant, who ſalutes the tribes,
And ſets the mob to ſcramble for his bribes:
That ſome old dotard, ſitting in the ſun,
On holidays may tell, that ſuch a feat was done:
In future times this will be counted rare.
Thy ſuperſtition too may claim a ſhare:
When flowers are ſtrew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's day; when ſparkling bowls go round,
And tunnies tails in ſavoury ſauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'ſt prayers obſcene; nor doſt refuſe
The faſts and ſabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd egg-ſhell thy ſick fancy frights,
Beſides the childiſh fear of walking ſprights.
Of o'ergrown gelding prieſts thou art afraid;
The timbrel, and the ſquintifego maid
Of Iſis, awe thee: leſt the Gods, for ſin,
Should, with a ſwelling dropſy, ſtuff thy ſkin:
Unleſs three garlick-heads the curſe avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.

Prieſts

Preach this among the brawny guards, ſay'ſt thou,
And ſee if they thy doctrine will allow:
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh, in a baſe note;
And prize a hundred Zeno's juſt as much
As a clipt ſixpence, or a ſhilling Dutch.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS

ARGUMENT.

THIS sixth satire treats an admirable common- of moral philosophy; of the true use of ri They certainly are intended, by the power wh stows them, as instruments and helps of l commodiously ourselves; and of administering t wants of others, who are oppressed by for There are two extremes in the opinions of concerning them. One error, though on the hand, yet a great one, is, that they are no to a virtuous life; the other places all our h ness in the acquisition and possession of them; this is, undoubtedly, the worse extreme. mean betwixt these, is the opinion of the Stc which is, that riches may be useful to the le

a virtuous life; in caſe we rightly underſtand how to give according to right reaſon; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well, is called liberality: and it is of this virtue that Perſius writes in this ſatire; wherein he not only ſhews the lawful uſe of riches, but alſo ſharply inveighs againſt the vices which are oppoſed to it; and eſpecially of thoſe, which conſiſt in the defects of giving or ſpending; or in the abuſe of riches. He writes to Cæſius Baſſus his friend, and a poet alſo. Enquires firſt of his health and ſtudies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now reſident. He gives an account of himſelf, that he is endeavouring, by little and little, to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition, and the deſire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice: and, being ſenſible that few men either deſire or uſe riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main deſign of the whole ſatire.

THE SIXTH SATIRE.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy ſeat,
And ſeek in Sabine air a warm retreat?
Say, doſt thou yet the Roman harp command?
Do the ſtrings anſwer to thy noble hand?

Great master of the Muse, inspir'd to sing
The beauties of the first-created spring;
The pedigree of Nature to rehearse,
And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse.
Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth,
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.
For me, my warmer constitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore, to my native shores retir'd,
I view the coast old Ennius once admir'd;
Where clifts on either sides their points display,
And, after, opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
The port of Luna says our learned Bard;
Who in a drunken dream beheld his soul
The fifth within the transmigrating roll;
Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.
Secure and free from business of the state,
And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare:
Survey the neighbouring fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;

Nor,

Nor, envious at the ſight, will I forbear
My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer.
Nor yet unſeal the dregs of wine that ſtink
Of caſk; nor in a naſty flaggon drink;
Let others ſtuff their guts with homely fare;
For men of different inclinations are;
Though born perhaps beneath one common ſtar.
In minds and manners twins oppos'd we ſee
In the ſame ſign, almoſt the ſame degree:
One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine;
Does at a penny's coſt in herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
Prepar'd as prieſt of his own rites to ſtand,
He ſprinkles pepper with a ſparing hand.
His jolly brother, oppoſite in ſenſe,
Laughs at his thrift; and, laviſh of expence,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.
For me, I'll uſe my own; and take my ſhare;
Yet will not turbots for my ſlaves prepare;
Nor be ſo nice in taſte myſelf to know
If what I ſwallow be a thruſh, or no.
Live on thy annual income; ſpend thy ſtore;
And freely grind, from thy full threſhing-floor;
Next harveſt promiſes as much, or more.
Thus I would live: but friendſhip's holy band,
And offices of kindneſs, hold my hand:
My friend is ſhipwreck'd on the Brutian ſtrand,
His riches in th' Ionian main are loſt;
And he himſelf ſtands ſhivering on the coaſt;

Where, deſtitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf Gods with fruitleſs prayer.
Their images, the relicts of the wreck,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and, rudely thrown aſhore,
Lie impotent; nor can themſelves reſtore.
The veſſel ſticks, and ſhews her open'd ſide,
And on her ſhatter'd maſt the mews in triumph ride.
From thy new hope, and from thy growing ſtore,
Now lend aſſiſtance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will ſet him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will ſay,
'Tis mine that wealth thou ſquander'ſt thus away;
What is 't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
Or without ſpices lets thy body burn?
If odours to thy aſhes he refuſe,
Or buys corrupted caſſia from the Jews?
All theſe, the wiſer Beſtius will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead-mens luxury:
We never knew this vain expence, before
Th' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unſinew'd Rome.
Our ſweating hinds their ſallads, now, defile,
Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
But to thy fortune be not thou a ſlave:
For what haſt thou to fear beyond the grave?

And thou who gap'ſt for my eſtate, draw near;
For I would whiſper ſomewhat in thy ear.
Hear'ſt thou the news, my friend? th' expreſs is come
With laurel'd letters from the camp to Rome:
Cæſar ſalutes the queen and ſenate thus:
My arms are on the Rhine victorious.
From mourning altars ſweep the duſt away:
Ceaſe faſting, and proclaim a fat thankſgiving-day.
The goodly empreſs, jollily inclin'd,
Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind:
And, ſetting her good houſewifery aſide,
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.
The captive Germans, of gigantic ſize,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize:
The ſpoils of kings and conquer'd camps we boaſt,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal poſt.
Now, for ſo many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæſar's health:
Beſides, in gratitude for ſuch high matters,
Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
Say, would'ſt thou hinder me from this expence;
I diſinherit thee, if thou dar'ſt take offence.
Yet more, a public largeſs I deſign
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine:
Control me not, for fear I change my will.
And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling ſtill,
You give as if you were the Perſian king:
Your land does not ſo large revenues bring.

Well;

Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir?
If thou car'ſt little, leſs ſhall be my care:
Were none of all my father's ſiſters left:
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft:
None by an uncle's or a grandame's ſide,
Yet I could ſome adopted heir provide.
I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia ſtay,
Where Fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
Him will I chooſe: What! him of humble birth,
Obſcure, a foundling, and a ſon of earth?
Obſcure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
My father, grandſire, and great-grandſire too.
If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but gueſs beyond the fourth degree.
The reſt of my forgotten anceſtors
Were ſons of earth, like him, or ſons of whores.

Yet, why would'ſt thou, old covetous wretch, aſpire
To be my heir, who might'ſt have been my ſire?
In Nature's race, ſhould'ſt thou demand of me
My torch, when I in courſe run after thee?
Think I approach thee, like the God of gain,
With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:
Thy moderate fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and aſk no more.
What, when thou haſt embezzled all thy ſtore?
Where 's all thy father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to ſupply my want:

The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All ſpent, and on the ſelf-ſame errand gone.
How little then to my poor ſhare will fall!
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.
Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful ſtill of the main chance, my ſon;
Put out thy principal in truſty hands:
Live on the uſe; and never dip thy lands:
But yet what 's left for me? What 's left, my friend?
Aſk that again, and all the reſt I ſpend.
Is not my fortunes at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my ſallads, boy: ſhall I be fed
With ſodden nettles, and a ſing'd ſow's head?
'Tis holiday; provide me better cheer;
'Tis holiday, and ſhall be round the year.
Shall I my houſhold gods and genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?
That he may loll at eaſe; and, pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on giblet-pie?
And, when his throbbing luſt extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
Shall I in homeſpun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him ſee?
Go, miſer, go; for lucre ſell thy ſoul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole:
That men may ſay, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vaſt eſtate he left his ſon!

How

How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian ſlaves!
Increaſe thy wealth, and double all thy ſtore;
'Tis done: now double that, and ſwell the ſcore;
To every thouſand add ten thouſand more.
Then ſay, Chryſippus, thou who would'ſt confine
Thy heap, where I ſhall put an end to mine.

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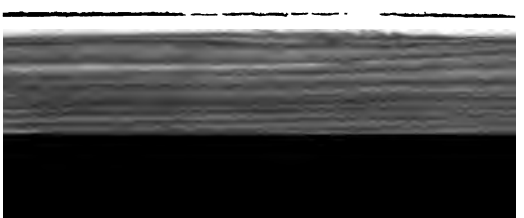

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